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THE LIFE OF
SIR RICHARD BURTON

LADY BURTON.

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THE LIFE OF
SIR RICHARD BURTON

BY

THOMAS WRIGHT

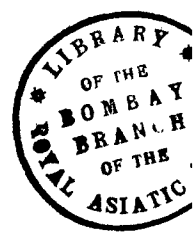
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD," ETC.

1961

WITH SIXTY-FOUR PLATES.

21692
at

TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II



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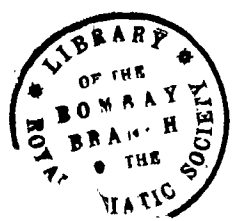

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THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON

CHAPTER XXI

27TH DECEMBER 1879—AUGUST 1881

CAMOENS

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

60. Camoens, 6 vols. 1 and 2, The Lusiads. 1880. 3 and 4, Life of Camoens and Commentary. 1882. 5 and 6, The Lyrics. 1884.
61. The Kasîdah. 1880.
62. Visit to Lissa and Pelagoza. 1880.
63. A Glance at the Passion Play. 1881.
64. How to deal with the Slave Trade in Egypt. 1881.
65. Thermae of Montfalcone. 1881.

Burton had brought with him to Egypt his translation of *The Lusiads*, which had been commenced as early as 1847, and at which, as we have seen, he had, from that time onward, intermittently laboured. At Cairo he gave his work the finishing touches, and on his return to Trieste in May it was ready for the press. There have been many English translators of Camoens, from Fanshawe, the first, to Burton and Aubertin; and Burton likens them to the Simoniacal Popes in Dante's Malebolge-pit—each one struggling to trample down his elder brother.[1] Burton's work, which appeared in 1882, was presently followed by two other volumes consisting of a Life of Camoens and a Commentary on *The Lusiads*, but his version of *The Lyrics* did not appear till 1884.

98. *The Lusiads.*

(1) *Inferno*, xix.

Regarded as a faithful rendering, the book was a success, for Burton had drunk *The Lusiads* till he was super-saturated with it. Alone among the translators, he had visited every spot alluded to in the poem, and his geographical and other studies had enabled him to elucidate many passages that had baffled his predecessors. Then, too, he had the assistance of Aubertin, Da Cunha and other able Portuguese scholars and Camoens enthusiasts. Regarded, however, as poetry, the book was a failure, and for the simple reason that Burton was not a poet. Like his *Kasîdah*, it contains noble lines, but on every page we are reminded of the translator's defective ear, annoyed by the unnecessary use of obsolete words, and disappointed by his lack of what Poe called "ethericity." The following stanza, which expresses ideas that Burton heartily endorsed, may be regarded as a fair sample of the whole:

> "Elegant Phormion's philosophick store
> see how the practised Hannibal derided
> when lectured he with wealth of bellick lore
> and on big words and books himself he prided.
> Senhor! the soldier's discipline is more
> than men may learn by mother-fancy guided;
> Not musing, dreaming, reading what they write;
> 'tis seeing, doing, fighting; teach to fight."[1]

The first six lines contain nothing very remarkable, still, they are workmanlike and pleasant to read; but the two concluding lines are atrocious, and almost every stanza has similar blemishes. A little more labour, even without much poetic skill, could easily have produced a better result. But Burton was a Hannibal, not a Phormion, and no man can be both. He is happiest, perhaps, in the stanzas containing the legend of St. Thomas,[2] or Thomé, as he calls him,

> "the Missioner sanctified
> Who thrust his finger in Lord Jesu's side."

According to Camoens, while Thomé was preaching

(1) Canto x., stanza 153.

(2) Canto x., stanzas, 108-118.

to the potent Hindu city Meleapor, in Narsinga land [1] a huge forest tree floated down the Ganges, but all the king's elephants and all the king's men were incompetent to haul it ashore.

> " Now was that lumber of such vasty size,
> no jot it moves, however hard they bear;
> when lo! th' Apostle of Christ's verities
> wastes in the business less of toil and care:
> His trailing waistcord to the tree he ties,
> raises and sans an effort hales it where
> A sumptuous Temple he would rear sublime,
> a fit example for all future time.

This excites the jealousy and hatred of the Brahmins, for

> " There be no hatred fell and fere, and curst
> As by false virtue for true virtue nurst."

The chief Brahmin then kills his own son, and tries to saddle the crime on Thomé, who promptly restores the dead youth to life again and " names the father as the man who slew." Ultimately, Thomé, who is unable to circumvent the further machinations of his enemies, is pierced to the heart by a spear; and the apostle in glory is thus apostrophised:

> "Wept Gange and Indus, true Thomé! thy fate,
> wept thee whatever lands thy foot had trod;
> yet weep thee more the souls in blissful state
> thou led'st to don the robes of Holy Rood.
> But angels waiting at the Paradise-gate
> meet thee with smiling faces, hymning God.
> We pray thee, pray that still vouchsafe thy Lord
> unto thy Lusians His good aid afford."

In a stanza presented as a footnote and described as " not in Camoens," Burton gives vent to his own disappointments, and expends a sigh for the fate of his old friend and enemy, John Hanning Speke. As regards himself, had he not, despite his services to his country, been relegated to a third-rate seaport, where his twenty-nine languages were quite useless, except

[1] Between the Indus and the Ganges.

for fulminating against the government! The fate of poor Speke had been still more lamentable:

> "And see yon twain from Britain's foggy shore
> set forth to span dark Africk's jungle-plain;
> thy furthest fount, O Nilus! they explore,
> and where Zaïré springs to seek the Main,
> The Veil of Isis hides thy land no more,
> whose secrets open to the world are lain.
> They deem, vain fools! to win fair Honour's prize:
> This exiled lives, and that untimely dies."

Burton, however, still nursed the fallacious hope that his merits would in time be recognised, that perhaps he would be re-instated in Damascus or appointed to Ispahan or Constantinople.

In August (1880) the Burtons paid a visit to Ober Ammergau, which was just then attracting all eyes on account of its Passion Play. Burton's object in going was "the wish to compare, haply to trace some affinity between, this survival of the Christian 'Mystery' and the living scenes of El Islam at Mecca," while Mrs. Burton's object may be gauged by the following prayer which she wrote previous to their departure from Trieste: "O sweet Jesu. . . Grant that I, all unworthy though I be, may so witness this holy memorial of thy sacrificial love, Thy glorious victory over death and hell, that I may be drawn nearer to Thee and hold Thee in everlasting remembrance. Let the representation of Thy bitter sufferings on the cross renew my love for Thee, strengthen my faith, and ennoble my life, and not mine only, but all who witness it." Then follows a prayer for the players.

99. At Ober Ammergau, August 1880.

Burton found no affinity between the scenes at Ober Ammergau and those at Mecca, and he was glad to get away from "a pandemonium of noise and confusion," while Mrs. Burton, who was told to mind her own business by a carter with whom she remonstrated for cruelly treating a horse, discovered that even Ober Ammergau was not all holiness. Both Burton and his wife recorded

MRS. BURTON.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN AT TRIESTE ABOUT 1880, BY MANENIZZA.

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their impressions in print, but though his volume[1] appeared in 1881, hers[2] was not published till 1900.

The following letter from Mrs. Burton to Miss Stisted, who had just written a novel, *A Fireside King*,[3] gives welcome glimpses of the Burtons and touches on matters that are interesting in the light of subsequent events. "My dearest Georgie, On leaving you I came on to Trieste, arriving 29th May, and found Dick just attacked by a virulent gout. We went up to the mountains directly without waiting even to unpack my things or rest, and as thirty-one days did not relieve him, I took him to Monfalcone for mud baths, where we passed three weeks, and that did him good. We then returned home to change our baggage and start for Ober Ammergau, which I thought glorious, so impressive, simple, natural. Dick rather criticises it. However, we are back. . . . I read your book through on the journey to England. Of course I recognised your father, Minnie,[4] and many others, but you should never let your heroine die so miserably, because the reader goes away with a void in his heart, and you must *never* put all your repugnances in the first volume, for you choke off your reader. . . . You don't mind my telling the truth, do you, because I hope you will write another, and if you like you may stand in the first class of novelists and make money and do good too, but put your beasts a little further in towards the end of the first volume. I read all the reviews that fell in my way, but though some were spiteful that need not discourage . . Believe me, dearest G., your affectionate Zookins."

100. Mrs. Burton's Advice to Novelists. 4th September 1880.

Miss Stisted's novel was her first and last, but she did write another book some considerable time later,

(1) *A Glance at the Passion Play*, 1881.

(2) *The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau*, 1900.

(3) *A Fireside King*, 3 vol., Tinsley 1880. Brit. Mus. 12640 i. 7.

(4) See Chapter xx., § 96. Maria Stisted died 12th November 1878.

which, however, would not have won Mrs. Burton's approval.[1]

This year, Burton, emulous of fame as an original poet, published *The Kasîdah of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi, A Lay of the Higher Law*, which treats of the great questions of Life, Death and Immortality, and has certain resemblances to that brilliant poem which is the actual father of it, Edward FitzGerald's rendering of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. Lady Burton tells us that *The Kasîdah* was written about 1853, or six years before the appearance of FitzGerald's poem. Nothing, however, is more certain than that, with the exception of a few verses, it was written *after* FitzGerald's poem. The veriest tyro in literature, by comparing the two productions, would easily understand their relationship.[2] The facts are these. About 1853, Burton, in a time of dejection, caused by the injustice done him in India, planned a poem of this nature, wrote a few stanzas, and then put it by and forgot all about it. FitzGerald's version of *Omar Khayyam* appeared in 1859, and Burton no sooner read than he burned to rival it. So he drew from the pigeon-hole what he called his *Lay*, furbished up the few old verses, made a number of new ones, reconstructed the whole, and lo, *The Kasîdah*! Burton calls it a translation of a poem by a certain Hâjî Abdû. There may have been a Haji Abdu who supplied thoughts, and even verses, but the production is really a collection of ideas gathered from all quarters. Confucius, Longfellow, Plato, the FitzGeraldian Omar Khayyam, Aristotle, Pope, Das Kabîr and the *Pulambal* are drawn upon; the world is placed under tribute from Pekin to the Salt Lake City.

101. *The Kasîdah*, 1880.

[1] See Chapter xli.

[2] Only an admirer of *Omar Khayyam* could have written *The Kasîdah*, observes Mr. Justin McCarthy, junior; but the only *Omar Khayyam* that Burton knew previous to 1859, was Edward FitzGerald. I am positive that Burton never read *Omar Khayyam* before 1859, and I doubt whether he ever read the original at all.

A more careless "borrower" to use Emerson's expression, never lifted poetry. Some of his lines are transferred bodily, and without acknowledgement, from Hafiz;[1] and, no doubt, if anybody were to take the trouble to investigate, it would be found that many other lines are not original. It is really not very much to anyone's credit to play the John Ferriar to so careless a Sterne. He doesn't steal the material for his brooms, he steals the brooms ready-made. Later, as we shall see, he "borrowed" with a ruthlessness that was surpassed only by Alexandre Dumas. Let us say, then, that *The Kasîdah* is tesselated work done in Burton's usual way, and not very coherently, with a liberal sprinkling of obsolete words. At first it positively swarmed with them, but subsequently, by the advice of a friend, a considerable number such as "wox" and "pight" was removed. If the marquetry of *The Kasîdah* compares but feebly with the compendious splendours of FitzGerald's quatrains; and if the poem[2] has undoubted wastes of sand, nevertheless, the diligent may here and there pick up amber. But it is only fair to bear in mind that the *Lay* is less a poem than an enchiridion, a sort of Emersonian guide to the conduct of life rather than an exquisitely-presented summary of the thoughts of an Eastern pessimist. FitzGerald's poem is an unbroken lament. Burton, a more robust soul than the Woodbridge eremite, also has his misgivings. He passes in review the great religious teachers, and systems and comes to the conclusion that men make gods and Gods after their own likeness and that conscience is a geographical accident; but if, like FitzGerald, he is puzzled when he ponders the great questions of life and afterlife,

[1] For example:—

"That eve so gay, so bright, so glad, this morn so dim and sad and grey;
Strange that life's Register should write this day a day, that day a day."

Amusingly enough, he himself quotes this as from Hafiz in a letter to Sir Walter Besant. See *Literary Remains of Tyrwhitt Drake*, p. 16. See also Chapter ix.

[2] We use the word by courtesy.

he finds comfort in the fact that probity and charity are their own reward, that we have no need to be anxious about the future, seeing that, in the words of Pope, "He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right." He insists that self-cultivation, with due regard for others, is the sole and sufficient object of human life, and he regards the affections and the "divine gift of Pity" as man's highest enjoyments. As in FitzGerald's poem there is talk of the False Dawn or Wolf's Tail, "Thee and Me," Pot and Potter, and here and there are couplets which are simply FitzGerald's quatrains paraphrased [1]—as, for example, the one in which Heaven and Hell are declared to be mere tools of "the Wily Fetisheer." [2] Like Omar Khayyam, Haji Abdu loses patience with the "dizzied faiths" and their disputatious exponents; like Omar Khayyam too, Haji Abdu is not averse from Jamshid's bowl, but he is far less vinous than the old Persian.

Two of the couplets flash with auroral splendour, and of all the vast amount of metrical work that Burton accomplished, these are the only lines that can be pronounced imperishable. Once only—and only momentarily—did the seraph of the sanctuary touch his lips with the live coal.

"Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self expect applause;
He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his self-made laws."

and

"All other life is living death, a world where none but phantoms dwell;
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the camel-bell."

[1] See *Life*, ii., 467, and end of 1st volume of *Supplemental Nights*. Burton makes no secret of this. There is no suggestion that they are founded upon the original of *Omar Khayyam*. Indeed, it is probable that Burton had never, before the publication of *The Kasîdah*, even heard of the original, for he imagined, like J. A. Symonds and others, that FitzGerald's version was a fairly literal translation. When, therefore, he speaks of Omar Khayyam he means Edward FitzGerald. I have dealt with this subject exhaustively in my *Life of Edward FitzGerald*.

[2] Couplet 186.

We are also bidden to be noble, genuine and charitable.

"To seek the true, to glad the heart, such is of life the HIGHER LAW."

Neglecting the four really brilliant lines, the principal attraction of *The Kasîdah* is its redolence of the saffron, immeasurable desert. We snuff at every turn its invigorating air; and the tinkle of the camel's bell is its sole and perpetual music.

At first Burton made some attempt to create the impression that there was actually a Haji Abdu, and that the verses were merely a translation. Indeed, he quotes him, at the end of his *Supplemental Nights*, vol. ii., and elsewhere, as an independent author. Later, however, the mask which deceived nobody was removed. Not only was *The Kasîdah* written in emulation of Fitz-Gerald's *Omar*, but Burton made no secret that such was the case. To further this end Mr. Schütz Wilson, who had done so much for the *Rubaiyat*, was approached by one of Burton's friends; and the following letter written to Burton after the interview will be read with some amusement. "Dear Richard," it runs, "'Wox' made me shudder! If you give more specimens do be good and be sparing of the 'pights,' 'ceres' and 'woxes.' I showed the *Lay* to Schütz Wilson. He seemed absorbed in the idea of *Omar*, and said 'Oh! I am the cause of its going through five editions.' I told him this was even more striking than *Omar*, but he didn't seem able to take in the new idea! When you want people's minds they are always thinking of something else." (1) Although the critics as a body fell foul of *The Kasîdah*, still there were not wanting appreciators, and its four great lines have often been quoted.

By this time Mrs. Burton had provided herself with another Chico. Chico the Third (or Chica the Second) was a tall and lank, but well-built Italian girl, daughter of a baron. Lisa had

102. Lisa.

(1) Preserved in the Museum at Camberwell. It is inserted in a copy of Camoens.

Khamoor's ungovernable temper, but to the Burtons she at first exhibited the faithfulness of a dog. Her father lived formerly at Verona, but in the war of 1866, having sided with Austria,[1] he fell upon evil days; and retired to Trieste on a trifling pension. Mrs. Burton and Lisa had not been long acquainted before Lisa became a member of the Burton household as a kind of lady's maid, although she retained her title of Baroness, and Mrs. Burton at once set about Anglicising her new friend, though her attempt, as in Khamoor's case, was only partially successful. For instance, Lisa, would never wear a hat, "for fear of losing caste." She was willing, however, to hang out her stocking on Christmas Eve; and on finding it full next morning said, "Oh, I like this game. Shall we play it every night!" Just however, as a petted Khamoor had made a spoilt Khamoor; so a petted Lisa very soon made a spoilt Lisa.

With Mrs. Burton, her Jane Digbys, her Chicos, and her servants, Burton rarely interfered, and when he did interfere, it was only to make matters worse; for his judgment was weaker even than hers. On one occasion, however, he took upon himself to dismiss the cook and to introduce another of his own finding. On being requested to prepare the dinner the new acquisition set about it by drinking two bottles of wine, knocking down the housemaid, and beating the kitchenmaid with the saucepan. Burton, who flew to their rescue, thought he must be in Somali-land once more.

[1] Italy having sided with Prussia in the war of 1866 received as her reward the long coveted territory of Venice.

CHAPTER XXII

AUGUST 1881—MAY 1882.

JOHN PAYNE.

Burton had for several years been acquainted with the African traveller V. Lovett Cameron,[1] and in August 1881 they met accidentally at Venice. A geographical conference was being held in the city and representatives from all nations were assembled; but, naturally, the first geographer of the day, Captain Burton, was not invited either to speak or even to be present. On the morning of the conference, Burton, Mrs. Burton and Cameron gave themselves the treat of going over to the Lido for bathing and breakfast; and being in puckish mood, the two men, notwithstanding the great crowd of pleasure seekers, took off their shoes and stockings, turned up their trousers, and made sand castles. "Look, nurse," bawled Burton to his wife, "see what Cammy and I have done!" "If you please, nursey," whined Cameron, "Dick's snatched away my spade." At that moment Lord Aberdeen, President of the Royal Geographical Society, and a party of grave antiquaries and geographers, mostly run to nose, spectacles, and forehead, arrived on the scene; with the result of infinite laughter, in which Burton and Cameron joined heartily; and henceforward Mrs. Burton answered to no name but "Nursey." Burton, however, was justly indignant on account of his not having been invited to the conference, and his revenge took the shape of a pungent squib which

103. With Cameron at Venice, August 1881.

[1] Born 1844. Appointed to the command of an East Coast expedition to relieve Livingstone, 1872. Crossed Africa 1875.

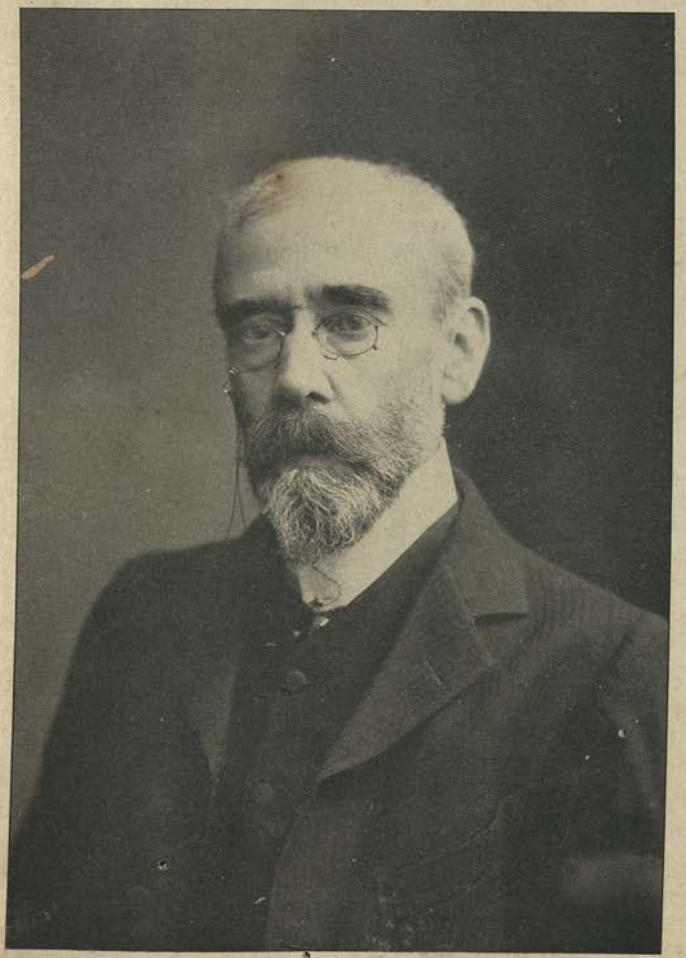
he wrote on his card and left in the Congress Room. Next day, while Burton and Cameron were strolling in front of St. Mark's, a Portuguese gentleman came up and saluted them. To Burton's delight it was his old friend Da Cunha, the Camoens enthusiast; and then ensued a long argument, conducted in Portuguese, concerning Burton's rendering of one of Camoens' sonnets, Burton in the end convincing his friend of its correctness. Having parted from Da Cunha, they ran against an Egyptian officer who had just visited Mecca and brought back a series of photographs. The conversation this time was conducted in Arabic, and Burton explained to the Egyptian the meaning of much of the ritual of the pilgrimage. "As a cicerone," says Cameron, "Burton was invaluable. His inexhaustible stock of historical and legendary lore furnished him with something to relate about even the meanest and commonest buildings." [1] There were trips about the green canals in a long black gondola on the day and night of the regatta, when the Grand Canal and St. Mark's were illuminated, all of which Burton enjoyed thoroughly, for round him had gathered the élite of Venice, and his brilliant personality, as usual, dazzled and dominated all who listened to him.

We now come to that absorbing period of Burton's life which is connected principally with *The Arabian Nights*. Amazing as the statement may seem, we feel ourselves compelled to say at once, though regretfully, that Burton's own account of the history of the translation, given in his Translator's Foreword to the *Arabian Nights*, and Lady Burton's account, given in her life of her husband, do not tally with the facts as revealed in his letters. In matters relating to his own history Burton often spoke with amazing recklessness, [2] and perhaps he considered he was justified in stating that his translation of *The*

104. John Payne, November 1881.

[1] "*Burton as I knew him*," by V. L. Cameron.

[2] Nearly all his friends noticed this feature in his character and have remarked it to me.



MR. JOHN PAYNE.

Arabian Nights was well advanced by November 1881, seeing that it had for thirty years intermittently occupied his thoughts. As regards Lady Burton, no doubt, of some of the facts presently to be given, she was unaware. But she was one who easily deceived herself. Whatever she wished, she was apt to believe. The actual facts, compiled from existing documentary evidence—including Burton's own letters—will now be revealed for the first time; and it will be found, as is generally the case, that the unembroidered truth is more interesting than the romance. The story is strangely paralleled by that of the writing of *The Kasîdah*; or in other words it recalls traits that were eminently characteristic of Burton. As early as 1854, as we have seen, Burton and Steinhäuser had planned a translation of *The Arabian Nights*, Steinhäuser was to furnish the prose, Burton the poetry. They corresponded on the subject, but made only trifling progress. Steinhäuser died in 1866, his manuscripts were scattered, and Burton never heard of them again. Absolutely nothing more was done, for Burton was occupied with other matters—travelling all over the world and writing piles of voluminous books on other subjects. Still, he had hoards of Eastern manuscripts, and notes of his own on Eastern manners and customs, which had for years been accumulating, and an even greater mass of curious information had been stored in his brain. Again and again he had promised himself to proceed, but something every time hindered.

In November 1881, Burton, who was then at Trieste, noticed a paragraph in *The Athenæum* [1] to the effect that Mr. John Payne, the well-known author of *The Masque of Shadows* and of a famous rendering of *The Poems of François Villon*, was about to issue a Translation of *The Book of the Thousand Nights and one Night*. Burton, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the *Villon* and who,

[1] The number is dated 5th November 1881. Mr. Payne had published specimens of his proposed Translation, anonymously, in the *New Quarterly Review* for January and April, 1879.

moreover, had not relinquished his own scheme, though it had lain so long quiescent, wrote at once to *The Athenæum* a letter which appeared on 26th November 1881. He said: "Many years ago, in collaboration with my old and lamented friend, Dr. F. Steinhäuser, of the Bombay Army, I began to translate the whole [1] of *The Thousand Nights and a Night*. The book, mutilated in Europe to a collection of fairy tales, and miscalled the *Arabian Nights*, is unique as a study of anthropology. It is a marvellous picture of Oriental life; its shiftings are those of the kaleidoscope. Its alternation of pathos and bathos—of the boldest poetry (the diction of Job) with the baldest prose (the Egyptian of to-day) and finally, its contrast of the highest and purest morality with the orgies of Apuleius and Petronius Arbiter, take away the reader's breath. I determined to render every word with the literalism of Urquhart's *Rabelais*, and to save the publisher trouble by printing my translation at Brussels.

"But *non omnia possumus*. Although a host of friends has been eager to subscribe, my work is still unfinished, nor could it be finished without a year's hard labour. I rejoice, therefore, to see that Mr. John Payne, under the Villon Society, has addressed himself to a realistic translation without 'abridgments or suppressions.' I have only to wish him success, and to express a hope that he is resolved *verbum reddere verbo*, without deference to any prejudice which would prevent his being perfectly truthful to the original. I want to see that the book has fair play; and if it is not treated as it deserves, I shall still have to print my own version.[2] 'Villon,' however, makes me hope for the best."

In this letter Burton oddly enough speaks of his own work as "still unfinished." This was quite true, *seeing*

[1] This was a mistake. Burton *thought* he had texts of the whole, but, as we shall presently show, there were several texts which up to this time he had not seen. His attention, as his letters indicate, was first drawn to them by Mr. Payne.

[2] In the light of what follows, this remark is amusing.

that it was not even begun, unless two or three pages which he once showed to Mr Watts-Dunton,[1] and the pigeon-holing of notes be regarded as a commencement. Still, the announcement of Mr. Payne's edition—the first volume of which was actually in the press—must have caused him a pang; and the sincere good wishes for his rival's success testify to the nobility, unselfishness and magnanimity of his character.

Mr. Payne, supposing from this letter that Burton had made considerable progress with his translation, wrote on November 28th to Burton, and, using the words, *Tantus labor non sit cassus*, suggested collaboration. Thus commenced one of the most interesting friendships in the annals of literature. Before relating the story, however, it will be helpful to set down some particulars of the career of Mr. Payne. John Payne was born in 1842 of a Devonshire family, descended from that breezy old sea-dog, Sir John Hawkins. Mr. Payne, indeed, resembles Hawkins in appearance. He is an Elizabethan transferred bodily into the 19th and 20th centuries, his ruff lost in transit. Yet he not infrequently has a ruff even—a live one, for it is no uncommon event to see his favourite Angora leap on to his shoulders and coil himself half round his master's neck, looking not unlike a lady's boa—and its name, Parthenopæus, is long enough even for that. For years Mr. Payne followed the law, and with success, but his heart was with the Muses and the odorous East. From a boy he had loved and studied the old English, Scotch and Welsh writers, with the result that all his productions have a mediæval aroma. *The Faerie Queene*, Chaucer and his successors—the Scottish poets of the 15th and 16th Centuries, *The Morte d'Arthur*, the authorised version of the Bible and North's *Plutarch* have always lain at his elbow. Then, too, with Dante, Shakespeare and Heine's poems he is supersaturated; but the authorised version of the Bible has had more influence on him than any other book,

[1] See Chapter xxiii., § 107.

and he has so loved and studied it from boyhood that he has assimilated its processes and learned the secrets of the interior mechanism of its style. It is not surprising that his first publication should have been a book of poetry. The merits of *The Masque of Shadows and other Poems* were acknowledged on all sides. It was seen that the art of ballad writing—which Goethe calls the most difficult of arts—was not, as some averred, a forgotten one. *The Masque of Shadows* itself is melodious and vivid from the first line to the end, but the captain jewel is the necromantic and thrilling *Rime of Redemption*—the story of a woman who erred and of a man who prayed and wrestled with God in prayer for her, and ultimately wrung her salvation by self-sacrifice from Divine Justice. Here and there are passages that we could have wished modified, but surely such a terrific fantasy was never before penned! It is as harrowing as *The Ancient Mariner*, and appeals to one more forcibly than Coleridge's "Rime," because it seems actual truth. Other volumes, containing impassioned ballads, lyrics, narrative poems and sonnets, came from Mr. Payne's pen. His poems have the rush and bound of a Scotch waterfall. This is explained by the fact that they are written in moments of physical and mental exaltation. Only a mind in a quasi-delirious state, to be likened to that of the Pythoness on the tripod, could have evolved the *Rime of Redemption* [1] or *Thorgerda*.[2] No subject comes amiss to him. His chemic power turns everything to gold. "He sees everything," as Mr. Watts-Dunton once said to the writer—"through the gauze of poetry." His love for beautiful words and phrases leads him to express his thoughts in the choicest language. He puts his costliest wine in myrrhine vases; he builds his temple with the lordliest cedars. Mr. Payne does not write for the multitude, but few poets of the day have a more

(1) In the *Masque of Shadows.*

(2) *New Poems*, p. 19.

devoted band of admirers. Some readers will express a preference for *The Building of the Dream,* [1] others for *Lautrec* [2] or *Salvestra* [3], and others for the dazzling and mellifluous *Prelude to Hafiz.* Mr. A. C. Swinburne eulogised the "exquisite and clear cut *Intaglios.*" [4] D. G. Rossetti revelled in the Sonnets; Théodore de Banville, "roi des rimes," in the *Songs of Life and Death,* whose beauties blend like the tints in jewels.[5]

Mr. Payne first took up the work of a translator in 1878, his earliest achievement in the new province being his admirable rendering of *Villon,* in which he gives the music of the thief poet, and all his humour, and this reminds us that Mr. Payne, unlike most poets, is a skilled musician. Of his life, indeed, music, in its most advanced and audacious manifestations has always been as much an essential a part as literature, hence the wonderful melodic effects of the more remarkable of his poems. Already an excellent Arabic scholar, he had as early as 1875 resolved upon a translation of *The Arabian Nights,* and he commenced the task in earnest on 5th February 1877. He worked with exhausting sedulity and expended upon it all the gifts in his power, with the result that his work has taken its place as a classic. The price was nine guineas. Imagining that the demand for so expensive a work would not be large, Mr. Payne, unfortunately, limited himself to the publication of only 500 copies. The demand exceeded 2,000, so 1,500 persons were disappointed.

It was at this moment that Mr. Payne became acquainted with Burton. Mr. Payne admired Burton as a traveller, an explorer, and a linguist, and recognised the fact that no man had a more intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the East; and Burton on his

(1) The *Masque of Shadows,* p. 59.

(2) Published 1878.

(3) *New Poems,* p. 179.

(4) Published 1871.

(5) Mr. Watts-Dunton, the Earl of Crewe, and Dr. Richard Garnett have also written enthusiastically of Mr. Payne's poetry.

part paid high tribute to Mr. Payne's gifts as a translator and a poet.[1]

When Mr. Payne's letter reached Trieste, Burton had just started off, with Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, on an expedition to the Gold Coast. In his Fernando Po period he had, as we have seen, been deeply interested in the gold digging and gold washing industries,[2] had himself, indeed, to use his own words, "discovered several gold mines on that coast." For years his mind had turned wistfully towards those regions, and at last, early in 1881, he was able to enter into an arrangement with a private speculator concerning the supposed mines. He and Cameron were to have all their expenses paid, and certain shares upon the formation of the company. The travellers left Trieste on November 18th, being accompanied as far as Fiume by Mrs. Burton and Lisa, who on the 25th returned to Trieste; and on December 17th they reached Lisbon, whither Mr. Payne's letter followed them. Burton, who replied cordially, said "In April, at the latest, I hope to have the pleasure of shaking hands with you in London, and then we will talk over the 1,000 *Nights and a Night*. At present it is useless to say anything more than this—I shall be most happy to collaborate with you. . . . . Do you know the Rev. G. Percy Badger (of the Dictionary)? If not, you should make his acquaintance, as he is familiar with the Persian and to a certain extent with the Egyptian terms of the Nights. He is very obliging and ready to assist Arabists[3] . . . . . I am an immense admirer of your Villon."

105. To the Gold Coast, 25th November 1881—20th May 1882.

Writing to Burton early in the year Payne observed that as his first volume was in type, apparently it should

(1) Of "The John Payne Society" (founded in 1905) and its publications particulars can be obtained from The Secretary, Cowper School, Olney. It has no connection with the "Villon Society," which publishes Mr. Payne's works.

(2) See Chapter xi., § 43.

(3) Dr. Badger died 19th February, 1888, aged 73.

at once go to press, but that he would be pleased to submit subsequent volumes to Burton. Terms were also suggested.

Burton's reply, addressed Axim, Gold Coast, and received by Mr. Payne, 20th March, 1882, runs as follows: "I received your welcome letter by the steamer of yesterday, and to-morrow morning my companion Cameron and I again proceed to the 'bush.' Of course you must go to press at once. I deeply regret it, but on arriving in England my time will be so completely taken up by the Gold Coast that I shall not have a moment's leisure. It would be a useless expense to keep up the type. Your terms about the royalty," he said, "are more than liberal. I cannot accept them, however, except for value received, and it remains to be seen what time is at my disposal. I am working out a scheme for Chinese immigration to the West African coast, and this may take me next winter to China. I can only say that I shall be most happy to render you any assistance in my power; at the same time I must warn you that I am a rolling stone. If I cannot find time you must apply in the matter of the introductory essay to the Rev. Percy Badger, Professor Robertson Smith (Glasgow) and Professor Palmer (Trinity, Cambridge). I have booked your private address and have now only to reciprocate your good wishes."

On April 18th Mrs. Burton and Lisa set out for England in order to rejoin Burton—Lisa, as usual, without any headgear—a condition of affairs which in every church they entered caused fricton with the officials. When this began Mrs. Burton would explain the position; and the officials, when they came to find that nothing they could say or do made the slightest difference to Lisa, invariably expressed themselves satisfied with the explanation.

Burton and Cameron reached Liverpool on May 20th, and were able to report both "that there was plenty of gold, and that the mines could easily be worked." The

expedition, however, was unproductive of all anticipated results and no profit accrued to Burton. Indeed it was Iceland and Midian over again. "I ought," he says in one of his letters to Payne, "to go down to history as the man who rediscovered one Gold Country and rehabilitated a second, and yet lost heavily by the discoveries."[1]

(1) To Payne. 20th August 1883.

CHAPTER XXIII.

20TH MAY 1882—JULY 1883.

THE MEETING OF BURTON AND PAYNE.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

66. Lord Beaconsfield.
67. To the Gold Coast for Gold. 2 vols., 1883.
68. Stone Implements from the Gold Coast. Burton and Cameron.

In May 1882, Burton called on Mr. Payne, and the matter of *The Arabian Nights* was fully discussed. It then transpired that Burton's project was still entirely *in nubibus*. He told Mr. Payne that he had no manuscript of any kind beyond "a sheet or two of notes,"[1] and it was afterwards gathered from his words that these notes were a mere syllabus of the contents of the Boulac edition of the *Nights*—the only one of the four printed texts (Calcutta, Macnaghten, Boulac and Breslau) used and combined by Mr. Payne with which Burton was then acquainted.[2] Mr. Payne's first volume was completely in type and had for some weeks been held over for Burton's return to England. Of the remaining volumes three were ready for the press, and the rest only awaited fair copying. Burton's thoughts, however, were then completely occupied with the Gold Coast, consequently the whole project of collaboration fell through. Mr. Payne's first volume duly appeared; and as the result of further conversations it was arranged that Burton should read Mr.

106. Mrs. Grundy begins to roar. May 1882.

[1] No doubt the "two or three pages" which he showed to Mr. Watts-Dunton.

[2] This is a very important fact. It is almost incredible, and yet it is certainly true.

Payne's subsequent proofs, though he declined to accept any remuneration unless it should turn out that his assistance was necessary. In June, Mr. Payne submitted the first proofs of Vol. ii. to Burton. Meantime the literalism of Mr. Payne's translation had created extraordinary stir, and Burton wrote thus forcefully on the matter (June 3rd): "Please send me a lot of advertisements.[1] I can place a multitude of copies. Mrs. Grundy is beginning to roar; already I hear the voice of her. And I know her to be an arrant w—— and tell her so, and don't care a —— for her."

The event at Trieste that summer was the opening of a Grand International Exhibition—the hobby of the Governor of the town—Baron de Pretis, and Burton thus refers to it in a letter written to Mr. Payne, 5th August (1882). "We arrived here just in time for the opening of the Exhibition, August 1st. Everything went off well, but next evening an Orsini shell was thrown which killed one and wounded five, including my friend Dr. Dorn, Editor of the *Triester Zeitung*. The object, of course, was to injure the Exhibition, and the effect will be ruinous. I expect more to come and dare not leave my post. So while my wife goes to Marienbad, I must content myself with the Baths at Monfalcone,[2] distant only one hour by rail." In the next letter (August 14th) Burton refers to a proposed special quarto (large paper) edition of Mr. Payne's *Nights*, the scheme for which, however, fell through. "I am delighted with the idea," he says, "for though not a bibliophile in practice (£ s. d. preventing) I am entirely in theory." There is also an amusing reference to a clergyman who after giving his name for a copy withdrew it. Says Burton, "If the Rev. A. miss this opportunity of grace he can blame only himself. It is very sad but not to be helped. . . . And now good luck to the venture." Later he observes, "The fair sex

(1) Prospectuses.

(2) Its baths were good for gout and rheumatism. Mrs. Burton returned to Trieste on September 11th.

appears wild to get at the Nights.[1] I have received notes from two upon the nice subject, with no end of complaints about stern *parients,* brothers and brothers-in-law.''

In September Burton asks for the loan of Payne's copy of the Calcutta Edition (Macnaghten) and enquires after Vol. i. He says "What news of Vol. i.? I am very anxious to see it, and so are many female correspondents. I look forward with great pleasure to the work.''

It was now understood that an attack was to be made on Payne's volume in the press. Says Burton, September 29th (1882). "Perhaps it will be best to let ——[2] sing his song. —— has no end of enemies, and I can stir up a small wasp's nest without once appearing in the matter. The best answer will be showing up a few of Lane's mistakes, but this must be done with the greatest care, so that no hole can be picked in the critique.[3] I enclose three sonnets, a specimen of my next volume of Camoens, and should much like any suggestions from you. They are line for line and mostly word for word. But that is nothing; the question is, are they readable English? They'll be printed at my own expense, so they will ruin nobody. Switzerland has set you up and don't let the solicitor's office pull you down.''

On October 2nd he says: "Glad to hear of a new edition of Lane: it will draw attention to the subject. I must see what can be done with reviewers. *Saturday* and I are at drawn daggers, and —— of —— is such a stiff young she-prig that I hardly know what to do about him. However, I shall begin work at once by writing and collecting the vulnerable points of the clique. —— is a very much hated man and there will be no difficulty.

[1] This is, of course, a jest. He repeats the jest, with variations, in subsequent letters.

[2] The author wishes to say that the names of several persons are hidden by the dashes in these chapters, and he has taken every care to render it impossible for the public to know who in any particular instance is intended.

[3] Of course, in his heart, Burton respected Lane as a scholar.

On the 8th, in reference to the opposing "clique," Burton writes: "In my own case I should encourage a row with this *bête noire*; but I can readily understand your having reasons for wishing to keep it quiet." Naturally, considering the tactics that were being employed against them, the Villon Society, which published Mr. Payne's works, had no wish to draw the attention of the authorities to the moral question. Indeed, of the possible action of the authorities, as instigated by the clique, the Society stood in some fear.

Burton goes on: "I shall write to-day to T—— to know how —— is best hit. T—— hates him—so do most people. Meanwhile you must (either yourself or by proxy) get a list of Lane's *laches*. I regret to say my copy of his *Modern Egyptians* has been lost or stolen, and with it are gone the lists of his errata I had drawn up many years ago. Of course I don't know Arabic, but who does?" One may know a part of it, a corner of the field, but all! Bah! Many thanks for the notes on the three sonnets [Camoens]. Most hearty thanks for the trouble you have taken. The remarks are those of a scholar and a translator."

Later, Burton sent Payne other Camoens sonnets to look over. Writing on 29th October 1882, he says, "Many thanks for the sonnet. Your version is right good, but it is yourself, not me. In such a matter each man expresses his own individuality. I shall follow your advice about the quatrains and tercets. No. 19 is one of the darkest on account of its extreme simplicity. I shall trouble you again."

The first proofs (pp. 1—144) of Vol. ii. were read by Burton in October 1882, and returned by him October 21st. In his letter to Mr. Payne of that date he says, It will only be prudent to prepare for an attack. I am perfectly ready to justify a complete translation of the book. And if I am obliged to say what I think about Lane's Edition there will be hard hitting. Of course I wish to leave his bones in peace, but —— may make

that impossible. Curious to see three editions of the 1,001 *Nights* advertised at the same time, not to speak of the bastard.[1] I return you nine sheets [of proofs] by parcels post registered. You have done your work very well, and my part is confined to a very small amount of scribble which you will rub out at discretion."

Subsequently Burton observed that Mr. Payne required no assistance of any kind; and therefore he re-refused to accept remuneration for reading the proofs. Naturally, they differed, as Arabists all do, upon certain points, but on all subjects save two Burton allowed that Mr. Payne's opinion was as good as his own.

The first concerned the jingles in the prose portions of the Nights, such as "The trees are growing and the waters flowing and Allah all good bestowing." Burton wanted them to be preserved, but to this Mr. Payne could not consent, and he gives the reasons in his Terminal Essay. The second exception was the treatment of the passages referring to a particular subject; and this indicates to us clearly the difference in the ideas and aims of the two men. Of artistry, of what FitzGerald calls "sinking and reducing," Burton had no notion. "If anything is in any redaction of the original, in it should go," he said. "Never mind how shocking it may be to modern and western minds. If I sin, I sin in good company—in the company of the authors of the Authorised Version of the Bible, who did not hesitate to render literatim certain passages which persons aiming simply at artistic effect would certainly have omitted."

Payne on the other hand was inclined to minimise these passages as much as possible. Though determined that his translation should be a complete one, yet he entirely omitted coarsenesses whenever he could find excuse to do so—that is to say, when they did not appear in all the texts. If no such excuse existed he clothed

[1] Apparently Galland's.

the idea in skilful language.[1] Nothing is omitted; but it is of course within the resources of literary art to say anything without real offence. Burton, who had no aptitude for the task; who, moreover, had other aims, constantly disagreed with Payne upon this point.

Thus, writing 12th May 1883, he says: "You are drawing it very mild. Has there been any unpleasantness about plain speaking? Poor Abu Nuwas[2] is (as it were) castrated. I should say 'Be bold or *audace*,' &c., only you know better than I do how far you can go and cannot go. I should simply translate every word."

"What I meant by literalism," he says, 1st October 1883, "is literally translating each noun (in the long lists which so often occur) in its turn, so that the student can use the translation."

This formed no part of Mr. Payne's scheme, in fact was directly opposed to the spirit of his work, which was to make the translation, while quite faithful to the original, a monument of noble English prose and verse.

"I hold the Nights," continues Burton, the best of class books, and when a man knows it, he can get on with Arabs everywhere. He thus comments on Payne's Vol. iv., some of the tales of which, translate them as you will, cannot be other than shocking. "Unfortunately it is these offences (which come so naturally in Greece and Persia, and which belong strictly to their fervid age) that give the book much of its ethnological value. I don't know if I ever mentioned to you a paper (unpublished) of mine showing the geographical limits of the evil.[3] I shall publish it some day and surprise the world.[4] I don't live in England, and I don't care an

[1] Mr. Payne's system is fully explained in the Introductory Note to Vol. i. and is consistently followed through the 13 volumes (*Arabian Nights*, 9 vols.; *Tales from the Arabic*, 3 vols.; *Alaeddin and Zein-ul-Asnam*, 1 vol.).

[2] One of the poets of *The Arabian Nights*.

[3] See Chapter iii. § 11.

[4] He published some of this information in his Terminal Essay.

asterisk for Public Opinion.[1] I would rather tread on Mrs. Grundy's pet corn than not, she may howl on her * * * * * * to her heart's content." On August 24th (1883) Burton says. "Please keep up in Vol. v. this literality in which you began. My test is that every Arab word should have its equivalent English. . . . Pity we can't manage to end every volume with a tid-bit! Would it be dishonest to transfer a tale from one night or nights to another or others? I fancy not, as this is done in various editions. A glorious ending for Vol. iv. would have been the *Three Wishes or The Night of Power*[2] and *The Cabinet with Five Shelves*."[3]

Burton was now to make what proved to be his last expedition. All the year Egypt had been ablaze with the rebellion of Arabi Pasha. Alexandria was bombarded by the English on July 11th, Arabi suffered defeat at Tell-el-Kebir three months later. On the commencement of the rebellion the British Government sent out Burton's old friend Professor Palmer to the Sinaitic peninsula with a view to winning the tribes in that part to the British side, and so preventing the destruction of the Suez Canal. The expedition was atrociously planned, and the fatal mistake was also made of providing it with £3,000 in gold. Palmer landed at Jaffa at the end of June, and then set out via Gaza across the "Short Desert," for Suez, where he was joined by Captain Gill and Lieutenant Charrington. In fancy one hears him as he enters on his perilous journey asking himself that question, which was so absurdly frequent in his lips, "I wonder what will happen?"

107. The Search for Palmer, October 1882.

[1] Perhaps we ought again to state most emphatically that Burton's outlook was strictly that of the student. He was angry because he had, as he believed, certain great truths to tell concerning the geographical limits of certain vices, and an endeavour was being made to prevent him from publishing them.

[2] Burton's A.N., vi., 180; Lib. Ed. v., 91, *The Three Wishes, or the Man who longed to see the Night of Power.*

[3] *The Lady and her Five Suitors,* Burton's A.N., vi., 172; Lib. Ed., v., 83; Payne's A.N., v., 306. Of course Mr. Payne declined to do this.

It is customary for travellers, before entering the Arabian wastes, to hire a Ghafir, that is, a guide and protector. Palmer, instead of securing a powerful chief, as the case required, selected a man of small account named Matr Nassar, and this petty shaykh and his nephew were the expedition's only defence.

The doomed party left Suez on August 8th. On the 10th at midnight they were attacked by the Bedawin. "Palmer expostulated with his assassins; but all his sympathetic faculty, his appeals to Arab honour and superstition, his threats, his denunciations, and the gift of eloquence which had so often prevailed with the wild men, were unheeded. As vainly, Matr Nassar [1] covered his protégés with his aba [2] thus making them part of his own family. On the evening of August 11th the captives were led to the high bank of the Wady Sudr, where it receives another and smaller fiumara yet unnamed, and bidden to prepare for death. Boldly facing his enemies, Palmer cursed them [3] in Biblical language, and in the name of the Lord. But while the words were in his mouth, a bullet struck him and he fell. His companions also fell in cold blood, and the bodies of all three were thrown down the height [4]—a piteous denouement—and one that has features in common with the tragic death scene of another heroic character of this drama—General Gordon.

The English Government still believed and hoped that Palmer had escaped; and on October 17th it sent a telegram to Burton bidding him go and assist in the search for his old friend.

Like the war horse in the Bible, the veteran traveller shouted "Aha!" and he shot across the Mediterranean

(1) Possibly this was merely pantomime. Besant, in his *Life of Palmer*, p. 322, assumes that Matr Nassar, or Meter, as he calls him, was a traitor.

(2) Cloak.

(3) Cursing is with Orientals a powerful weapon of defence. Palmer was driven to it as his last resource. If he could not deter his enemies in this way he could do no more.

(4) Burton's Report and Besant's *Life of Palmer*, p. 328.

like a projectile from a cannon. But he had no sooner reached Suez than he heard—his usual luck—that Sir Charles Warren, with 200 picked men, was scouring the peninsula, and that consequently his own services would not be required. In six weeks he was back again at Trieste and so ended Viator's[1] last expedition. The remains of Palmer and his two companions were discovered by Sir Charles and sent to England to be interred in St. Paul's Cathedral. To Palmer's merits as a man Burton paid glowing tributes; and he praised, too, Palmer's works, especially *The Life of Harun Al Raschid* and the translations of Hafiz,[2] Zoheir and the Koran. Of the last Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole says finely: It "has the true desert ring in it; . . the translator has carried us among the Bedawin tents, and breathed into us the strong air of the desert, till we fancy we can hear the rich voice of the Blessed Prophet himself as he spoke to the pilgrims on Akabah."

In his letter to Payne of 23rd December 1882, Burton adumbrates a visit eastward. "After January," he says, "I shall run to the Greek Islands, and pick up my forgotten modern Greek." He was unable, however, to carry out his plans in their entirety. On January 15th he thanks Payne for the loan of the "Uncastrated Villon,"[3] and the Calcutta and Breslau editions of the *Nights*, and says "Your two vols. of Breslau and last proofs reached me yesterday. I had written to old Quaritch for a loan of the Breslau edition. He very sensibly replied by ignoring the loan and sending me a list of his prices. So then the thing dropped. What is the use of paying £3 odd for a work that would be perfectly useless to me. . . . But he waxes cannier every year."

(1) See Chapter vi., § 22.

(2) Palmer translated only a few songs in Hafiz. Two will be found in that well-known Bibelot, *Persian Love Songs*.

(3) There were two editions of Mr. Payne's *Villon*. Burton is referring to the first.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JULY 1883—NOVEMBER 1883

THE PALAZZONE.

In 1883 the Burtons removed from their eyrie near the Railway Station and took up their abode in a palazzone[2]—"the Palazzo Gosleth"—situated in a large garden, on the wooded promontory that divides the city from the Bay of Muggia. It was one of the best houses in Trieste, and boasted an entrance so wide that one could have driven a carriage into the hall, a polished marble staircase and twenty large rooms commanding extensive and delightful views. The garden, however, was the principal amenity. Here, in fez and dressing-gown, Burton used to sit and write for hours with nothing to disturb him except the song of birds and the rustle of leaves. In the Palazzo Gosleth he spent the last eight years of his life, and wrote most of his later works.

108. Anecdotes of Burton.

Perhaps this is the best place to introduce a sheaf of miscellaneous unpublished ancedotes which have been drawn together from various sources. We are uncertain as to their dates, but all are authentic. To the ladies Burton was generally charming, but sometimes he behaved execrably. Once when he was returning alone to Trieste, a lady past her prime, being destined for the same place, asked whether she might accompany him. Burton, who hated taking care of anyone, frowned and shook his head. "There can be no scandal, Captain Burton," pleaded the lady, "because I am old."

"Madame," replied Burton, "while fully appreciating

(2) Augmentative of *palazzo*, a gentleman's house.

your kindness, I must decline. Had you been young and good-looking I would have considered the matter."

But Burton could be agreeable enough even to plain ladies when he wished. In one of his books or pamphlets he had said "There is no difference except civilization between a very old woman and an ape." Some time after its publication, when he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli, Mrs. Disraeli, herself both elderly and very plain, laid a plan to disconcert him. She seated herself close to a low mirror, in the hopes that Burton would presently join her. He soon fell into the trap and was observed a few minutes later leaning over her and "doing the amiable."

109. Burton and Mrs. Disraeli.

"Captain Burton," said Mrs. Disraeli, with affected annoyance, and pointing to her reflection, "There must be an ape in the glass. Do you not see it?"

Burton instantly recalled the remark in his book, but without exhibiting the least disconcertion, he replied, "Yaas, yaas, Madam, quite plainly; I see myself."

It was altogether impossible for Burton to do anything or to be in anything without causing a commotion of some kind. Generally it was his own fault, but sometimes the Fates were to blame. Few scenes at that period could have been more disgraceful than those at the official receptions held in London by the Prime Minister. Far too many persons were invited and numbers behaved more like untutored Zulus than civilised human beings.

"Now darling," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, just before one of these functions, "You are to be amiable, remember, and not lose your temper." Burton readily promised compliance, but that day, unfortunately, the crush on the staircase was particularly disgraceful. Apparently Burton, his wife on arm, was pushed on to the train of a lady in front of him, but whatever he was doing the crush had rendered him helpless.

"Oh dear!" cried the lady, "this horrid man is choking me."

"It's that blackguard of a Burton!" followed the lady's husband.

Burton's eyes flashed and his lips went livid, "I'll have you out for this," he cried, "and if you won't fight I'll thrash you like a dog."

"That's how you keep your promise," said Mrs. Burton to him, when they got home. "You don't get half a dozen steps up the staircase before you have a row with someone." Then he burst out with his "pebble on ice" laughter.

For Burton to overhear remarks uncomplimentary to himself was no uncommon occurrence, but he rarely troubled to notice them. Now and again, however, as the previous anecdote shows, he broke his rule. Once at a public gathering a lady said, loudly, to a companion, "There is that infamous Captain Burton, I should like to know that he was down with some lingering and incurable illness."

Burton turned round, and fixing his eyes upon her, said with gravity: "Madame, I have never in all my life done anything so wicked as to express so shocking a wish as that."

The next anecdote shows how dangerous Burton could be to those who offended him. When the Sultan of Zanzibar was paying a visit to England, Burton and the Rev. Percy Badger were singled out to act as interpreters. But Burton had quarrelled with Badger about something or other; so when they approached the Sultan, Burton began addressing him, not in Arabic, but in the Zanzibar patois. The Sultan, after some conversation, turned to Badger, who, poor man, not being conversant with the patois, could only stand still in the dunce's cap which Burton, as it were, had clapped on him and look extremely foolish; while the bystanders nodded to each other and said, "Look at that fellow. He can't say two words. He's a fraud." Burton revelled in Badger's discomfiture; but a little later the two men were on good

terms again; and when Badger died he was, of course, Burton's "late lamented friend."

Another of Burton's aversions was "any old woman made up to look very young." "Good gracious," he said, one day to a painted lady of that category. "You haven't changed since I saw you forty years ago. You're like the British flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." But the lady heaped coals of fire on his head.

"Oh, Captain Burton," she cried, "how could you, with that musical—that lovely voice of yours—make such very unpleasant remarks."

In England, whatever objections Protestants may make to Roman Catholic services, they admit that everything is done decently and in order. The laxity, however, in the Italian churches is, or was until recently, beyond belief, and every traveller brought home some queer tale. Mrs. Burton, who prided herself on being "an old English Catholic," was frequently distressed by these irregularities, and she never hesitated to reprove the offending priests. One day a priest who had called at Burton's house was requested to conduct a brief service in Mrs. Burton's private chapel. But the way in which he went through the various ceremonies so displeased Mrs. Burton that she called out to him, "Stop! stop! pardon me, I am an old English Catholic—and therefore particular. You are not doing it right—Stand aside, please, and let me show you." So the astonished priest stood aside, and Mrs. Burton went through all the gesticulations, genuflexions, etcetera, in the most approved style. Burton, who was standing by, regarded the scene with suppressed amusement. When all was over, he touched the priest on the shoulder and said gravely and slowly, pointing to Mrs. Burton: "Do you know who this is? It is my wife. And you know she will some day die—We all must die—And she will be judged—we must all be judged—and there's a very

110. "I am an Old English Catholic."

long and black list against her. But when the sentence is being pronounced she will jump up and say: 'Stop! stop! please pardon my interruption, but I am an old English Catholic.'"

To one house, the hostess of which was one of the most fashionable women in London, Burton, no matter how much pressed, had never been prevailed upon to go. He disliked the lady and that was enough. "Here's an invitation for all of us to Lady ——'s," said Mrs. Burton to him one day in honied tones. "Now, Dick, darling, this time you *must* go just for Lisa's sake. It's a shame she should lose so excellent a chance of going into good society. Other people go, why shouldn't we? Eh, darling?"

"What won't people do," growled Burton, "for the sake of a dinner!"

Eventually, however, after an explosion, and he'd be asterisked if he would, and might the lady herself be asterisked, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera, "Dick Darling" was coaxed over, and he, Mrs Burton and Lisa at the appointed time sallied forth in all the glory of war paint, and in due course were ushered into the detested house.

As he approached the hostess she looked steadily at him through her lorgnon, and then, turning to a companion, said with a drawl: "Isn't it horrid, my dear! Every *Dick*, Tom and Harry's here to-night."

"That's what comes of being amiable," said Burton to his wife, when they got home again—and he'd be asterisked, and might everybody else be asterisked, if he'd enter that asterisked house again. Then the humour of it all appealed to him; and his anger dissolved into the usual hearty laughter.

One very marked feature of Burton's character was that, like his father, he always endeavoured to do and say what he thought was right, quite regardless of appearances and consequences. And we may give one anecdote to illustrate our meaning.

On one occasion [1] he and another Englishman who was known by Burton to have degraded himself unspeakably, were the guests at a country house. "Allow me, Captain Burton," said the host, "to introduce you to the other principal guest of the evening, Mr.——" Looking Mr. —— in the face, Burton said: "When I am in Persia I am a Persian, when in India a Hindu, but when in England I am an English gentleman," and then he turned his back on Mr. —— and left him. As Mr. ——'s record was not at the time generally known, those who were present at the scene merely shrugged their shoulders and said: "Only another of Burton's eccentricities." A few months, later, however, Mr. ——'s record received publicity, and Burton's conduct and words were understood.

One of Burton's lady relations being about to marry a gentleman who was not only needy but also brainless, somebody asked him what he thought of the bridegroom-elect.

"Not much," replied Burton, drily, "he has no furniture inside or out."

To "old maids" Burton was almost invariably cruel. He found something in them that roused all the most devilish rancours in his nature; and he used to tell them tales till the poor ladies did not know where to tuck their heads. When reproved afterwards by Mrs. Burton, he would say: "Yaas, yaas, no doubt; but they shouldn't be old maids; besides, it's no good telling the truth, for nobody ever believes you." He did, however, once refer complimentarily to a maiden lady—a certain Saint Apollonia who leaped into a fire prepared for her by the heathen Alexandrians. He called her "This admirable old maid." Her chief virtue in his eyes, however, seems to have been not her fidelity to her principles, but the fact that she got rid of herself, and so made one old maid fewer.

[1] We have altered this anecdote a little so as to prevent the possibility of the blanks being filled up.

"What shall we do with our old maids?" he would ask, and then answer the question himself—"Oh, enlist them. With a little training they would make first-rate soldiers." He was also prejudiced against saints, and said of one, "I presume she was so called because of the enormity of her crimes."

Although Mrs. Burton often reproved her husband for his barbed and irritating remarks, her own tongue had, incontestibly, a very beautiful edge on it. Witness her reply to Mrs. X., who declared that when she met Burton she was inexpressibly shocked by his Chaucerian conversation and Canopic wit.

"I can quite believe," commented Mrs. Burton, sweetly, "that on occasions when no lady was present Richard's conversation might have been startling."

How tasteful is this anecdote, as they say in *The Nights*, "and how enjoyable and delectable."

111. Burton begins his Translation, April 1884.

As we have already observed, Mr. Payne's 500 copies of the *Thousand Nights and a Night* were promptly snapped up by the public and 1,500 persons had to endure disappointment. "You should at once," urged Burton, "bring out a new edition." "I have pledged myself," replied Mr. Payne, "not to reproduce the book in an unexpurgated form."

"Then," said Burton, "Let me publish a new edition in my own name and account to you for the profits—it seems a pity to lose these 1,500 subscribers." This was a most generous and kind-hearted, but, from a literary point of view, immoral proposition; and Mr. Payne once rejected it, declaring that he could not be a party to breach of faith with the subscribers in any shape or form. Mr. Payne's virtue was, pecuniarily and otherwise, its own punishment. Still, he has had the pleasure of a clear conscience. Burton, however, being always, short of money, felt deeply for these 1,500 disappointed subscribers, who were holding out their nine-guinea cheques in vain; and he then

said "Should you object to my making an entirely new translation?" To which, of course, Mr. Payne replied that he could have no objection whatever. Burton then set to work in earnest. This was in April, 1884. As we pointed out in Chapter xxii., Lady Burton's account of the inception and progress of the work and Burton's own story in the Translator's Foreword (which precedes his first volume) bristle with misstatements and inaccuracies. He evidently wished it to be thought that his work was well under weigh long before he had heard of Mr. Payne's undertaking, for he says, "At length in the spring of 1879 the tedious process of copying began and the book commenced to take finished form." Yet he told Mr. Payne in 1881 that beyond notes and a syllabus of titles nothing had been done; and in 1883 he says in a letter, "I find my translation is a mere summary," that is to say, of the Boulaç edition, which was the only one familiar to him till he met Mr. Payne. He admits having made ample use of the three principal versions that preceded his, namely, those of Jonathan Scott, Lane and Payne, "the whole being blended by a *callida junctura* into a homogeneous mass." But as a matter of fact his obligations to Scott and Lane, both of whom left much of the *Nights* untranslated, and whose versions of it were extremely clumsy and incorrect, were infinitesimal; whereas, as we shall presently prove, practically the whole of Burton is founded on the whole of Payne. We trust, however, that it will continually be borne in mind that the warm friendship which existed between Burton and Payne was never for a moment interrupted. Each did the other services in different ways, and each for different reasons respected and honoured the other. In a letter to Mr. Payne of 12th August, 1884, Burton gave an idea of his plan. He says "I am going in for notes where they did not suit your scheme and shall make the book a perfect répertoire of Eastern knowledge in its most esoteric form." A paper on these subjects which Burton offered to the

British Association was, we need scarcely say, courteously declined.

Writing to Payne on September 9th (1884) he says, "As you have been chary of notes my version must by way of raison d'être (amongst others) abound in esoteric lore, such as female circumcision and excision, etc. I answer all my friends that reading it will be a liberal education, and assure them that with such a repertory of esotericism at their finger ends they will know all the *Scibile*[1] requisite to salvation. My conviction is that all the women in England will read it and half the men will cut me."

112. The Battle over the *Nights*.

Although, as we have seen, Burton's service to Mr. Payne's translation was almost too slight to be mentioned, Burton was to Mr. Payne in another way a tower of strength. Professional spite, jealousy and other causes had ranged against his *Nights* whole platoons of men of more or less weight. Jealousy, folly and ignorance made common cause against the new translation—the most formidable coterie being the group of influential men who for various reasons made it their business to cry up the commonplace translation of E. W. Lane, published in 1840, and subsequently reprinted—a translation which bears to Payne's the relation of a glow-worm to the meridian sun. The clique at first prepared to make a professional attack on the work, but the appearance of Volume i. proved it to be from a literary, artistic and philological point of view quite unassailable. This tactic having failed, some of gentlemen, in their meanness, and we fear we [illegible] malevolence, then tried to stir up the authorities action against Mr. Payne on the ground of publ[illegible] Burton had long been spoiling for a fight—in [illegible]

(1) That which is knowable.

(2) Let it be remembered that the edition was (to quote the title-page) printed by private subscription and for private circulation only, and was limited to 500 copies at a high price. Consequently the work was never in the hands of the general public.

his opportunity. In season and out of season he defended Payne. He fell upon the Lane-ites like Samson upon the Philistines. He gloried in the hurly-burly. He wallowed, as it were, in blood. Fortunately, too, at that time he had friends in the Government — straightforward, common-sense men—who were above all pettinesses. Lord Houghton, F. F. Arbuthnot, and others, also ranged themselves on the same side and hit out manfully.

Before starting on the Palmer expedition, Burton, in a letter of October 29th, had written to Mr. Payne: "The more I read your translation the more I like it. You have no need to fear the Lane clique; that is to say, you can give them as good as they can give you. I am quite ready to justify the moral point. Of course we must not attack Lane till he is made the *cheval de bataille* against us. But peace and quiet are not in my way, and if they want a fight they can have it." The battle was hot while it lasted, but it was soon over. The Lane-ites were cowed and gradually subsided into silence. Mr. Payne took the matter more coolly than Burton, but he, too, struck out when occasion required. For example, among the enemy was a certain reverend Professor of Semitic languages, who held advanced opinions on religious matters. He had fought a good fight, had suffered persecution on that account, and is honoured accordingly. "It is usual," observes Burton, "with the weak, after being persecuted to become persecutors."[1] Mr. —— had the folly to put it about that Payne's translation was made not direct from the Arabic but from German translations. How he came to make so amazing a statement, seeing that at the time no important German translation of the *Nights* existed,[2] it is difficult to say; but Mr. Payne sent him the following words from the

[1] This was a favourite saying of Burton's. We shall run against it elsewhere. See Chapter xxxiv., § 159. Curiously enough, there is a similar remark in Mr. Payne's Study of Rabelais written eighteen years previous, and still unpublished.

[2] Practically there was only the wearisome, garbled, incomplete and incorrect translation by Dr. Weil.

Nights, written in the Arabic character: "I and thou and the slanderer, there shall be for us an awful day and a place of standing up to judgment." [1] After this Mr. —— sheathed his sword and the Villon Society heard no more of him.

Mr. Payne's first volume appeared as we have seen in 1882. The last left the press in 1884. The work was dedicated to Burton, who writes, "I cannot but feel proud that he has honoured me with the dedication of 'The Book of The Thousand Nights and one Night.' . . . He succeeds admirably in the most difficult passages, and he often hits upon choice and special terms and the exact vernacular equivalent of the foreign word so happily and so picturesquely that all future translators must perforce use the same expression under pain of falling far short."

113. Completion of Mr. Payne's Translation.

Having finished the *Nights*, Mr. Payne commenced the translation of other Eastern stories—which he published under the title of *Tales from the Arabic*.[2]

[1] The Loves of Jubayr and the Lady Budur, Burton's A.N. iv., 234; Lib. Ed., iii., 350; Payne's A.N., iv., 82.

[2] Three vols., 1884.

CHAPTER XXV

1883 TO MAY 1885

THE KAMA SHASTRA SOCIETY

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

69. Publications of the Kama Shastra Society.

			AUTHOR.	TRANSLATOR.
1.	*The Kama Sutra.*	1883.	Vatsyayana.	Bhagvanlal Indraji.
2.	*The Ananga Ranga.*	1885.	Kullianmull.	,,
3.	*The Arabian Nights.*	1885—1886.	,,	Burton.
4.	*The Scented Garden* ("My old version")	1886.	Nafzawi	Burton and others.
5.	*The Beharistan*	1887.	Jami	Rehatsek.
6.	*The Gulistan* or Rose Garden.	1888.	Sadi.	,,

Works still in Manuscript.

		AUTHOR.	TRANSLATOR.
7.	*The Nigaristan*	Jawini.	Rehatsek.
8.	*The Observances of the Zenanah*		,,
9.	*Etiquette of Eating and Drinking* (A Persian Essay).		,,
10.	*Physiognomies* (A Persian MS.)	Al-R'azy.	,,
11.	Anecdotes from the *Nuzhat al Yaman.* (Persian).		,,
12.	The *Merzuban Namah.* (Persian).		,,
13.	Extracts from *Al Mostatraf.* (Arabic).		,,
14.	Extracts from *Siraj-ul-moluk.* (Arabic).		,,
15.	Extracts from *Tuhfat al akhwan us Safa.**		

* For further particulars respecting these works see Appendix.

If Payne's translation had been met by the wind, Burton anticipated that his own, with its blunt faithfulness to the original and its erotic notes, would ~~be met by~~ whirlwind. Considering the temper of the public[1] at the time he thought

114. The Azure Apollo.

(1) The public were to some extent justified in their attitude. They feared that these books would find their way into the hands of others than bonâ fide students. Their fears, however, had no foundation. In all the libraries visited by me extreme care was taken that none but the genuine student should see these books; and, of course, they are not purchasable anywhere except at prices which none but a student, obliged to have them, would dream of giving.

it not improbable that an action would be brought against him, and in fancy he perceived himself standing at bay with the Authorised Version of the Bible in one hand as a shield, and Urquhart's *Rabelais* in the other as a missile.

But though a man of amazing courage, Burton was not one to jeopardise himself unnecessarily. He was quite willing to take any reasonable precautions. So he discussed the matter with his friend F. F. Arbuthnot, who had recently returned from India, married,[1] and settled at a charming place, Upper House Court, near Guildford. Mr. Arbuthnot, who, as we have seen, had for years given his whole soul to Eastern literature, had already published a group of Hindu stories[2] and was projecting manuals of Persian[3] and Arabic[4] literature and a series of translations of famous Eastern works, some of which were purely erotic. He now suggested that this series and Burton's *Arabian Nights* should be published nominally by a society to which might be given the appropriate name, "The Kama Shastra"—that is the cupid-gospel—Society, Kama being the Hindu god of love. This deity is generally represented as a beautiful youth riding on an emerald-plumaged lory or parrot. In his hand he holds a bow of flowers and five arrows—the five senses; and dancing girls attend him. His favourite resort is the country round Agra, where Krishna[5] the azure Hindu Apollo,

> "Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
> Dances by moonlight with the Gopia nine."[6]

(1) He married in 1879, Ellinor, widow of James A[illegible], Esq., of Craigie, Forfarshire, and daughter of A[illegible] Stirling.

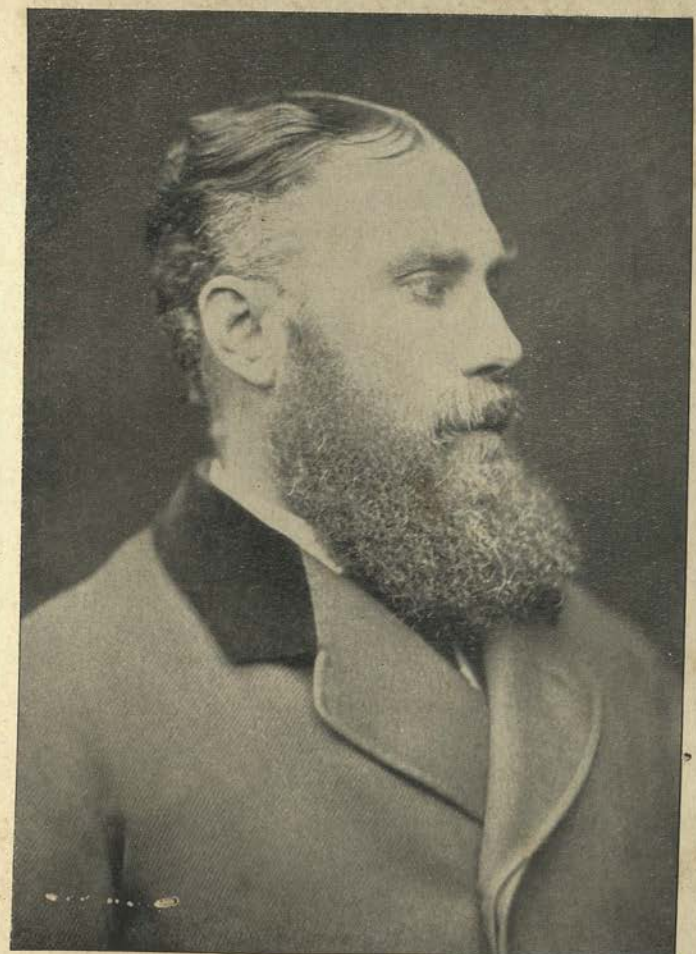
(2) *Early Ideas by an Aryan*, 1881. Alluded [illegible] A.N., Lib. Ed., ix., 209, note.

(3) *Persian Portraits*, 1887. "My friend A[illegible] booklet, Persian Portraits," A.N. Lib. Ed. x., [illegible].

(4) *Arabic Authors*, 1890.

(5) In Kalidasa's *Megha Duta* he is referred to as riding on a peacock.

(6) Sir William Jones. The Gopia correspond with the Roman Muses.



MR. F. F. ARBUTHNOT.

From a photograph by Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street.

The books were to be translated by Rehatsek and a Hindu pundit named Bhagvanlal Indraji, Burton and Arbuthnot were to revise and annotate, and Arbuthnot was to find the money. Burton fell in with the idea, as did certain other members of Arbuthnot's circle, who had always been keenly interested in Orientalism, and so was formed the famous Kama Shastra Society. That none of the particulars relating to the history of the Society has before been made public, is explained by the fact that Burton and Arbuthnot, conversant with the temper of the public, took pains to shroud their proceedings in mystery. It cannot, however, be too strongly insisted upon that Arbuthnot's standpoint, like Burton's, was solely that of the student. "He wished," he said, "to remove the scales from the eyes of Englishmen who are interested in Oriental literature." These erotic books in one form or another are in the hands of 200,000,000 of Orientals. Surely, argued Arbuthnot, a few genuine English students —a few grave, bald-headed, spectacled, happily married old gentlemen—may read them without injury.[1] The modern student seeks his treasure everywhere, and cares not into what midden he may probe so long as he finds it. No writer on 18th century French History, for example, would nowadays make half apologies, as Carlyle did, for having read Casanova. Indeed, he would lay himself open to censure unless he admitted having studied it carefully. Still, every genuine and right-minded student regards it as a duty to keep books such as these, which are unsuited for the general public, under lock and key—just as the medical man treats his books of plates and other reference volumes. Then again it is entirely a mistake to suppose that the works issued or contemplated by the Kama Shastra Society were all of them erotic. Two out of the six actually done: *The Beharistan* and *The Gulistan*, and the whole of the nine still in manuscript, might, after a

(1) The reader will recall Mr. Andrew Lang's witty remark in the preface to his edition of the *Arabian Nights*.

snip or two with the scissors, be read aloud in almost any company.

We have the first hint of the Kama Shastra Society in a letter to Payne, 5th August 1882. "I hope," says Burton, "you will not forget my friend, F. F. Arbuthnot, and benefit him by your advice about publishing when he applies to you for it. He has undertaken a peculiar branch of literature—the Hindu Erotic, which promises well." On Dec. 23rd he writes: "My friend Arbuthnot writes to me that he purposes calling upon you. He has founded a society consisting of himself and myself." After further reference to the idea he adds, "I hope that you will enjoy it." A few days later Mr. Arbuthnot called on Mr. Payne. Mr. Payne did not "enjoy" the unfolding of the Kama Shastra scheme, he took no interest in it whatever; but, of course, he gave the information required as to cost of production; and both then and subsequently assisted in other matters of business. Moreover, to Mr. Arbuthnot himself, as a man of great personal charm, Mr. Payne became sincerely attached, and a friendship resulted that was severed only by death.

The arrangement about financing the books did not, of course, apply to *The Arabian Nights*. That was Burton's own affair; for its success was supposed to be assured from the first. Of the books other than *The Arabian Nights* published by the Kama Shastra Society—each of which purported, facetiously, to be printed at Benares, the name which Burton chose to give to Stoke Newington, we shall now give a brief account.

Several, we said, are erotic. But it should be clearly understood what is here meant by the term. The plays of Wycherley and other Caroline dramatists are erotic in a bad sense. We admit their literary qualities, but we cannot hide from ourselves the fact that they were written by libertines and that an attempt is made to render vice attractive. The injured husband, for example, is invariably ridiculed, the adulterer glorified. The

Hindu books, on the other hand, were written by professedly religious men whose aim was "not to encourage chambering and wantonness, but simply and in all sincerity to prevent the separation of husband and wife" —not to make a married couple look afield, but "to lead them to love each other more by understanding each other better." Vatsyayana and Kullianmull,[1] indeed, though they poetized the pleasures of the flesh, would have been horrified could they have read the plays of Wycherley and Etheridge. The erotic books that Arbuthnot wished to be translated were the following—all by Hindu poets more or less famous:—

The Kama Sutra (Book of Love) by Vatsyayana.
Ananga Ranga (Stage of Love) by Kullianmull.
Ratirahasya (Secrets of Love) by Kukkoka.
Panchasakya (The Five Arrows) by Jyotirisha.
Smara Pradipa (Light of Love) by Gunakara.
Ratimanjari (Garland of Love) by Jayadeva.
Rasmanjari (Sprout of Love) by Bhanudatta.

Of these seven books two only were issued, namely the *Kama Sutra* and the *Ananga Ranga* or *Lila Shastra*. The precise share that Burton[2] had in them will never be known. It is sufficient to say that he had a share in both, and the second, according to the title page, was "translated from the Sanskrit and annotated by A. F. F. and B. F. R.," that is F. F. Arbuthnot and Richard Francis Burton—the initials being purposely reversed.

When commencing upon *The Kama Sutra*, Indraji—for he was the actual translator—found his copy, which had been procured in Bombay, to be defective, so he wrote to Benares, Calcutta and Jeypoor for copies of the manuscripts preserved in the Sanskrit libraries of

115. *The Kama Sutra.*

(1) Kalyana Mull.

(2) The hand of Burton betrays itself every here and there. Thus in Part 3 of the former we are referred to his *Vikram and the Vampire* for a note respecting the Gandharva-vivaha form of marriage. See Memorial Edition, p. 21.

those places. These having been obtained and compared with each other, a revised copy of the entire work was compiled and from this Indraji made his translation. "This work," he says, "is not to be used merely as an instrument for satisfying our desires. A person acquainted with the true principles of this science, who preserves his Dharma (virtue or religious merit), his Artha (worldly wealth) and his Kama (pleasure, or sensual gratification), and who has regard to the customs of the people, is sure to obtain the mastery over his senses. In short, an intelligent and knowing person, attending to Dharma, and Artha and also to Kama, without becoming the slave of his passions, will obtain success in everything that he may do." According to Vatsyayana, Kama should be taught just as is taught—say, hygiene or political economy. "A man practising Dharma, Artha and Kama enjoys happiness both in this world and in the world to come." It must not be supposed that the work is entirely erotic. There are also directions for one's conduct at religious festivals, especially that in honour of Saraswati,[1] picnics, drinking parties and other social gatherings. Still, the erotic preponderates. The work is mainly a handbook on Love. One is informed respecting what women are or are not worthy of affection. There are full instructions respecting kissing, an art which is not so easy to learn as some persons think. Still, a man who could not kiss properly after reading the Kama Sutra would be a dullard indeed. Some of the remarks are quaint enough. Thus we are told that nothing tends to increase love so much as the effects of marking with the nails[2] and biting." Some girls when asked in marriage are slow to make up their minds. With that situation there are, it seems, several ways of dealing. The simplest is the following: "When

(1) This goddess is adored as the patroness of the fine arts. See "A Hymn to Sereswaty," *Poetical Works of Sir William Jones*, Vol. ii., p. 123; also *The Hindoo Pantheon*, by Major Moor (Edward FitzGerald's friend).

(2) "Pleasant as nail wounds"—*The Megha Duta*, by Kalidasa.

the girl goes to a garden, or to some village in the neighbourhood, the man should, with his friends, fall on her guards, and having killed them, or frightened them away, forcibly carry her off." Sometimes it is the man who is shy. In such cases the girl "should bring him to her house under the pretence of seeing the fights of quails, cocks and rams, of hearing the maina (a kind of starling) talk . . . . she should also amuse him for a long time by telling him such stories and doing such things as he may take most delight in."

For Edwin and Angelina when they get married there is also much wholesome instruction. "The wife, whether she be a woman of noble family or a virgin widow re-married,[1] should lead a chaste life." "When the man sets out on a journey she should make him swear that he will return quickly.[2] . . . When the man does return home she should worship the God Kama." Ladies will be interested to learn that there are twenty-seven artifices by which a woman can get money out of a man. One is "Praising his intelligence to his face." Then there are useful directions for the personal adornment of both sexes. "If the bone of a peacock or of a hyena be covered with gold and tied to the right hand, it makes a man lovely in the eyes of other people."

Of the essential portions of the book it is sufficient to say that they are similar to those of the other avowedly erotic Eastern works, the contents of the principal of which have been touched upon by Burton in the Terminal Essay to his *Arabian Nights* and in some of his notes. Finally we are told that the *Kama Sutra* was composed for the benefit of the world by Vatsyayana, while leading the life of a religious student, and wholly engaged in the contemplation of the Deity. At the same time, the

(1) A girl married in her infancy.

(2) The Hindu women were in the habit, when their husbands were away, of braiding their hair into a single lock, called Veni, which was not to be unloosed until their return. There is a pretty reference to this custom in Kalidasa's *Megha Duta*.

teaching of this holy man amounts to very much the same as that of Maupassant, which is, to use Tolstoy's words, "that life consists in pleasures of which woman with her love is the chief, and in the double, again reflected delight of depicting this love and exciting it in others."[1]

The work lets a flood of light on Hindu manners and customs; and it must be borne in mind that the translation was issued privately at a high price and intended only for "curious students." In the Preface, Burton and Arbuthnot observe that after a perusal of the Hindoo work the reader will understand the subject upon which it treats, "At all events from a materialistic, realistic and practical point of view. If all science is founded more or less on a stratum of facts, there can be no harm in making known to mankind generally certain matters intimately connected with their private, domestic and social life. Alas! complete ignorance of them has unfortunately wrecked many a man and many a woman, while a little knowledge of a subject generally ignored by the masses would have enabled numbers of people to understand many things which they believed to be quite incomprehensible, or which were not thought worthy of their consideration."

Writing to Payne, 15th January, 1883, Burton says, "Has Arbuthnot sent you his Vatsyayana?[2] He and I and the Printer have started a Hindu Kama Shastra (*Ars Amoris* Society). It will make the Brit(ish) Pub(lic) stare. Please encourage him." Later Arbuthnot, in reply to a question put to him by a friend, said that the Society consisted practically of himself, Sir Richard Burton and the late Lord Houghton.[3]

(1) *Guy de Maupassant*, by Leo Tolstoy.

(2) *The Kama Sutra.*

(3) Richard Monckton Milnes, born 1809, created a peer 1863, died 1885. His life by T. Wemyss Reid appeared in 1891.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE ANANGA RANGA OR LILA SHASTRA.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

70. The Book of the Sword. 1884.

The title page of the second book, the *Ananga Ranga*, which was issued in 1885, was as follows: 116. *The Ananga Ranga.*[1]

ANANGA RANGA

(STAGE OF THE BODILESS ONE)

OR

THE HINDU ART OF LOVE

(ARS AMORIS INDICA)

Translated from the Sanskrit

and annotated

by

A. F. F. and B. F. R.

Cosmopoli MDCCCLXXXV. for the Kama Shastra Society of London and Benares, and for private circulation only.

Dedicated to that small portion of the British Public which takes enlightened interest in studying the manners and customs of the olden East.

We are told that this book was written about 1450 by the arch-poet Kalyana Mull,[2] that lithographed copies have been printed by hundreds of thousands,

(1) Burton possessed copies of this work in Sanskrit, Mar'athi Guzrati, and Hindustani. He describes the last as "an unpaged 8vo. of 66 pages, including eight pages of most grotesque illustrations." Burton's A.N., x., 202; Lib. Ed., viii., 183.

(2) Kullianmull.

that the book is in the hands of almost every one "throughout the nearer East," and also that it is "an ethnological treasure, which tells us as much of Hindu human nature as *The Thousand Nights and a Night* of Arab manners and customs in the cinquecento." In India the book is known as the *Kama Shastra* or *Lila Shastra*, the Scripture of Play or Amorous Sport. The author says quaintly, "It is true that no joy in the world of mortals can compare with that derived from the knowledge of the Creator. Second, however, and subordinate only to this are the satisfaction and pleasure arising from the possession of a beautiful woman."

"From the days of Sotades and Ovid," says the writer of the Preface, who is certainly Burton, "to our own time, Western authors have treated the subject either jocularly or with a tendency to hymn the joys of immorality, and the gospel of debauchery. The Indian author has taken the opposite view, and it is impossible not to admire the delicacy with which he has handled an exceedingly difficult theme. . . . . Feeling convinced that monogamy is a happier state than polygamy, he would save the married couple from the monotony and satiety which follow possession, by varying their pleasures in every conceivable way and by supplying them with the means of being psychically pure and physically pleasant to each other."

There is a reference to this work in Burton's *Vikram und the Vampire*, where we read:[1] "As regards the neutral state, that poet was not happy in his ideas who sang,

> 'Whene'er indifference appears, or scorn,
> Then, man, despair! then, hapless lover, mourn!'

for a man versed in the *Lila Shastra* can soon turn a woman's indifference into hate, which I have shown is as easily permuted to love."

This curious book concludes: "May this treatise, Ananga Ranga, be beloved of man and woman, as long

[1] Memorial Edition, p. 96.

as the Holy River Ganges springeth from Shiva with his wife Gauri on his left side; as long as Lakshmi loveth Vishnu; as long as Brahma is engaged in the study of the Vedas, and as long as the earth, the moon and the sun endure."

The Kama Shastra Society also issued a translation of the first twenty chapters of *The Scented Garden*.[1] In reality it was a translation of the French version of Liseux, but it was imperfect and had only a few notes. It has been repeatedly denied that Burton had anything to do with it. All we can say is that in a letter to Mr. A. G. Ellis of 8th May 1887, he distinctly calls it "my old version," (2) and he must mean that well-known edition of 1886, because all the other impressions are like it, except in respect to the title page.

The Society now determined to issue unexpurgated editions of the three following great Persian classics: 117. *The Beharistan*, 1887.

The Gulistan or Rose Garden, by Sadi (A.D. 1258).
The Nigaristan or Picture Gallery, by Jawini (A.D. 1334).
The Beharistan or Abode of Spring, by Jami (A.D. 1487.

The first to appear was *The Beharistan* in 1887. Jami, the author, is best known in England on account of his melodious poems *Salaman and Absal*, so exquisitely rendered by Edward FitzGerald, and *Yusuf and Zuleika* (Joseph and Potiphar's Wife), familiar to Englishmen mainly through Miss Costello's fragrant adaptation.[3] To quote from the Introduction of the translation of *The Beharistan*, which is written in Arbuthnot's bald and hesitating style, "there is in this work very little indeed to be objected to. A few remarks or stories

(1) The book has several times been reprinted. All copies, however, I believe, bear the date 1886. Some bear the imprint "Cosmopoli 1886."

(2) See Chapter xxxii. It may be remembered also that Burton as good as denied that he translated *The Priapeia*.

(3) A portion of Miss Costello's rendering is given in the lovely little volume "Persian Love Songs," one of the Bibelots issued by Gay and Bird.

scattered here and there would have to be omitted in an edition printed for public use or for public sale. But on the whole the author breathes the noblest and purest sentiments, and illustrates his meanings by the most pleasing, respectable, and apposite tales, along with numerous extracts from the Koran." The work consists of stories and verses—two or three of which will be found in our Appendix—pleasantly intermingled; but as Rehatsek, the translator, made no attempt to give the verses rhythmical form, only an inadequate idea is conveyed of the beauty of the original. It would require an Edward FitzGerald or a John Payne to do justice to Jami's jewelled verses.

The Gulistan of Sadi,[1] which was the next book issued, is best known in England from the translations by James Ross (1823) and Edward B. Eastwick (1852). Sadi's aim was to make "a garden of roses whose leaves the rude hand of the blast of Autumn could not affect."[2] "The very brambles and rubbish of this book," says an ancient enthusiastic admirer, "are of the nature of ambergris." Men treasured the scraps of Sadi's writing "as if they were gold leaf," and *The Gulistan* has attained a popularity in the East "which has never been reached in this Western world." The school-boy lisps his first lessons in it, the pundit quotes it, and hosts of its sayings have become proverbial. From end to end the "unity, the unapproachable majesty, the omnipotence, the long-suffering and the goodness of God" are nobly set forth —the burden of every chapter being:

118. *The Gulistan*, 1888.

> "The world, my brother! will abide with none,
> By the world's Maker let thy heart be won."

The third of the great trio, Jawini's *Nigaristan*, did not reach the press, owing to Arbuthnot's death. The

(1) Byron calls Sadi the Persian Catullus, Hafiz the Persian Anacreon, Ferdousi the Persian Homer.

(2) Eastwick, p. 13.

manuscript, however, in Rehatsek's hand-writing, is still in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, and we trust to see it some day suitably edited and published. Arbuthnot, who contributes the preface, points out that it contains 534 stories in prose and verse, and that it abounds "in pure and noble sentiments, such as are to be found scattered throughout the Sacred Books of the East, the Old and New Testaments and the Koran." A few citations from it will be found in our Appendix.

119. *The Nigaristan.*

On January 19th, Burton, after asking for the remaining volumes of Mr. Payne's *Nights*, says "A friend here is reading them solemnly and with huge delight: he would be much disappointed to break off perforce half way. When do you think the 9 vols. will be finished? Marvellous weather here. I am suffering from only one thing, a want to be in Upper Egypt. And, of course, they won't employ me. I have the reputation of 'independent,' a manner of 'Oh! no, we never mention it, sir,' in the official catalogue, and the one unpardonable Chinese Gordon has been sacked for being 'eccentric', which Society abominates. England is now ruled by irresponsible clerks, mostly snobs. My misfortunes in life began with not being a Frenchman. I hope to be in London next Spring, and to have a talk with you about my translation of the 1001."

120. Letters to Payne, 19th January 1884.

All the early months of 1884, Burton was seriously ill, but in April he began to mend. He writes to Payne on the 17th: "I am just beginning to write a little and to hobble about (with a stick). A hard time since January 30th! Let me congratulate you on being at Vol. ix. Your translation is excellent and I am glad to see in *Academy* that you are working at Persian Tales. (1) Which are they? In my youth I read many of them. Now that your 1001 are so nearly finished I am working at my translation." He then asks what arrangements Mr.

(1) *Tales from the Arabic.*

Payne made with the publishers and the cost of the printing. "All I want," he says, on April 27th, "is a guide in dealing with that dragon the publisher;" and in later letters he thanks Mr. Payne for answering his questions. On June 20th (1884) writing from Marienbad he says, "I should much like to know what you are doing with the three supplemental volumes, and I hope that each will refer readers to the source whence you borrow it. This will be a great aid to students. The more I examine your translation the better I like it. Mine will never be so popular because I stick so much to the text.[1] No arrangements yet made about it, and MS. will not be all ready till end of January. We (my wife and I) have enjoyed our ten days at Marienbad muchly, but the weather has as yet prevented bathing; a raw wester with wind and rain. Bad for poor people who can afford only the 21 days *de rigueur*. Cuthbert Bede (Rev. Edward Bradley) is here and my friend J. J. Aubertin is coming."

The next letter to Payne, written from Sauerbrunn, in Austria, is dated 12th August 1884. After enquiring concerning "the supererogatory three vols." he says, "We left Marienbad last of last month, and came to this place (a very pretty little spa utterly clear of Britishers), where we shall stay till the end of the month and then again for Trieste to make plans for the winter. Will you kindly let me have the remaining volumes, and when you have a spare quarter of an hour I want a little assistance from you. When you sent me your Breslau you pencilled in each volume the places from which you had taken matter for translation (How wretchedly that Breslau is edited!) I want these notes scribbled out by way of saving time. Of course I shall have to read over the whole series: but meanwhile will content myself with your references. Have you the *Arabian Nights* published in Turkish by Mr. Clermont Ganneau? You will want it for the

121. At Sauerbrunn, 12th August 1884.

[1] That is in following the Arabic jingles. Payne's translation is in reality as true to the text as Burton's.

supererogatory. If you can't get it I have it somewhere, and will look for it on return to Trieste. Have you a copy of Trebutien? Cotton, of *Academy* has just sent me Clouston's *Book of Sindibad* [1] for review. I thought it was our old friend the sailor, but find out my mistake. You will have no objection to my naming (in my review) your style in the 1001 as that he should have taken for a model."

He writes again on September 9th (1884): "On return here I found Vol. ix., with the dedication which delighted me hugely. I did not notice your fine work in reviewing the Clouston treatise. I had not your express permission. Living so far from the world I am obliged to be very careful in these matters: one never knows what harm one may be doing unawares. Of course I shall speak of your translation in my preface, as it deserves to be spoken of. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to look over your proofs; in fact, I should be sorry not to do so. I have not yet found Ganneau's *Nights*, but I hope to do so. My Turkish Edition was burnt many years ago in a fire at Grindlay's; but you will easily find a copy. I suppose you read Turkish; [2] and if you do not you will in three months; the literary style is a mass of Persian and Arabic. You must find out which is the best Turkish Edition. My copy had evidently been translated from a MS. very unlike the Calcutta and Bulak. . . . I have told Quaritch to send you a copy of Camoens (Lyrics), which will be out in a few days."

122. Burton's Circulars, September 1884.

By September 1884 the first volumes of Burton's *Arabian Nights* were almost ready for print, and Burton asked himself how many copies would suffice the public. He was aware that 1,500 persons were disappointed of being able to obtain copies of Mr. Payne's Edition, but it did not necessarily follow that all these 1,500 would

(1) By W.ᵐ A. Clouston, 8vo., Glasgow, 1884. Only 300 copies printed.

(2) Mr. Payne understood Turkish.

subscribe to his. Finally he decided upon 1,000, and he had three circulars printed respecting the work.

The first began "Captain Burton, having neither agent nor publisher for his forthcoming *Arabian Nights*, requests that all subscribers will kindly send their names to him personally (Captain Burton, Trieste, Austria), when they will be entered in a book kept for the purpose." It was then mentioned that there would be ten volumes at a guinea apiece,[1] each to be paid for on delivery, that 1,000 copies would be printed, and that no cheaper edition would be issued. The second dealt with the advantages of the work to students of Arabic. The third consisted of an article welcoming the work from *The Daily Tribune*, New York, written by G. W. S(malley). Burton posted about 20,000 of these circulars at an expense of some £80, but received only 300 favourable replies. Lady Burton, in dismay, then wrote to Mr. Payne begging for advice. Several letters passed between them, and Mr. Payne sent her the names of the subscribers to his own book and lists of other likely persons. A second shower of circulars effected the desired purpose. Indeed it did far more, for the number of favourable replies ultimately rose to 2,000. But as we have seen, Burton had restricted himself to the issue of 1,000. So he found that he had made precisely the same mistake as Mr. Payne. However, it could not be remedied.

This year was published Burton's *The Book of the Sword*, which he dedicated, appropriately, to the memory of his old friend Alfred Bates Richards, who had died in 1876. It is a history of the sword in all times and countries down to the Middle Ages,[2] with numerous illustrations, the interest being mainly archæological. Of "The Queen of Weapons" he ever spoke glowingly. "The best of

123. The Book of the Sword.

[1] Copies now fetch from £30 to £40 each. The American reprint, of which we are told 1,000 copies were issued a few years ago, sells for about £20.

[2] He had intended to write two more volumes dealing with the later history of the weapon.

calisthenics," he says, "this energetic educator teaches the man to carry himself like a soldier. A compendium of gymnastics, it increases strength and activity, dexterity, and rapidity of movement. The foil is still the best training tool for the consensus of eye and hand, for the judgment of distance and opportunity, and, in fact, for the practice of combat. And thus swordsmanship engenders moral confidence and self-reliance, while it stimulates a habit of resource."

This same year, too, he published his translation of the Lyrics of Camoens, in which, as will have been judged from the letters already quoted, he had been assisted by Mr. John Payne, who was also a Portuguese scholar and a lover of Camoens. "The learning and research of your work," wrote Mr. A. C. Swinburne, in reference to Burton's six Camoens volumes, "are in many points beyond all praise of mine, but not more notable than the strength and skill that wield them. I am hungrily anticipating the *Arabian Nights*."

124. The Lyrics of Camoens. 1884.

On October 1st 1884, Burton wrote to thank Mr. Payne for a splendid and complete set (specially bound) of his edition of the *Nights*. He says, "I am delighted with it, especially with the dedication.[1] . . . To my horror Quaritch sent me a loose vol. of his last catalogue with a notice beginning, '☞ The only absolutely true translation of the [*Arabian Nights*], &c.' My wife telegraphed to him and followed with a letter ordering it not to be printed. All in vain. I notice this only to let you know that the impertinence is wholly against my will. Life in Trieste is not propitious to work as in the Baths: yet I get on tolerably. Egypt is becoming a comedy." Then follows the amazing remark: "I expect to see Gordon (who is doubtless hand in hand with the Mahdi) sent down to offer to guide Wolseley up to Khartum."

125. More Letters to Payne 1st October 1884.

(1) It is dedicated to Burton.

Burton little dreamt that the days of that heroic Englishman were numbered. Sent by the English Government to the Soudan, Gordon had been at Khartum hardly a month before it was invested by the Mahdi. The relief expedition arrived just two days too late. Gordon was slain! This was in January 1885. The shock to Burton was comparable only to that which he received by the death of Speke. In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture of Gordon lying in the desert with vultures hovering around. "Take it away!" said Burton. "I can't bear to look at it. I have had to feel like that myself."

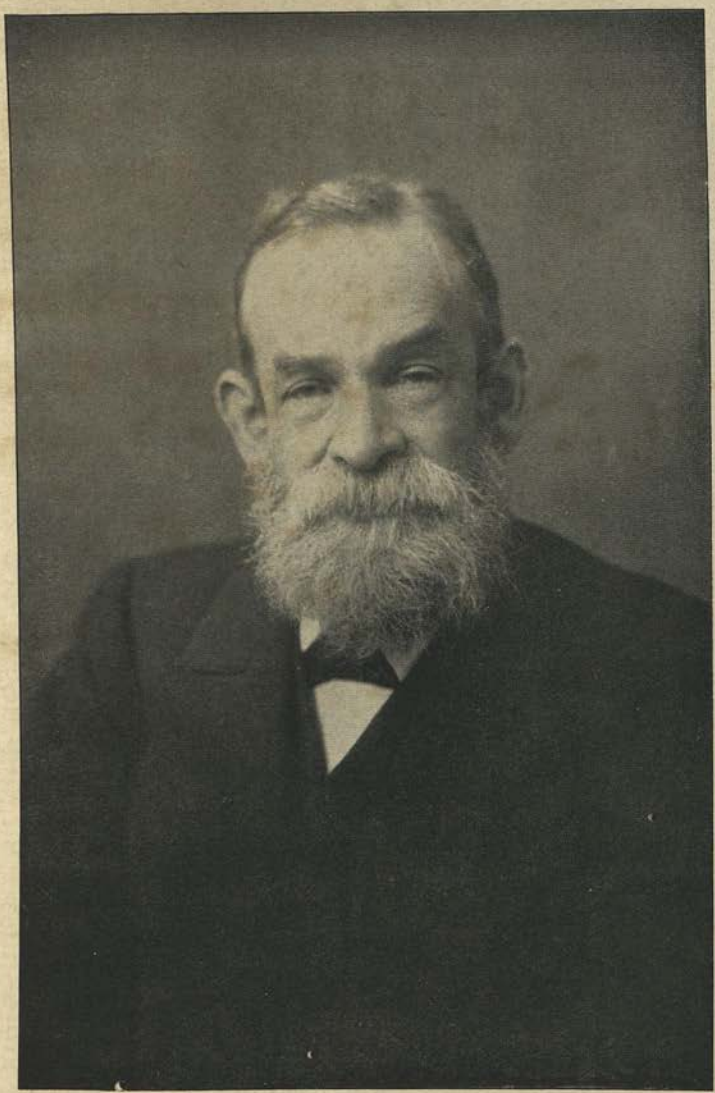
126. Death of Gordon, January 1885.

Shortly after the announcement of his edition of the *Nights*, Burton received a letter from Mr. W. F. Kirby,[1] better known as an entomologist, who had devoted much study to European editions of that work, a subject of which Burton knew but little. Mr. Kirby offered to supply a bibliographical essay which could be used as an appendix. Burton replied cordially, and this was the beginning of a very pleasant friendship. Mr. Kirby frequently corresponded with Burton, and they often met at Mr. Kirby's house, the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, or the British Museum. Says Mr. Kirby: "At the British Museum, Burton seemed more inclined to talk than to work. I thought him weak in German[2] and when I once asked him to help me with a Russian book, he was unable to do so." Thus even a Burton has his limitations. "He told me," continues Mr. Kirby, "that he once sat between Sir Henry Rawlinson and a man who had been Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and he spoke to one in Persian, and the other in Russian, but neither of them could understand him. I have never, however, been able to make up my mind whether the point of the story

127. W. F. Kirby,[1] 25th March 1885.

[1] For outline of Mr. Kirby's career, see Appendix.

[2] Burton read German, but would never speak it. He said he hated the sound.



MR. W. F. KIRBY.

From a photograph by R. Burous, 20, Turnpike Green Terrace, London, W.

told against him or against them.[1] Although Burton was a student of occult science, I could never lead him to talk about crystals or kindred subjects; and this gave me the idea that he was perhaps pledged to secrecy. Still, he related his experiences freely in print." Oddly enough, Burton used to call Mr. Kirby "Mr. Rigby," and he never could break himself of the habit. "Apparently," says Mr. Kirby, "he associated my name with that of his old opponent, Colonel, afterwards Major-General Rigby,[2] Consul at Zanzibar." In a letter of 25th March 1885, Burton asks Mr. Kirby to draw up "a full account of the known MSS. and most important European editions, both those which are copies of Galland and (especially) those which are not. It will be printed in my terminal essay with due acknowledgment of authorship."[3] On April 8th (1885) he says, "I don't think my readers will want an exhaustive bibliography, but they will expect me to supply information which Mr. Payne did not deem necessary to do in his excellent Terminal Essay. By the by, I shall totally disagree with him about Harun al Rashid and the Barmecides,[4] who were pestilent heretics and gave rise to the terrible religious trouble of the subsequent reigns. A tabular arrangement of the principal tales will be exceedingly useful."

(1) We cannot say. Burton was a fair Persian scholar, but he could not have known much Russian.

(2) See Chapter ix.

(3) This essay will be found in the 10th volume of Burton's *Arabian Nights*, and in the eighth volume (p. 233) of the Library Edition.

(4) Mr. Payne's account of the destruction of the Barmecides is one of the finest of his prose passages. Burton pays several tributes to it. See Payne's *Arabian Nights*, vol. ix.

CHAPTER XXVII

MAY 1885—5TH FEBRUARY 1886

A GLANCE THROUGH "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

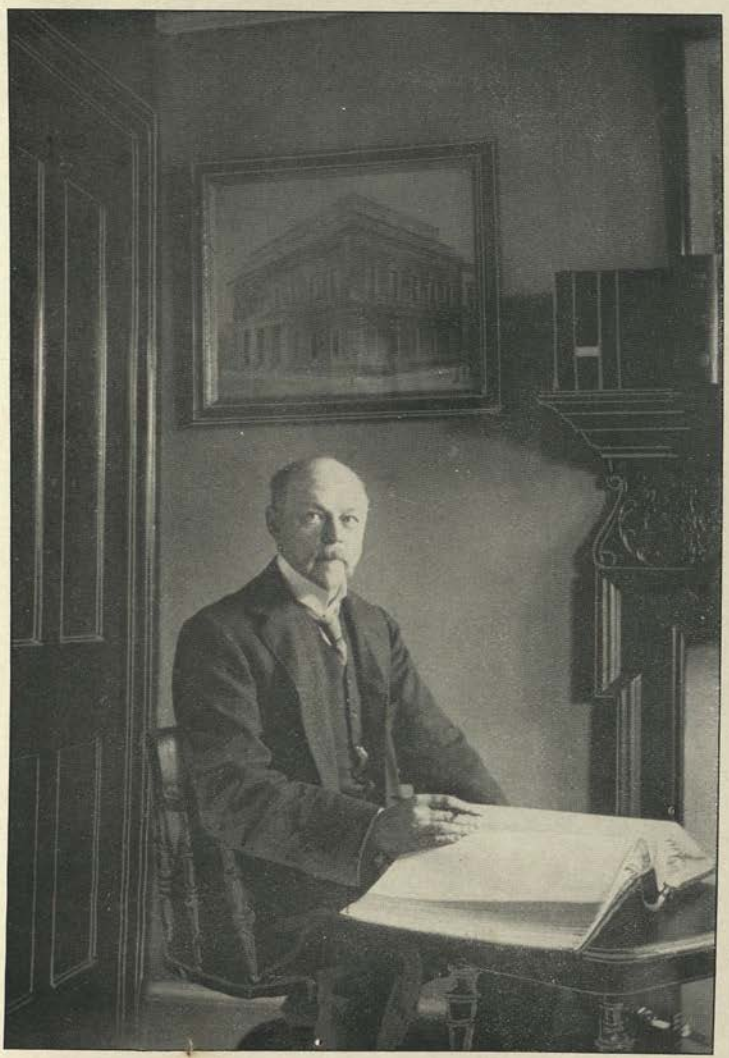
71. The Thousand Nights and a Night. 1st Vol. 12th September 1885. 10th Vol. 12th July 1886.
72. Il Pentamerone. (Translated—not published till 1893).
73. Iraçema or Honey Lips; and Manoel de Moraes the Convert. Translated from the Brazilian. 1886.

In May 1885, Burton obtained leave of absence, and on arriving in England he made various arrangements about the printing of *The Arabian Nights* and continued the work of translation. When in London he occupied rooms at the St. James's Hotel (now the Berkeley) in Piccadilly. He used to say that the St. James's Hotel was the best place in the world in which to do literary work, and that the finest place in the whole world was the corner of Piccadilly. Still, he spent most of his time, as usual, at the Athenæum. Mr. H. R. Tedder, the Secretary, and an intimate friend of Burton's, tells me that "He would work at the round table in the library for hours and hours—with nothing for refreshment except a cup of coffee and a box of snuff, which always stood at his side;" and that he was rarely without a heavy stick with a whistle at one end and a spike at the other—the spike being to keep away dogs when he was travelling in hot countries. This was one of the many little inventions of his own. Mr. Tedder describes him as a man of great and subtle intellect and very urbane. "He

128. Slaving at the Athenæum, May 1885.

THE ATHENÆUM PALL MALL.

From a photograph lent by Mr. H. R. Tedder.



MR. HENRY RICHARD TEDDER.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.

had an athletic appearance and a military carriage, and yet more the look of a literary man than of a soldier." In summer as usual he wore white clothes, the shabby old beaver, and the tie-pin shaped like a sword. Mr. Tedder summed him up as "as a compound of a Benedictine monk, a Crusader and a Buccaneer."

The Hon. Henry J. Coke, looking in at the Athenæum library one day, and noticing the "white trousers, white linen coat and a very shabby old white beaver hat," exclaimed, "Hullo Burton, do you find it so very hot?"

"I don't want," said Burton, "to be mistaken for anyone else."

"There's not much fear of that, without your clothes," followed Coke.[1]

During this holiday Burton visited most of his old friends, and often ran down to Norwood to see his sister and her daughter, while everyone remarked his brightness and buoyancy. "It was delightful," says Miss Stisted, "to see how happy he was over the success of his venture." He had already resolved to issue six additional volumes, to be called *Supplemental Nights*. He would then take sixteen thousand pounds. He calculated printing and sundries as costing four thousand, and that the remainder would be net profit. As a matter of fact the expenses arose to £6,000, making the net profit £10,000.[2] Burton had wooed fortune in many ways, by hard study in India, by pioneering in Africa, by diplomacy at Court, by gold-searching in Midian and at Axim, by patent medicining. Finally he had found it in his inkstand; but as his favourite Jami says, it requires only a twist of the pen to transmute *duvât* into *dulat*[3]—inkstand into fortune.

Except when his father died, Burton had never before possessed so large a sum, and, at the time, it appeared

(1) *Tracks of a Rolling Stone*, by Hon. Henry J. Coke, 1905.

(2) Lady Burton's edition, issued in 1888, was a failure. For the Library Edition, issued in 1894, by H. S. Nichols, Lady Burton received, we understand, £3,000.

(3) *Duvât* inkstand, *dulat* fortune. See *The Beharistan*, Seventh Garden.

inexhaustible. Bubbling over with fun, he would pretend to make a great mystery as to the Kama Shastra Society at Benares, where he declared the *Nights* were being printed.

129. A Visit to Mr. Arbuthnot's.

Of all the visits to be made during this holiday Burton had looked forward to none with so much pleasure as those to Mr. Arbuthnot, or "Bunny,"[1] as he called him, and Mr. Payne. Mr. Arbuthnot was still living at Upper House Court, Guildford, studying, writing books, and encouraging struggling men of letters with a generosity that earned for him the name of "the English Mecænas;" and it was there the friends discussed the publications of the Kama Shastra Society and made arrangements for the issue of fresh volumes. While the roses shook their odours over the garden, they talked of Sadi's roses, Jami's "Aromatic herbs," and "Trees of Liberality,"[2] and the volume *Persian Portraits*,[3] which Arbuthnot, assisted by Edward Rehatsek, was at the moment preparing for the press. Among the objects at Mr. Arbuthnot's heart was, as we have said, the resuscitation of the old Oriental Translation fund, which was originally started in 1824, the Society handling it having been established by Royal Charter. A series of works had been issued between 1829 and 1879, but the funds were completely exhausted by the publication of Al Biruni's *Memoirs of India*, and there were no longer any subscribers to the Society. Mr. Arbuthnot now set himself assiduously to revive this fund, he contributed to it handsomely himself and by his energy induced a number of others to contribute. It is still in existence, and in accordance with his suggestion is worked by the Royal Asiatic Society, though the subscriptions and donations to the Translation Fund are kept entirely separate, and are devoted exclusively

(1) Mr. Arbuthnot was the only man whom Burton addressed by a nickname.

(2) Headings of Jami's chapters.

(3) It appeared in 1887.

UPPER HOUSE COURT, RESIDENCE OF MR. F. F. ARBUTHNOT.

DR. STEINGASS.

From a photograph by Hemery & Company,
213, Regent Street, W.

to the production of translations of Oriental works, both ancient and modern. Thanks to the fund, a number of translations of various Oriental works has been issued, including volumes by Professor Cowell, Rehatsek, Miss C. M. Ridding, Dr. Gaster and Professor Rhys Davids. Its most important publication, however, is the completion of the translation of Hariri's *Assemblies*,[1] done by Steingass.[2]

130. Dr. Steingass.

Born in 1825, Dr. Steingass came to England in 1873, and after five years as Professor of Modern Languages at Wakefield Grammar School, Birmingham, was appointed Professor at the Oriental Institute, Woking. Though entirely self taught, he was master of fourteen languages.[3] His *Arabic Dictionary* (1884) and his *Persian English Dictionary* (1892) are well known, the latter being the best extant, but he will, after all, be chiefly remembered by his masterly rendering of Hariri. Dr. Steingass presently became acquainted with Burton, for whom he wrote the article "On the Prose Rhyme and the Poetry of the *Nights*."[4] He also assisted Burton with the Notes,[5] supervised the MSS. of the Supplemental Volumes and enriched the last three with results of his wide reading and lexicographical experience.[6] The work of transcribing Burton's manuscript and making the copy for the press fell to a

[1] Abu Mohammed al Kasim ibn Ali, surnamed Al-Hariri (the silk merchant), 1054 A.D. to 1121 A.D. The *Makamat*, a collection of witty rhymed tales, is one of the most popular works in the East. The interest clusters round the personality of a clever wag and rogue named Abu Seid.

[2] The first twenty-four Makamats of Abu Mohammed al Kasim al Hariri, were done by Chenery in 1867. Dr. Steingass did the last 24, and thus completed the work. Al Hariri is several times quoted in the *Arabian Nights*. Lib. Ed. iv., p. 166; viii., p. 42.

[3] *Times*, 13th January 1903.

[4] Lib. Ed. vol. 8, pp. 202-228.

[5] See Notes to Judar and his Brethren. Burton's A.N., vi., 255; Lib. Ed., v., 161.

[6] Burton's A.N. Suppl., vi., 454; Lib. Ed., xii., 278.
Others who assisted Burton were Rev. George Percy Badger, who died February 1888, Mr. W. F. Kirby, Professor James F. Blumhardt, Mr. A. G. Ellis, and Dr. Reinhold Rost.

widow lady, Mrs. Victoria Maylor, a Catholic friend of Mrs. Burton. Mrs. Maylor copied not only *The Arabian Nights*, but several of Burton's later works, including *The Scented Garden*.

When asked why he spent so much time and money on Orientalism, Arbuthnot gave as excuse his incompetency to do anything else. He admitted, indeed, that for the higher walks of life, such as whist and nap, he had no aptitude. Occasionally at Upper House Court politics were introduced, and Arbuthnot, a staunch Liberal in a shire of Tories, was sometimes rallied upon his opinions by the Conservative Burton and Payne. He took it all, however, as he took everything else, good humouredly, and even made some amiable attempts to convert his opponents. "His Radicalism," says Mr. Payne, amusingly, "was entirely a matter of social position and connection. He was good enough for a Tory." As usual, Burton paid a visit to Fryston, and he occasionally scintillated at Lord Houghton's famous Breakfasts in London. Once the friends were the guests of a prosperous publisher, who gave them champagne in silver goblets. "Doesn't this," said Lord Houghton, raising a bumper to his lips, "make you feel as if you were drinking out of the skulls of poor devil authors?" For reply Burton tapped his own forehead.

131. Anecdotes.

About this time an anonymous letter of Burton's appeared in *The World*, but we forget upon what subject. It excited wide interest, however, and hundreds of persons wrote to Mr. Yates, the editor, for the name of the author.

"Did you see my letter in *The World?*" enquired Burton of Mrs. E. J. Burton.

"*The Christian World?*" asked Mrs. Burton innocently.

"No," replied Burton, sharply, "*The Unchristian World.*"

Once when Burton was present at some gathering, a missionary caused a shudder to run through the company by saying that he had had the dreadful experience of

being present at a cannibal feast. The cannibals, he said, brought in their prisoner, butchered him, cut him up, and handed the pieces round smoking hot. With his curious feline laugh, Burton enquired, "Didn't they offer you any?" "They did," replied the missionary, "but of course I refused." "What a fool you were," cried Burton, "to miss such a unique opportunity."

We must next record a visit to Mr. Payne, who then resided in London. Burton talked over his projects, and said that he had been wondering what book to take up after the completion of *The Nights*. "I think," said he, "I shall fix upon Boccaccio next."

132. *The Pentameron*. Burton and Gladstone.

"My dear boy," followed Mr. Payne, "I've just done him."[1] As his poem "Salvestra" shows, Mr. Payne's mind had for long been running on "that sheaf of flowers men call *Decameron*." His brilliant translation was, indeed, already in the press, and it appeared the following year in three volumes.

"You are taking the bread out of my mouth," commented Burton plaintively.

"But," continued Mr. Payne, "there is another work that I thought of doing—*The Pentameron*,[2] by Giambattista Basile, and if you care to take my place I will not only stand aside but lend you the materials collected for the purpose." Burton, who had some knowledge of the Neapolitan dialect but had never met with the work referred to, welcomed the idea; and as soon as he had finished the *Nights* he commenced a translation of *The Pentameron*, which, however, was not published until after his death. His rendering, which cannot be praised, was aptly described by one of the critics as "an uncouth performance." Burton also

[1] See Chapter xxx.

[2] This work consists of fifty folk tales written in the Neapolitan dialect. They are supposed to be told by ten old women for the entertainment of a Moorish slave who had usurped the place of the rightful Princess.' Thirty-one of the stories were translated by John E. Taylor in 1848. There is a reference to it in Burton's Arabian Nights, Lib. Ed., ix., 280.

told Payne about the proposed Ariosto translation, and they discussed that too, but nothing was done.

On July 19th 1885, the Burtons lunched with Lord Houghton—"our common Houghton" as Mr. Swinburne used to call him; and found his lordship unwell, peevish, and fault-finding. He had all the trials of the successful man who possesses everything that wealth can purchase or the mind conceive.

"Good-bye, my dear old friend," cried Burton, when parting, "Would that I could share your troubles with you!"[1]

But poor Lord Houghton was too far gone to appreciate the jest. Indeed, he was on the brink of the grave. A few days later he left for Vichy, where he died on August 11th. His remains were brought to Fryston, and Burton and Arbuthnot were present at his funeral.

In October, while he was the guest of Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, Burton solicited the consulate of Morocco, and as his application was supported by fifty men of prominence he felt almost certain of obtaining it.

Apparently, it was during this visit to England, too, that Burton committed the frightful sin of contradicting Mr. Gladstone. At some great house after dinner, Mr. Gladstone, who was the guest of the evening, took it upon himself, while every one listened in respectful silence, to enlarge on Oriental matters.

After he had finished, Burton, who had been fidgeting considerably, turned to him and said, "I can assure you, Mr. Gladstone, that everything you have said is absolutely and entirely opposite to fact."

The rest of the company were aghast, could scarcely, indeed, believe their ears; and one of them, as soon as he had recovered from the shock, was seen scribbling like mad on a menu card. Presently Burton felt the card tucked into his hand under the table. On glancing at it he read "Please do not contradict Mr. Gladstone. Nobody ever does."

(1) Meaning, of course, Lord Houghton's money.

By this time Burton had finished the first volume of his translation of *The Arabian Nights*, which left the press 12th September 1885. The book was handsomely bound in black and gold, the colours of the Abbaside caliphs; and contained a circular "earnestly requesting that the work might not be exposed for sale in public places or permitted to fall into the hands of any save curious students of Moslem manners." The last volume was issued in July 1886. Let us turn over the pages of this remarkable work, surrender ourselves for a few moments to its charms, and then endeavour to compare it calmly and impartially with the great translation by Mr. Payne.

133. A Brief Glance through the *Nights*.

What a glorious panorama unfolds itself before us! Who does not know the introduction—about the king who, because his wife was unfaithful, vowed to take a new wife every evening and slay her in the morning! And all about the vizier's daughter, the beautiful Shahrazad, who, with a magnificent scheme in her head, voluntarily came forward and offered to take the frightful risk.

Did ever tale-teller compare with Shahrazad? Who does not sympathise with the Trader who killed the invisible son of the jinni? Who has not dreamt of the poor fisherman and the pot that was covered with the seal of King Solomon? The story of Duban, who cured King Yunan of leprosy and was sent home on the royal steed reads like a verse out of Esther,[1] and may remind us that there is no better way of understanding the historical portions of the Bible than by studying *The Arabian Nights*. King Yunan richly deserved the death that overtook him, if only for his dirty habit of wetting his thumb when turning over the leaves of the book.[2] What a rare tale is that of The Ensorcelled Prince, alias The Young King of the Black Isles, who though he sat in

(1) Cf. Esther, vi., 8 and 11.

(2) Ought there not to be notices prohibiting this habit in our public reference libraries? How many beautiful books have been spoilt by it!

a palace where fountains limbecked water "clear as pearls and diaphanous gems," and wore "silken stuff purfled with Egyptian gold," was from his midriff downwards not man but marble! Who is not shocked at the behaviour of the Three Ladies of Baghdad! In what fearful peril the caliph and the Kalendars placed themselves when, in spite of warning, they *would* ask questions! How delightful are the verses of the Nights, whether they have or have not any bearing upon the text! Says the third Kalendar, apropos of nothing:

> "How many a weal trips on the heels of ill
> Causing the mourner's heart with joy to thrill."

What an imbecile of imbeciles was this same Kalendar when he found himself in the palace with the forty damsels, "All bright as moons to wait upon him!" It is true, he at first appreciated his snug quarters, for he cried, "Hereupon such gladness possessed me that I forgot the sorrows of the world one and all, and said, 'This is indeed life!'" Then the ninny must needs go and open that fatal fortieth door! The story of Nur al-Din Ali and his son Badr al-Din Hasan has the distinction of being the most rollicking and the most humorous in the *Nights*. What stupendous events result from a tiff! The lines repeated by Nur al-Din Ali when he angrily quitted his brother must have appealed forcibly to Burton:

> Travel! and thou shalt find new friends for old ones left behind;
> toil! for the sweets of human life by toil and moil are found:
> The stay at home no honour wins nor ought attains but want; so
> leave thy place of birth and wander all the world around.(1)

As long as time lasts the pretty coquettish bride will keep on changing her charming dresses; and the sultan's groom (poor man! and for nothing at all) will be kept standing on his head. The moribund Nur al-Din turns Polonius and delivers himself of sententious precepts. "Security," he tells his son, "lieth in seclusion of thought and a certain retirement from the society of thy

(1) The joys of Travel are also hymned in the Tale of Ala-al-Din. Lib. Ed., iii., 167.

fellows. . . . . In this world there is none thou mayst count upon. . . . so live for thyself, nursing hope of none. Let thine own faults distract thine attention from the faults of other men.[1] Be cautious, kind, charitable, sober, and economical.'' Then the good old man's life "went forth.'' This son, when, soon after, confronted with misfortune, gives utterance to one of the finest thoughts in the whole work :

"It is strange men should dwell in the house of abjection, when the plain of God's earth is so wide and so great.[2]

But there is another verse in the same tale that is also well worth remembering—we mean the one uttered by Badr al-Din Hasan (turned tart merchant) when struck by a stone thrown by his son.

Unjust it were to bid the world be just ; and blame her not : She ne'er was made for justice :
Take what she gives thee, leave all griefs aside, for now to fair and then to foul her lust is.[3]

We need do no more than mention the world-famous stories of the unfortunate Hunchback and the pragmatical but charitable Barber. Very lovely is the tale of Nur al-Din and the Damsel Anis al Jalis[4] better known as "Noureddin and the Beautiful Persian.'' How tender is the scene when they enter the Sultan's garden ! "Then they fared forth at once from the city, and Allah spread over them His veil of protection, so that they reached the river bank, where they found a vessel ready for sea.'' Arrived at Baghdad they enter a garden which turns out to be the Sultan's. "By Allah,'' quoth,

(1) Cf. Seneca on Anger, Ch. xi. "Such a man,'' we cry, "has done me a shrewd turn, and I never did him any hurt ! Well, but it may be I have mischieved other people.''

(2) Payne's Version. See Burton's Footnote, and Payne vol. i., p. 93.

(3) Burton's A.N. i., 237; Lib. Ed., i., 218.
Payne (i., 210) translates it :
If thou demand fair play of Fate, therein thou dost it wrong ; and blame it not, for 'twas not made, indeed, for equity.
Take what lies ready to thy hand and lay concern aside, for troubled days and days of peace in life must surely be.

(4) Burton's A.N., ii., 1; Lib. Ed., i., 329; Payne's A.N., i., 319.

Nur al-Din to the damsel, "right pleasant is this place." And she replied, "O my lord, sit with me awhile on this bench, and let us take our ease. So they mounted and sat them down . . . and the breeze blew cool on them, and they fell asleep, and glory be to Him who never sleepeth." Little need to enquire what it is that entwines *The Arabian Nights* round our hearts.

When calamity overtook Nur al-Din he mused on the folly of heaping up riches :

"Kisras and Cæsars in a bygone day stored wealth ; where is it, and ah ! where are they ?" (1)

But all came right in the end, for "Allah's aid is ever near at hand." The tale of Ghanim bin Ayyub also ends happily. Then follows the interminable history of the lecherous and bellicose King Omar. Very striking is its opening episode—the meeting of Prince Sharrkan with the lovely Abrizah. "Though a lady like the moon at fullest, with ringleted hair and forehead sheeny white, and eyes wondrous wide and black and bright, and temple locks like the scorpion's tail," she was a mighty wrestler, and threw her admirer three times. The tender episode of the adventures of the two forlorn royal children in Jerusalem is unforgettable ; while the inner story of Aziz and Azizah, with the touching account of Azizah's death, takes perhaps the highest place in the *Nights*. The tale of King Omar, however, has too much fighting, just as that of Ali bin Bakkar and Shams al Nahar, the amourist martyrs, as Burton calls them, has too much philandering. Then comes the Tale of Kamar al Zaman I—about the Prince and the Princess whose beauty set the fairy and the jinni disputing. How winning were the two wives of Kamar al Zaman in their youth ; how revolting after ! The interpolated tale of Ni'amah and Naomi is tender and pretty, and as the Arabs say, sweet

(1) Payne has—
"Where are now the old Chosroës, tyrants of a bygone day ?
Wealth they gathered, but their treasures and themselves have passed away." Vol. i., p. 359.

as bees' honey.[1] All of us as we go through life occasionally blunder like Ni'amah into the wrong room—knowing not what is written for us "in the Secret Purpose." The most interesting feature of the "leprosy tale" of Ala-al-Din is the clairvoyance exhibited by Zubaydah, who perceived that even so large a sum as ten thousand dinars would be forthcoming—a feature which links it with the concluding story of the *Nights*—that of Ma'aruf the cobbler; while the important part that the disguised Caliph Haroun Al-Rashid, Ja'afar and Masrur play in it reminds us of the story of the Three Ladies of Baghdad. On this occasion, however, there was a fourth masker, that hoary sinner and cynical humorist the poet Abu Nowas.

One of the most curious features of the *Nights* is the promptitude with which everyone—porters, fishermen, ladies, caliphs—recites poetry. It is as if a cabman when you have paid him your fare were to give you a quatrain from FitzGerald's rendering of *Omar Khayyam*, or a cripple when soliciting your charity should quote Swinburne's *Atalanta*. Then in the midst of all this culture, kindliness, generosity, kingliness, honest mirth,—just as we are beginning to honour and love the great caliph, we come upon a tale[2] with the staggering commencement "When Harun al Rashid crucified Ja'afar;" and if we try to comfort ourselves with the reflection that we are reading only Fiction, History comes forward and tells us bluntly that it is naked truth. Passing from this story, which casts so lurid a light over the *Nights*, we come to Abu Mohammed, Lazybones, the Arab Dick Whittington, whose adventures are succeeded by those of Ali Shar, a young man who, with nothing at all, purchases a beautiful slave girl—Zumurrud. When, after a time, he loses her, he loses also his senses, and runs about crying:

"The sweets of life are only for the mad."

(1) To distinguish it from date honey—the drippings from ripe dates.

(2) Ja'afar the Barmecide and the Bean seller.

By and by Zumurrud becomes a queen, and the lovers are re-united. She is still very beautiful, very sweet, very pious, very tender, and she flays three men alive.

We need do no more than allude to "The Man of Al Yaman and his six Slave Girls," "The Ebony Horse," and "Uns al Wujud and Rose in Hood."

The tale of the blue-stocking Tawaddud[1] is followed by a number of storyettes, some of which are among the sweetest in the *Nights*. "The Blacksmith who could handle Fire without Hurt," "The Moslem Champion," with its beautiful thoughts on prayer, and "Abu Hasn and the Leper" are all of them fragrant as musk. Then comes "The Queen of the Serpents" with the history of Janshah, famous on account of the wonderful Split Men—the creatures already referred to in this work, who used to separate longitudinally. The Sindbad cycle is followed by the melancholy "City of Brass," and a great collection of anecdotes illustrative of the craft and malice of woman.

In "The Story of Judar"[2] we find by the side of a character of angelic goodness, characters of fiendish malevolence—Judar's brothers—a feature that links it with the stories of Abdullah bin Fazil [3] and Abu Sir and Abu Kir.[4] Very striking is the account of the Maghrabis whom Judar pushed into the lake, and who appeared with the soles of their feet above the water and none can forget the sights which the necromancy of the third Maghrabi put before the eyes of Judar. "Oh, Judar, fear not," said the Moor, "for they are semblances without life." The long and bloody romance of Gharib and Ajib is followed by thirteen storyettes, all apparently historical, and then comes the detective work of "The Rogueries of Dalilah," and "The Adventures of Mercury

(1) Burton's A.N., v., 189; Lib. Ed., iv., 144; Payne's A.N., iv., 324.

(2) Burton's A.N., vi., 213; Lib. Ed., v., 121; Payne's A.N., vi., 1.

(3) Burton's A.N., ix., 304; Lib. Ed., vii., 364; Payne's A.N., ix., 145.

(4) Burton's A.N., ix., 134; Lib. Ed., viii., 208; Payne's A.N., viii., 297.

Ali." If "The Tale of Ardashir" is wearisome, that of "Julnar the Sea Born and her son King Badr," which like "Abdullah of the Land, and Abdullah of the Sea"[1] concerns mer-folk, amply atones for it. This, too, is the tale of the Arabian Circe, Queen Lab, who turns people into animals. In "Sayf al Muluk," we make the acquaintance of that very singular jinni whose soul is outside his body, and meet again with Sindbad's facetious acquaintance, "The Old Man of the Sea."

"Hasan of Bassorah" is woven as it were out of the strands of the rainbow. Burton is here at his happiest as a translator, and the beautiful words that he uses comport with the tale and glitter like jewels. It was a favourite with him. He says "The hero, with his hen-like persistency of purpose, his weeping, fainting, and versifying, is interesting enough, and proves that 'Love can find out the way.' The charming adopted sister, the model of what the feminine friend should be; the silly little wife who never knows that she is happy till she loses happiness, the violent and hard-hearted queen with all the cruelty of a good woman; and the manners and customs of Amazon-land are outlined with a life-like vivacity."

Then follow the stories of Kalifah, Ali Nur al Din and Miriam the Girdle Girl[2]; the tales grouped together under the title of "King Jalead of Hind;" and Abu Kir and Abu Sir, memorable on account of the black ingratitude of the villain.

"Kamar al Zaman II." begins with the disagreeable incident of the Jeweller's Wife—"The Arab Lady Godiva of the Wrong Sort"—and the wicked plot which she contrived in concert with the depraved Kamar al Zaman. However, the storyteller enlists the reader's sympathies for the Jeweller, who in the end gains a wife quite as

(1) Burton's A.N., ix., 165; Lib. Ed., vol. vii., 237; Payne's A.N., viii., 330.

(2) Burton's A.N., viii., 264 to 349; ix., 1 to 18; Lib. Ed., vii., 1 to 99; Payne's A.N., viii., 63 to 169.

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devoted to him as the first wife had been false. The unfaithful wife gets a reward which from an Arab point of view precisely meets the case. Somebody "pressed hard upon her windpipe and brake her neck." "So," concludes the narrator, "he who deemeth all women alike there is no remedy for the disease of his insanity." There is much sly humour in the tale, as for example when we are told that even the cats and dogs were comforted when "Lady Godiva" ceased to make her rounds. "Abdullah bin Fazil" is simply "The Eldest Lady's Tale" with the sexes changed.

The last tale in the *Nights*, and perhaps the finest of all, is that of "Ma'aruf the Cobbler,"[1] Ma'aruf, who lived at Cairo, had a shrewish wife named Fatimah who beat him, and hauled him before the Kazi because he had not been able to bring her "kunafah sweetened with bees' honey." So he fled from her, and a good-natured Marid transported him to a distant city. Here he encounters an old playfellow who lends him money and recommends him to play the wealthy merchant, by declaring that his baggage is on the road. This he does with a thoroughness that alarms his friend. He borrows money right and left and lavishes it upon beggars. He promises to pay his creditors twice over when his baggage comes. By and by the king—a very covetous man—hears of Ma'aruf's amazing generosity, and, desirous himself of getting a share of the baggage, places his treasury at Ma'aruf's disposal, and weds him to his daughter Dunya. Ma'aruf soon empties the treasury, and the Wazir, who dislikes Ma'aruf, suspects the truth. Ma'aruf, however, confesses everything to Dunya. She comes to his rescue, and her clairvoyance enables her to see his future prosperity. Having fled from the king, Ma'aruf discovers a magic "souterrain" and a talismanic seal ring, by the aid of which he attains incalculable wealth. Exclaims his friend

[1] Burton's A.N., vol. x., p. 1; Lib. Ed., vol. viii., p. 1; Payne's A.N., vol. ix., p. 180.

the merchant when Ma'aruf returns as a magnifico, "Thou hast played off this trick and it hath prospered to thy hand, O Shaykh of Impostors! But thou deservest it." Ma'aruf ultimately succeeds to the throne. Then occurs the death of the beautiful and tender Dunya —an event that is recorded with simplicity and infinite pathos. The old harridan Fatimah next obtrudes, and, exhibiting again her devilish propensities, receives her quietus by being very properly "smitten on the neck." So ends this fine story, and then comes the conclusion of the whole work. This is very touching, especially where the story-telling queen, who assumes that death is to be her portion, wants to bid adieu to the children whom she had borne to the king. But, as the dullest reader must have divined, the king had long before "pardoned" her in his heart, and all ends pleasantly with the marriage of her sister Dunyazad to the king's brother.

What an array of figures—beautiful, revolting, sly, fatuous, witty, brave, pusillanimous, mean, generous—meets the eye as we recall one by one these famous stories: beautiful and amorous, but mercurial ladies with henna scented feet and black eyes—often with a suspicion of kohl, and more than a suspicion of Abu Murreh[1] in them—peeping cautiously through the close jalousies of some lattice; love sick princes overcoming all obstacles; executioners with blood-dripping scimitars; princesses of blinding beauty and pensive tenderness, who playfully knock out the "jaw-teeth" of their eunuchs while "the thousand-voiced bird in the coppice sings clear;"[2] hideous genii, whether of the amiable or the vindictive sort, making their appearance in unexpected moments; pious beasts—nay, the very hills—praising Allah and glorifying his vice-gerent; gullible saints, gifted scoundrels; learned men with camel loads of dictionaries and classics, thieves with camel loads of plunder; warriors, zanies,

[1] Satan—See Story of Ibrahim of Mosul. Burton's A.N., vii., 113 Lib. Ed., v., 311; Payne's A.N., vi., 215.

[2] Payne.

necromancers, masculine women, feminine men, ghouls, lutists, negroes, court poets, wags—the central figure being the gorgeous, but truculent, Haroun Al Rashid, who is generally accompanied by Ja'afer and Masrur, and sometimes by the abandoned but irresistible Abu Nowas. What magnificent trencher-folk they all are! Even the love-lorn damsels. If you ask for a snack between meals they send in a trifle of 1,500 dishes.[1] Diamonds and amethysts are plentiful as blackberries. If you are a poet, and you make good verses, it is likely enough that some queen will stuff your mouth with balass rubies. How poorly our modern means of locomotion compare with those of the *Nights*. If you take a jinni or a swan-maiden you can go from Cairo to Bokhara in less time than our best expresses could cover a mile. The recent battles between the Russians and the Japanese are mere skirmishes compared with the fight described in "The City of Brass—where 700 million are engaged. The people who fare worst in *The Arabian Nights* are those who pry into what does not concern them or what is forbidden, as, for example, that foolish, fatuous Third Kalendar, and the equally foolish and fatuous Man who Never Laughed Again;[2] and perhaps *The Edinburgh Review* was right in giving as the moral of the tales: "Nothing is impossible to him who loves, provided"—and the proviso is of crucial importance—"he is not cursed with a spirit of curiosity." Few persons care, however, whether there is any moral or not—most of us would as soon look for one in the outstretched pride of a peacock's tale.

Where the dust of Shahrazad is kept tradition does not tell us. If we knew we would hasten to her tomb, and in imitation of the lover of Azizeh[3] lay thereon seven blood-red anemones.

(1) "Queen of the Serpents," Burton's A.N., v., 298; Lib. Ed., iv., 245; Payne's A.N., v., 52.

(2) Burton's A.N., vi., 160; Lib. Ed., v., 72; Payne's A.N., v., 293.

(3) See *Arabian Nights*. Story of Aziz and Azizeh. Payne's Translation; also *New Poems* by John Payne, p. 98.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

THE TWO TRANSLATIONS COMPARED

Having glanced through the *Nights*, let us now compare the two famous translations. As we have already mentioned, Burton in his Translator's Foreword did not do Mr. Payne complete justice, but he pays so many compliments to Mr. Payne's translation elsewhere that no one can suppose that he desired to underrate the work of his friend. In the Foreword he says that Mr. Payne "succeeds admirably in the most difficult passages and often hits upon choice and special terms and the exact vernacular equivalent of the foreign word so happily and so picturesquely that all future translators must perforce use the same expression under pain of falling far short." Still this does not go far enough, seeing that, as we said before, he made his translation very largely a paraphrase of Payne's. Consequently he was able to get done in two very broken years (April 1884 to April 1886) and with several other books in hand, work that had occupied Mr. Payne six years (1876—1882). Let us now take Mr. Payne's rendering and Burton's rendering of two short tales and put them in juxtaposition. *The Blacksmith who could handle Fire without Hurt* and *Abu Al Hasan and Abu Ja'afar the Leper* will suit our purpose admirably.

134. The Blacksmith Who, etc.

The portions taken by Burton from Payne are in italics.

PAYNE

Vol. V. p 25

THE BLACKSMITH WHO COULD HANDLE FIRE WITHOUT HURT

A certain pious man once heard that there abode in such a town a blacksmith who could put his hand into the fire and pull out the red-hot iron, without its doing him any hurt. So he set out for the town in question and enquiring for the blacksmith, watched him at work and saw him do as had been reported to him. He waited till he had made an end of his day's work, then going up to him, saluted him and said to him, "I would fain be thy guest this night." "With all my heart," replied the smith, and carried him to his house, where they supped together and lay down to sleep. The guest watched his host, but found no sign of [special] devoutness in him and said to himself. "Belike he concealeth himself from me." So he lodged with him a second and a third night, but found that he

BURTON

Vol. V. p. 271
(Lib. Ed., vol. iv., p. 220.)

THE BLACKSMITH WHO COULD HANDLE FIRE WITHOUT HURT.

It reached the ears of *a certain pious man that there abode in such a town a blacksmith who could put his hand into the fire and pull out the* iron red-hot, *without* the flames *doing him* aught of *hurt. So he set out for the town in question and* asked *for the blacksmith*; and when the man was shown to him; he *watched him at work and saw him do as had been reported to him. He waited till he had made an end of his day's work; then, going up to him, saluted him* with the salam *and said, "I would be thy guest this night." Replied the smith,* "With gladness and goodly gree!" *and carried him to his* place, *where they supped together and lay down to sleep. The guest watched but* saw *no sign* in his host of praying through the night or *of special devoutness, and said* in his mind, "Haply he hideth *himself from me." So he lodged with*

PAYNE

did no more than observe the ordinary letter of the law and rose but little in the night [to pray]. At last he said to him, "O my brother, I have heard of the gift with which God hath favoured thee and have seen the truth of it with mine eyes. Moreover, I have taken note of thine assiduity [in religious exercises], but find in thee no special fervour of piety, such as distinguisheth those in whom such miraculous gifts are manifest. "Whence, then, cometh this to thee?" "I will tell thee," answered the smith.

"Know that I was once passionately enamoured of a certain damsel and required her many a time of love, but could not prevail upon her, for that she still clave fast unto chastity. Presently there came a year of drought and hunger and hardship; food failed and there befell a sore famine in the land. I was sitting one day in my house, when one knocked at the door: so I went out and found her standing there; and she said to me, 'O my brother, I am stricken

BURTON

him a second and a third night, but found that he did not exceed the devotions prescribed by the law and custom of the Prophet *and rose but little* in the dark hours *to pray. At last he said to him, "O my brother, I have heard of the gift with which* Allah *hath favoured thee, and have seen the truth of it with mine eyes. Moreover, I have taken note of thine assiduity in religious exercises, but find in thee no* such *piety* as distinguished those who work saintly miracles; *whence, then cometh this to thee?" "I will tell thee," answered the smith.*

"*Know that I was once passionately enamoured of a* slave girl and oft-times sued her for loveliesse, *but could not prevail upon her,* because *she still* held *fast* by her *chastity. Presently there came a year of drought and hunger and hardship, food failed, and there befell a sore famine.* As *I was sitting one day* at home, somebody *knocked at the door; so I went out,* and, behold, she was *standing there; and she said to me, 'O my brother, I* am sorely an hungered *and I*

PAYNE

with excessive hunger, and I lift mine eyes to thee, beseeching thee to feed me for God's sake!' Quoth I, 'Dost thou not know how I love thee and what I have suffered for thy sake! I will give thee no whit of food, except thou yield thyself to me.' But she said, 'Better death than disobedience to God.' Then she went away and returned after two days with the same petition for food. I made her a like answer, and she entered and sat down, being nigh upon death. I set food before her, whereupon her eyes ran over with tears, and she said, 'Give me to eat for the love of God, to whom belong might and majesty!' 'Not so, by Allah,' answered I, 'except thou yield thyself to me.' Quoth she, 'Better is death to me than the wrath of God the Most High.' And she left the food untouched[1] and went away repeating the following verses:

O, Thou, the only God, whose grace embraceth all that be,
Thine ears have heard my moan, Thine eyes have seen my misery;

BURTON

lift mine eyes to thee, beseeching thee to feed me, for Allah's *sake!' Quoth I,* 'Wottest *thou not how I love thee and what I have suffered for thy sake?* Now *I will* not *give thee* one bittock of bread *except thou yield* thy person *to me.*' Quoth she, 'Death, but not *disobedience to* the Lord!' *Then she went away and returned after two days with the same* prayer *for food* as before. *I made her a like answer, and she entered and sat down* in my house, *being nigh upon death. I set food before her, whereupon her eyes* brimmed *with tears, and she* cried, '*Give me* meat *for the love of* Allah, *to whom belong* Honour and Glory!' But I answered '*Not so, by Allah, except thou yield thyself to me.*' *Quoth she,* '*Better is death to me than the wrath* and wreak of Allah *the Most* Highest; *and she* rose and *left the food untouched*[1] *and went away repeating* these couplets:

O, Thou, the One, *whose grace* doth *all* the world *embrace; Thine ears have heard, Thine eyes have seen* my case!

(1) Here occurs the break of "Night 472."

PAYNE	BURTON
Indeed, privation and distress are heavy on my head; I cannot tell of all the woes that do beleaguer me.	*Privation and distress* have dealt me heavy blows; the woes that weary me no utterance can trace.
I'm like a man athirst, that looks upon a running stream, yet may not drink a single draught of all that he doth see.	*I am like* one *athirst* who eyes the landscape's eye, *yet may not drink a draught of* streams that rail and race.
My flesh would have me buy its will, alack, its pleasures flee! The sin that pays their price abides to all eternity.	*My flesh would* tempt me by the sight of savoury food whose joys shall pass away and pangs maintain their place.

[The girl, "worn out with want," came a third time, and met with the same answer. But then remorse seized upon the blacksmith and he bade her "eat, and fear not."]

"When she heard this she raised her eyes to heaven and said,	"Then *she raised her eyes to heaven and said,*
"'O my God, if this man be sincere, I pray Thee forbid fire to do him hurt in this world and the next, for Thou art He that answereth prayer and art powerful to do whatsoever Thou wilt!'	"'*O my God, if this man* say sooth, *I pray thee forbid fire to* harm him *in this world and the next, for Thou* over all things art Omnipotent and Prevalent in answering the prayer of the penitent!'
"Then I left her and went to put out the fire in the brasier. Now the time was the winter-cold, and a hot coal fell on my body; but by the ordinance of God (to whom belong might and majesty), I felt no pain and it was borne in upon me that her prayer had been answered.	*Then I left her and went to put out the fire in the brazier. Now the* season *was winter* and the weather cold, *and a* live *coal fell on my body, but by the* decree of Allah (*to whom* be Honour and Glory!) *I felt no pain, and it* became my conviction *that her prayer had been answered.*

[The girl then praised God, who "straightway took her soul to Him." The story finishes with some verses which are rendered by Payne and Burton each according to his wont.]

We will next take "Abu al-Hasan and Abu Ja'afer the Leper." 135. Abu al-Hasan.

PAYNE

V. 49

ABOULHUSN ED DURRAJ AND ABOU JAAFER THE LEPER

Quoth Aboulhusn ed Durraj, I had been many times to Mecca (which God increase in honour) and the folk used to follow me by reason of my knowledge of the road and the watering-places. It chanced one year that I was minded to make the pilgrimage to the Holy House of God and visit the tomb of His prophet (on whom be peace and blessing), and I said to myself, "I know the road and will go alone." So I set out and journeyed till I came to El Cadesiyeh, and entering the Mosque there, saw a leper seated in the prayer-niche. When he saw me, he said to me, "O Aboulhusn, I crave thy company to Mecca." Quoth I to myself, "I wished to avoid companions, and how shall I company with lepers?" So I said to him, "I will bear no one company," and he was silent.

Next day I continued my journey alone, till I

BURTON

V. 294
(Lib. Ed., iv., 242.)

ABU AL-HASAN AND ABU JA'AFAR THE LEPER

I had been many times to Mecca (Allah *increase* its *honour!*) *and the folk used to follow me* for *my knowledge of the road* and remembrance of the water stations. *It* happened *one year that I was minded to make the pilgrimage to the Holy House* and visitation of *the tomb of His Prophet* (*on whom be* blessing and the Peace!) *and I said* in *myself.* "*I* well *know the* way *and will* fare *alone.*" *So I set out and journeyed till I came to* Al-Kadisiyah, *and entering the mosque there, saw a* man suffering from black leprosy *seated in the prayer-niche.* Quoth he on seeing me, "O Abu al-Hasan, *I crave thy company to Meccah.*" *Quoth I to myself,* "I fled from all my *companions and how shall I company with lepers. So I said to him,*" *I will bear no man company,*" *and he was silent* at my words.

Next day I walked on *alone, till I came to*

PAYNE

came to Acabeh, where I entered the Mosque and was amazed to find the leper seated in the prayer-niche. "Glory be to God," said I in myself. "How hath this fellow foregone me hither?" But he raised his eyes to me and said, smiling, "O, Aboulhusn, He doth for the weak that which the strong wonder at." I passed that night in perplexity, confounded at what I had seen, and in the morning set out again by myself; but when I came to Arafat and entered the mosque, behold, there was the leper seated in the niche! So I threw myself upon him and kissing his feet, said "O my lord, I crave thy company." But he said, "This may nowise be." Whereupon I fell a-weeping and lamenting, and he said: "Peace: weeping will avail thee nothing," And he recited the following verses:

For my estrangement dost thou weep, — whereas it came from thee,—And restoration dost implore, when none, alas! may be?

Thou sawst my weakness and disease, as it appeared, and saidst, "He goes, nor comes, or night, or day, for this his malady."

BURTON

Al-Akabah, *where I entered the mosque and* found *the leper seated in the prayer niche.* So I said to myself, "*Glory be to* Allah! *how hath this fellow* preceded *me hither.*" *But he raised his* head *to me and said* with a smile, "O Abu al-Hasan, *He doth for the weak that which* surpriseth the strong!" *I passed that night confounded at what I had seen*; and, as soon as morning dawned, *set out again by myself*; *but when I came to Arafat and entered the mosque, behold! there was the leper seated in the niche. So I threw myself upon him and kissing his feet said, "O my lord, I crave thy company." But he* answered, "*This may* in no way *be.* Then I began weeping and wailing at the loss of his company when *he said,* "Spare thy tears, which *will avail thee* naught!" *and he recited* these couplets:

Why *dost thou weep* when I depart and thou didst parting claim; and cravest union when we ne'er shall re-unite the same?

Thou lookedest on nothing save my weakness and disease; *and saidst,* "Nor *goes, nor comes, or night, or day,* this sickly frame."

PAYNE

Seest not that God (exalted be His glory) to His slave vouchsafeth all he can conceive of favours fair and free !

If I, to outward vision, be as it appears and eke in body, for despite of fate, e'en that which thou dost see,

And eke no victual though I have, unto the holy place where crowds unto my Lord resort, indeed, to carry me,

I have a Maker, hidden are His bounties unto me ; yea, there's no parting me from Him, and without peer is He.

Depart from me in peace and leave me and my strangerhood ; For with the lonely exile still the One shall company.

So I left him and continued my journey ; and every stage I came to, I found him before me, till I came to Medina, where I lost sight of him and could hear no news of him. Here I met Abou Yezid el Bustani and Abou Beker es Shibli and a number of other doctors, to whom I told my case, and they said, " God forbid that thou shouldst gain his company after this ! This was Abou Jaafer the leper, in whose name, at all tides, the folk pray for rain, and by whose blessings prayers are answered." When I heard this, my longing for his company redoubled and I implored God to reunite

BURTON

Seest not how Allah (glorified *His glory* ever be !) deigneth to grant His slave's petition wherewithal he came.

If I, to eyes of men be that and only that they see, and this my body show itself so full of grief and grame.

And I have nought of food that shall supply me to the place *where crowds unto my Lord resort* impelled by single aim,

I have a high Creating Lord whose mercies aye are hid ; a Lord who hath none equal and no fear is known to Him.

So fare thee safe *and leave me* lone in *strangerhood* to wone. For He the only One, consoles my loneliness so lone.

Accordingly *I left him*, but *every* station *I came to, I found* he had foregone *me, till I* reached Al-Madinah, *where I lost sight of him, and could hear no* tidings *of him. Here I met* Abu Yazid al-Bustámi and Abu Bakr al-Shibli *and a number of other* Shaykhs and learned men *to whom* with many complaints *I told my case, and they said*, " Heaven *forbid that thou shouldst gain his company after this !* He *was Abu Ja'afar the leper, in whose name folk at all* times *pray for rain and by whose blessing* prayers their end attain." *When I heard* their words, *my* desire *for his company redoubled and I implored*

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me with him. Whilst I was standing on Arafat, one plucked me from behind, so I turned and behold, it was Abou Jaafer. At this sight I gave a loud cry and fell down in a swoon; but when I came to myself, he was gone.

This increased my yearning for him and the ways were straitened upon me and I prayed God to give me sight of him; nor was it but a few days after when one pulled me from behind, and I turned, and behold, it was he again. Quoth he, "I conjure thee, ask thy desire of me." So I begged him to pray three prayers to God for me; first, that He would make me love poverty; secondly, that I might never lie down to sleep upon known provision, and thirdly, that He, the Bountiful One, would vouchsafe me to look upon His face. So he prayed for me, as I wished, and departed from me. And, indeed, God hath granted me the first two prayers; for He hath made me in love with poverty, so that, by Allah, there is nought in the

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the Almighty *to reunite me with him. Whilst I was standing on Arafat one* pulled *me from behind, so I turned and behold, it was* my man. *At this sight* I cried out with a loud cry *and fell down in a* fainting fit; *but when I came to myself he* had disappeared from my sight.

This increased my yearning for him and the ceremonies *were* tedious to *me, and I prayed* Almighty Allah *to give me sight of him; nor was it but a few days after, when* lo! *one pulled me from behind, and I turned and it was he again.* Thereupon he said, "Come, *I conjure thee,* and *ask thy* want *of me.*" *So I begged him to pray* for me *three prayers: first, that* Allah *would make me love poverty; secondly, that I might never lie down* at night *upon provision* assured to me; *and thirdly, that he would vouchsafe me to look upon His* bountiful *face. So he prayed for me as I wished, and departed from me. And indeed* Allah *hath granted me* what the devotee asked in prayer; to begin with *he hath made me* so *love poverty that, by* the Almighty! *there is*

PAYNE

world dearer to me than it, and since such a year, I have never lain down upon assured provision; yet hath He never let me lack of aught. As for the third prayer, I trust that He will vouchsafe me that also, even as He hath granted the two others, for He is bountiful and excellently beneficent. And may God have mercy on him who saith:

Renouncement, lowliness, the fakir's garments be; In patched and tattered clothes still fares the devotee.

Pallor adorneth him, as on their latest nights, The moons with pallor still embellished thou mayst see.

Long rising up by night to pray hath wasted him; And from his lids the tears stream down, as 'twere a sea.

The thought of God to him his very housemate is; For bosom friend by night, th' Omnipotent hath he.

God the Protector helps the fakir in his need; And birds and beasts no less to succour him agree.

On his account, the wrath of God on men descends, And by his grace, the rains fall down on wood and lea.

And if he pray one day to do away a plague, The oppressor's slain and men from tyrants are made free;

For all the folk are sick, afflicted and diseased, And he's the pitying *leach* withouten stint or fee.

BURTON

nought in the world dearer to me than it, and secondly *since such a year I have never lain down* to sleep *upon assured provision,* withal *hath He never let me lack aught. As for the third prayer, I trust that he will vouchsafe me that also, even as He hath granted the two* precedent, *for* right *Bountiful and Beneficent* is His Godhead, and Allah *have mercy on him who* said;

Garb of Fakir, *renouncement, lowliness;*
His robe of tatters and of rags his dress;

And *pallor* ornamenting brow as though
'Twere wanness such as waning crescents show.

Wasted him prayer a-through the long-lived night,
And flooding tears ne'er cease to dim his sight.

Memory of Him shall cheer his lonely room;
Th' Almighty nearest is in nightly gloom.

The Refuge helpeth such Fakir in need;
Help e'en the cattle and the wingèd breed;

Allah for sake of him of wrath is fain,
And for the grace of him shall fall the rain;

And if he pray one day for plague to stay,
'Twill stay, and 'bate man's wrong and tyrants slay.

While *folk are* sad, *afflicted* one and each,
He in his mercy's rich, the generous *leach*:

PAYNE	BURTON
His forehead shines; an thou but look upon his face, Thy heart is calmed, the lights of heaven appear to thee.	Bright *shines his* brow; *an thou* regard *his face* *Thy heart* illumined shines by light of grace.
O thou that shunnest these, their virtues knowing not, Woe's thee! Thou'rt shut from them by thine iniquity.	*O thou that shunnest* souls of worth innate, Departs thee (woe to thee!) of sins the weight.
Thou think'st them to o'ertake, for all thou'rt fettered fast; Thy sins from thy desire do hinder thee, perdie.	*Thou thinkest* to overtake them, while thou bearest Follies, which slay thee whatso way thou farest.
Thou wouldst to them consent and rivers from thine eyes Would run for them, if thou their excellence could'st see.	Didst not their worth thou hadst all honour showed And tears in streamlets from thine eyes had flowed.
Uneath to him to smell, who's troubled with a rheum, Are flowers; the broker knows what worth the garments be.	To catarrh-troubled men flowers lack their smell; And brokers ken for how much clothes can sell;
So supplicate thy Lord right humbly for His grace And Providence, belike, shall help thy constancy;	So haste and with thy Lord re-union sue, And haply fate shall lend thee aidance due.
And thou shalt win thy will and from estrangement's stress And eke rejection's pains shall be at rest and free.	Rest from rejection and *estrangement stress*, And joy thy wish and will shall choicely bless.
The asylum of His grace is wide enough for all That seek; The one true God, the Conqueror, is He!	His court wide open for the suer is dight:— One, very God, the Lord, th' Almighty might.

We may also compare the two renderings of that exquisite and tender little poem "Azizeh's Tomb" [1] which will be found in the "Tale of Aziz and Azizeh."

PAYNE	BURTON
I passed by a ruined tomb in the midst of a garden way, Upon whose letterless stone seven blood-red anemones lay.	*I past by a* broken *tomb* amid a garth right sheen, Whereon seven blooms of Nu'aman glowed with cramoisié.
"Who sleeps in this unmarked grave?" I said, and the earth, "Bend low; For a lover lies here and waits for the Resurrection Day."	Quoth I, "Who sleepeth in this tomb?" Quoth answering earth, "Before a lover Hades-tombed bend reverently."

(1) Burton's A.N., ii., p. 324-5.; Lib. Ed., ii., p. 217.; Payne, ii., p. 247.

PAYNE	BURTON
"God keep thee, O victim of love!" I cried, "and bring thee to dwell In the highest of all the heavens of Paradise, I pray!	Quoth I, "May Allah help thee, O thou slain of love, And grant thee home in heaven and Paradise-height to see!
"How wretched are lovers all, even in the sepulchre, For their very tombs are covered with ruin and decay!	"Hapless *are lovers all* e'en tombèd in their tombs, Where amid living folk the dust weighs heavily!
"Lo! if I might, I would plant thee a garden round about, and with my streaming tears the thirst of its flowers allay!'	"Fain would I plant a garden blooming round thy grave And water every flower with tear-drops flowing free!"[1]

The reader will notice from these citations:

136. The Summing Up.

(1) That, as we have already said, and as Burton himself partly admitted, Burton's translation is largely a paraphrase of Payne's. This is particularly noticeable in the latter half of the *Nights*. He takes hundreds—nay thousands—of sentences and phrases from Payne, often without altering a single word.[2] If it be urged that Burton was quite capable of translating the *Nights* without drawing upon the work of another, we must say that we deeply regret that he allowed the opportunity to pass, for he had a certain rugged strength of style, as the best passages in his *Mecca* and other books show. In order to ensure originality he ought to have translated every sentence before looking to see how Payne put it, but the temptation was too great for a very busy man—a man with a hundred irons in the fire—and he fell.[3]

(1) The reader may like to compare some other passages. Thus the lines "Visit thy lover," etc., in Night 22, occur also in Night 312. In the first instance Burton gives his own rendering, in the second Payne's. See also Burton's A.N., viii., 262 (Lib. Ed., vi., 407); viii., 282 (Lib. Ed., vii., 18); viii., 314 (Lib. Ed., vii., 47); viii., 326 (Lib. Ed., vii., 59); and many other places.

(2) Thus in the story of Ibrahim and Jamilah [Night 958], Burton takes 400 words—that is nearly a page—verbatim, and without any acknowledgment. It is the same, or thereabouts, every page you turn to.

(3) Of course, the coincidences could not possibly have been accidental, for both translators were supposed to take from the four printed Arabic editions. We shall presently give a passage translated by Burton *before* Payne translated it, and it will there be seen that the phrasecology of the one translator bears no resemblance whatever to that of the other. And yet, in this latter instance, each translator took from the same original instead of from four originals. See Chapter xxiii.

(2) That, where there are differences, Payne's translation is invariably the clearer, finer and more stately of the two. Payne is concise, Burton diffuse.[1]

(3) That although Burton is occasionally happy and makes a pat couplet, like the one beginning "Kisras and Cæsars," nevertheless Payne alone writes poetry, Burton's verse being quite unworthy of so honourable a name. Not being, like Payne, a poet and a lord of language; and, as he admits, in his notes, not being an initiate in the methods of Arabic Prosody, Burton shirked the isometrical rendering of the verse. Consequently we find him constantly annexing Payne's poetry bodily, sometimes with acknowledgment, oftener without. Thus in Night 867 he takes half a page. Not only does he fail to reproduce agreeably the poetry of the *Nights*, but he shows himself incapable of properly appreciating it. Notice, for example, his remark on the lovely poem of the Fakir at the end of the story of "Abu Al-Hasan and Abu Ja'afer the Leper," the two versions of which we gave on a preceding page. Burton calls it "sad doggerel," and, as he translates it, so it is. But Payne's version, with its musical subtleties and choice phrases, such as "The thought of God to him his very housemate is," is a delight to the ear and an enchantment of the sense. Mr. Payne in his Terminal Essay singles out the original as one of the finest pieces of devotional verse in the *Nights*; and worthy of Vaughan or Christina Rossetti. The gigantic nature of Payne's achievement will be realised when we mention that *The Arabian Nights* contains the equivalent of some twenty thousand decasyllabic lines of poetry, that is to say more than there are in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and that he has rendered faithfully the

[1] At the same time the *Edinburgh Review* (July 1886) goes too far. It puts its finger on Burton's blemishes, but will not allow his translation a single merit. It says, "Mr. Payne is possessed of a singularly robust and masculine prose style. . . Captain Burton's English is an unreadable compound of archæology and slang, abounding in Americanisms, and full of an affected reaching after obsolete or foreign words and phrases."

whole of this enormous mass in accordance with the intricate metrical scheme of the original, and in felicitous and beautiful language.

(4) That Burton, who was well read in the old English poets, also introduces beautiful words. This habit, however, is more noticeable in other passages where we come upon cilice,[1] egromancy,[2] verdurous,[3] vergier,[4] rondure,[5] purfled,[6] &c. Often he uses these words with excellent effect, as, for example, "egromancy,"[7] in the sentence: "Nor will the egromancy be dispelled till he fall from the horse;" but unfortunately he is picturesque at all costs. Thus he constantly puts "purfled" where he means "embroidered" or "sown," and in the "Tale of the Fisherman and the Jinni," he uses incorrectly the pretty word "cucurbit"[8] to express a brass pot; and many other instances might be quoted.

(1) "She drew her cilice over his raw and bleeding skin." [Payne has "hair shirt."]—"Tale of the Ensorcelled Prince." Lib. Ed., i., 72.

(2) "Nor will the egromancy be dispelled till he fall from his horse." [Payne has "charm be broken."]—"Third Kalendar's Tale." Lib. Ed., i., 130. "By virtue of my egromancy become thou half stone and half man." [Payne has "my enchantments."]—"Tale of the Ensorcelled Prince." Lib. Ed., i., 71.

(3) "The water prisoned in its verdurous walls."—"Tale of the Jewish Doctor."

(4) "Like unto a vergier full of peaches." [Note.—O.E. "hortyard" Mr. Payne's word is much better.]—"Man of Al Zaman and his Six Slave Girls."

(5) "The rondure of the moon."—"Hassan of Bassorah."

[Shakespeare uses this word, Sonnet 21, for the sake of rhythm. Caliban, however, speaks of the "round of the moon."]

(6) "That place was purfled with all manner of flowers." [Purfled means bordered, fringed, so it is here used wrongly.] Payne has "embroidered," which is the correct word.—"Tale of King Omar," Lib. Ed., i., 406.

(7) Burton says that he found this word in some English writer of the 17th century, and, according to Murray, "Egremauncy occurs about 1649 in Gregory's Chron. Camd. Soc. 1876, 183." Mr. Payne, however, in a letter to me, observes that the word is merely an ignorant corruption of "negromancy," itself a corruption of "necromancy," and that as a corruption of a corruption it is "not fit for decent (etymological) society."

(8) A well-known alchemical term, meaning a retort, usually of glass, and completely inapt to express a common brass pot, such as that mentioned in the text. Yellow copper is brass; red copper is ordinary copper.

His lapses, indeed, indicate that he had no real sense of the value of words. He uses them because they are pretty, forgetting that no word is attractive except in its proper place, just as colours in painting owe their value to their place in the general colour scheme. He took most of his beautiful words from our old writers, and a few like ensorcelled [1] from previous translators. Unfortunately, too, he spoils his version by the introduction of antique words that are ugly, uncouth, indigestible and yet useless. What, for example, does the modern Englishman make of this, taken from the "Tale of the Wolf and the Fox," "Follow not frowardness, for the wise forbid it: and it were most manifest frowardness to leave me in this pit draining the agony of death and dight to look upon mine own doom, whereas it lieth in thy power to deliver me from my stowre?" [2] Or this: "O rare! an but swevens [3] prove true," from "Kamar-al-Zaman II." Or this "Sore pains to gar me dree," from "The Tale of King Omar," or scores of others that could easily be quoted.[4]

Burton, alas! was also unscrupulous enough to include one tale which, he admitted to Mr. Kirby, does not appear in any redaction of the *Nights*, namely that about the misfortune that happened to Abu Hassan on his Wedding day.[5] "But," he added, "it is too good to be omitted." Of course the tale does not appear in Payne. To the treatment meted by each translator to the coarsenesses

(1) Fr. *ensorceler*—to bewitch. Barbey d'Aurevilly's fine novel *L'Ensorcelée*, will be recalled. Torrens uses this word, and so does Payne, vol. v., 36. "Hath evil eye ensorcelled thee?"

(2) Lib. Ed., ii., 360.

(3) Swevens—dreams.

(4) Burton, indeed, while habitually paraphrasing Payne, no less habitually resorts, by way of covering his "conveyances," to the clumsy expedient of loading the text with tasteless and grotesque additions and variations (*e.g.*, "with gladness and goodly gree," "suffering from black leprosy," "grief and grame," "Hades-tombed," "a garth right sheen," "e'en tombèd in their tombs," &c., &c.), which are not only meaningless, but often in complete opposition to the spirit and even the letter of the original, and, in any case, exasperating in the highest degree to any reader with a sense of style.

(5) Burton's A.N., v., 135; Lib. Ed., iv., 95.

of the *Nights* we have already referred. Payne, while omitting nothing, renders such passages in literary language, whereas Burton speaks out with the bluntness and coarseness of an Urquhart.

In his letter to Mr. Payne, 22nd October 1884, he says of Mr. Payne's translation, "The Nights are by no means literal but very readable which is *the* thing." He then refers to Mr. Payne's rendering of a certain passage in the "Story of Sindbad and the Old Man of the Sea," by which it appears that the complaint of want of literality refers, as usual, solely to the presentable rendering of the offensive passages. "I translate," he says **********. People will look fierce, but *ce n'est pas mon affaire.*" The great value of Burton's translation is that it is the work of a man who had travelled in all the countries in which the scenes are laid; who had spent years in India, Egypt, Syria, Turkey and the Barbary States, and had visited Mecca; who was intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the people of those countries, and who brought to bear upon his work the experience of a lifetime. He is so thoroughly at home all the while. Still, it is in his annotations and not in his text that he really excells. The enormous value of these no one would now attempt to minimize.

All over the world, as Sir Walter Besant says, "we have English merchants, garrisons, consuls, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, engineers, living among strange people, yet practically ignorant of their manners and thoughts. . . . . it wants more than a knowledge of the tongue to become really acquainted with a people." These English merchants, garrisons, consuls and others are strangers in a strange land. It is so very rare that a really unprejudiced man comes from a foreign country to tell us what its people are like, that when such a man does appear we give him our rapt attention. He may tell us much that will shock us, but that cannot be helped.

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CHAPTER XXIX

BURTON'S NOTES

These Notes, indeed, are the great speciality of Burton's edition of the *Nights*. They are upon all manner of subjects—from the necklace of the Pleiades to circumcision; from necromancy to the characteristics of certain Abyssinian women; from devilish rites and ceremonies to precious stones as prophylactics. They deal not only with matters to which the word erotic is generally applied, but also with unnatural practices. There are notes geographical, astrological, geomantic, bibliographical, ethnological, anthropomorphitical; but the pornographic, one need hardly say, hugely predominate. Burton's knowledge was encyclopædic. Like Kerimeddin[1] he had drunk the Second Phial of the Queen of the Serpents. He was more inquisitive than Vathek. To be sure, he would sometimes ask himself what was the good of it all or what indeed, was the good of anything; and then he would relate the rebuke he once received from an indolent Spaniard whom he had found lying on his back smoking a cigarette. "I was studying the thermometer," said Burton, and I remarked, "'The glass is unusually high.' 'When I'm hot, it's hot,' commented the Spaniard, lazily, 'and when I'm cold it's cold. What more do I want to know?'" Burton, as we have seen, had for a long time devoted himself particularly to the study of vice and to everything that was bizarre and unnatural: eunuchs, pederasts, hermaphrodites, idiots, Augustus-the-Strongs, monstrosities. During his travels he never drank

137. Burton's Notes.

[1] Or Karim-al-Din. Burton's A.N., v., 299; Lib. Ed., iv., 246 Payne's A.N., v. 52.

anything but green tea, and if Le Fanu's ideas[1] in *In a Glass Darkly* are to be respected, this habit is partly responsible for his extraordinary bias. He deals with subjects that are discussed in no other book. He had seen many lands, and, like Hafiz, could say:

> "Plunder I bore from far and near,
> From every harvest gleaned an ear;"

and blighted ears some of them were. No other man could have written these notes; no other man, even if possessed of Burton's knowledge, would have dared to publish them. Practically they are a work in themselves. That they were really necessary for the elucidation of the text we would not for a moment contend. At times they fulfil this office, but more often than not the text is merely a peg upon which to hang a mass of curious learning such as few other men have ever dreamt of. The voluminous note on circumcision[2] is an instance in point. There is no doubt that he obtained his idea of esoteric annotation from Gibbon, who, though he used the Latin medium, is in this respect the true father of Burton. We will give specimens of the annotations, taken haphazard—merely premising that the most characteristic of them—those at which the saints in heaven knit their brows—necessarily in a work of this kind exclude themselves from citation:

"*Laughter.* 'Sweetness of her smile' (Abu al Husn and Tawaddud). Arab writers often mention the smile of beauty, but rarely, after European fashion, the laugh, which they look upon as undignified. A Moslem will say 'Don't guffaw (kahkahah) in that way; leave giggling and grinning to monkeys and Christians.' The Spaniards, a grave people, remark that Christ never laughed."[3]

"*Swan-maidens.* 'And became three maidens' (Story

(1) Le Fanu had carefully studied the effects of green tea and of hallucinations in general. I have a portion of the correspondence between him and Charles Dickens on this subject.

(2) Burton's A.N., Suppl. ii., 90-93; Lib. Ed., ix., 307, 308.

(3) Lib. Ed., iv., 147.

of Janshah).[1] We go much too far for an explanation of the legend; a high bred girl is so much like a swan[2] in many points that the idea readily suggests itself. And it is also aided by the old Egyptian (and Platonic) belief in pre-existence, and by the Rabbinic and Buddhistic doctrine of Ante-Natal sin, to say nothing of metempsychosis. (Josephus' *Antiq.*, xvii., 153)."

"*The Firedrake.* 'I am the Haunter of this place' (Ma'aruf the Cobbler).[3] Arab, *Amir*=one who inhabiteth. Ruins and impure places are the favourite homes of the Jinn.

"*Sticking Coins on the Face.* 'Sticks the gold dinar' (Ali Nur al-Din).[4] It is the custom for fast youths in Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere to stick small gold pieces, mere spangles of metal, on the brows, cheeks and lips of the singing and dancing girls, and the perspiration and mask of cosmetics make them adhere for a time, 'till fresh movement shakes them off."

"*Fillets hung on trees.* 'Over the grave was a tall tree, on which hung fillets of red and green' (Otbah and Rayya).[5] Lane and many others are puzzled about the use of these articles. In many cases they are suspended to trees in order to transfer sickness from the body to the tree and to whoever shall touch it. The Sawahili people term such articles a Keti (seat or vehicle) for the mysterious haunter of the tree, who prefers occupying it to the patient's person. Briefly the custom, still popular throughout Arabia, is African and Fetish."

The value of the notes depends, of course, upon the fact that they are the result of personal observation. In his knowledge of Eastern peoples, languages and customs Burton stands alone. He is first and there is no second.

(1) "The Story of Janshah." Burton's A.N., v., 346; Lib. Ed., iv., 291.

(2) One recalls "Edith of the Swan Neck," love of King Harold, and "Judith of the Swan Neck," Pope's "Erinna," Cowper's Aunt.

(3) Burton's A.N., x., 6; Lib. Ed., viii., 6.

(4) Burton's A.N., viii., 275; Lib. Ed., vii., 12.

(5) Burton's A.N., vii., 96; Lib. Ed., v., p. 294.

His defence of his notes will be found in the last volume of his *Supplemental Nights*. We may quote a few sentences to show the drift of it. He says "The England of our day would fain bring up both sexes and keep all ages in profound ignorance of sexual and intersexual relations; and the consequences of that imbecility are particularly cruel and afflicting. How often do we hear women in Society lamenting that they have absolutely no knowledge of their own physiology. . . . Shall we ever understand that ignorance is not innocence. What an absurdum is a veteran officer who has spent a quarter of a century in the East without knowing that all Moslem women are circumcised, and without a notion of how female circumcision is effected," and then he goes on to ridicule what the "modern Englishwoman and her Anglo-American sister have become under the working of a mock modesty which too often acts cloak to real *dévergondage*; and how Respectability unmakes what Nature made." [1]

Mr. Payne's edition contains notes, but they were intended simply to elucidate the text. Though succinct, they are sufficient for the general reader. Here and there, however, we come upon a more elaborate note, such as that upon the tuning of the lute (Vol. viii., 179), where Mr. Payne's musical knowledge enables him to elucidate an obscure technical point. He also identified (giving proper chapter and verse references), collated, and where needful corrected all the Koranic citations with which the text swarms, a task which demanded great labour and an intimate knowledge of the Koran. The appropriate general information bearing on the work he gave in a succinct and artistic form in his elaborate Terminal Essay—a masterpiece of English—in which he condensed the result of erudition and research such as might have furnished forth several folio volumes.

Finally there is the Terminal Essay, in which Burton

[1] Burton's A.N., Suppl. Nights, vi., 438; Lib. Ed., xii., 258.

deals at great length not only with the origin and history of the *Nights* and matters erotic, but also with unnatural practices. This essay, with the exception of the pornographic portions, will be found, by those who take the trouble to make comparisons, to be under large obligations to Mr. Payne's Terminal Essay, the general lines and scheme of which it follows closely. Even Mr. Payne's special phrases such as "sectaries of the god Wünsch,"[1] are freely used, and without acknowledgement. The portions on sexual matters, however, are entirely original. Burton argues that the "naïve indecencies of the text of *The Arabian Nights* are rather gaudisserie than prurience." "It is," he says, "a coarseness of language, not of idea. . . . Such throughout the East is the language of every man, woman and child, from prince to peasant." "But," he continues, "there is another element in the *Nights*, and that is one of absolute obscenity, utterly repugnant to English readers, even the least prudish." Still, upon this subject he offers details, because it does not enter into his plan "to ignore any theme which is interesting to the Orientalist and the Anthropologist. To assert that such lore is unnecessary is to state, as every traveller knows, an *absurdum*."

138. The Terminal Essay.

That these notes and the Terminal Essay were written in the interests of Oriental and Anthropological students may be granted, but that they were written solely in the interests of these students no one would for a moment contend. Burton simply revelled in all studies of the kind. Whatever was knowledge he wanted to know; and we may add whatever wasn't knowledge. He was insatiable. He was like the little boy who, seeing the ocean for the first time, cried, "I want to drink it all up." And Burton would have drunk it all. He would have swallowed down not only

(1) Burton's A.N., x., 199; Lib. Ed., viii., 174; Payne's A.N., ix., 370.

all the waters that were under the firmament but also all the creatures, palatable and unpalatable—especially the unpalatable—that sported therein.

To sum up finally: (1) Both translations are complete, they are the only complete translations in English, and the world owes a deep debt of gratitude to both Payne and Burton.

139. Final Summing up.

(2) According to Arabists, Payne's Translation is the more accurate of the two.[1]

(3) Burton's translation is largely a paraphrase of Payne's.

(4) Persons who are in love with the beauty of restraint as regards ornament, and hold to the doctrine which Flaubert so well understood and practised, and Pater so persistently preached will consider Payne's translation incomparably the finer.

(5) Burton's translation is for those who, caring nothing for this doctrine, revel in rococo work, a style flamboyant at all costs, and in lawless splendours; and do not mind running against expressions that are far too blunt for the majority of people.

(6) Payne's rendering of the metrical portions is poetry; Burton's scarcely verse.

(7) Burton's Terminal Essay, with the exception of the pornographic sections, is largely indebted to Payne's.

(8) The distinctive features of Burton's work are his notes and the pornographic sections of his Terminal Essay—the whole consisting of an amazing mass of esoteric learning, the result of a lifetime's study. Many of the notes have little, if any, connection with the text, and they really form an independent work.

Burton himself says: "Mr. Payne's admirable version appeals to the Orientalist and the Stylist, not to the many-headed; and mine to the anthropologist and student of Eastern manners and customs." Burton's *Arabian*

[1] The writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* (no friend of Mr. Payne), July 1886 (No. 335, p. 180.), says Burton is "much less accurate" than Payne.

Nights has been well summed up as "a monument of knowledge and audacity."[1]

Having finished his task Burton straightway commenced the translation of a number of other Arabic tales which he eventually published as *Supplemental Nights*[2] in six volumes, the first two of which correspond with Mr. Payne's three volumes entitled *Tales from the Arabic.*

Congratulations rained in on Burton from all quarters; but the letters that gave him most pleasure were those from Mr. Ernest A. Floyer and Mr. A. C. Swinburne, whose glowing sonnet:

140. Mr. Swinburne on Burton.

"To Richard F. Burton
On his Translation of the *Arabian Nights*"

is well known. "Thanks to Burton's hand," exclaims the poet magnificently:

"All that glorious Orient glows
Defiant of the dusk. Our twilight land
Trembles; but all the heaven is all one rose,
Whence laughing love dissolves her frosts and snows."

In his *Poems and Ballads, 2nd Series*, 1897, Mr. Swinburne pays yet another tribute to the genius of his friend. Its dedication runs:—"Inscribed to Richard F. Burton. In redemption of an old pledge and in recognition of a friendship which I must always count among the highest honours of my life."

If private persons accorded the work a hearty reception, a large section of the press greeted it with no less cordiality. "No previous editor," said *The Standard*, "had a tithe of Captain Burton's acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Moslem East. Apart from the language, the general tone of the *Nights* is exceptionally high and pure. The devotional fervour. . . often rises to the boiling point of fanaticism, and the pathos is sweet and deep, genuine and tender, simple and true. . . . In no other work is Eastern life so vividly pourtrayed. This work, illuminated with notes

(1) *New York Tribune*, 2nd November 1891.

(2) See Chapter xxxiii.

so full of learning, should give the nation an opportunity for wiping away that reproach of neglect which Captain Burton seems to feel more keenly than he cares to express." *The St. James's Gazette* called it "One of the most important translations to which a great English scholar has ever devoted himself."

Then rose a cry "Indecency, indecency! Filth, filth!" It was said, to use an *Arabian Nights* expression, that he had hauled up all the dead donkeys in the sea. The principal attack came from *The Edinburgh Review* (July 1886). "Mr. Payne's translation," says the writer, "is not only a fine piece of English, it is also, save where the exigencies of rhyme compelled a degree of looseness, remarkably literal. . . . Mr. Payne translates everything, and when a sentence is objectionable in Arabic, he makes it equally objectionable in English, or, rather, more so, since to the Arabs a rude freedom of speech is natural, while to us it is not." Then the reviewer turns to Burton, only, however, to empty out all the vials of his indignation—quite forgetting that the work was intended only for "curious students of Moslem manners," and not for the general public, from whom, indeed, its price alone debarred it.[1] He says: "It is bad enough in the text of the tales to find that Captain Burton is not content with plainly calling a spade a spade, but will have it styled a dirty shovel; but in his notes he goes far beyond this, and the varied collection of abominations which he brings forward with such gusto is a disgrace and a shame to printed literature. . . . The different versions, however, have each its proper destination—Galland for the nursery, Lane for the library, Payne for the study and Burton for the sewers."[2]

Burton's spirited reply will be found in the last volume of his *Supplemental Nights*. Put compendiously, his

[1] Still, as everyone must admit, Burton could have said all he wanted to say in chaster language.

[2] Arbuthnot's comment was: "Lane's version is incomplete, but good for children, Payne's is suitable for cultured men and women, Burton's for students."

MR. A. G. ELLIS.

From a photograph by Robert Faulkner & Co.
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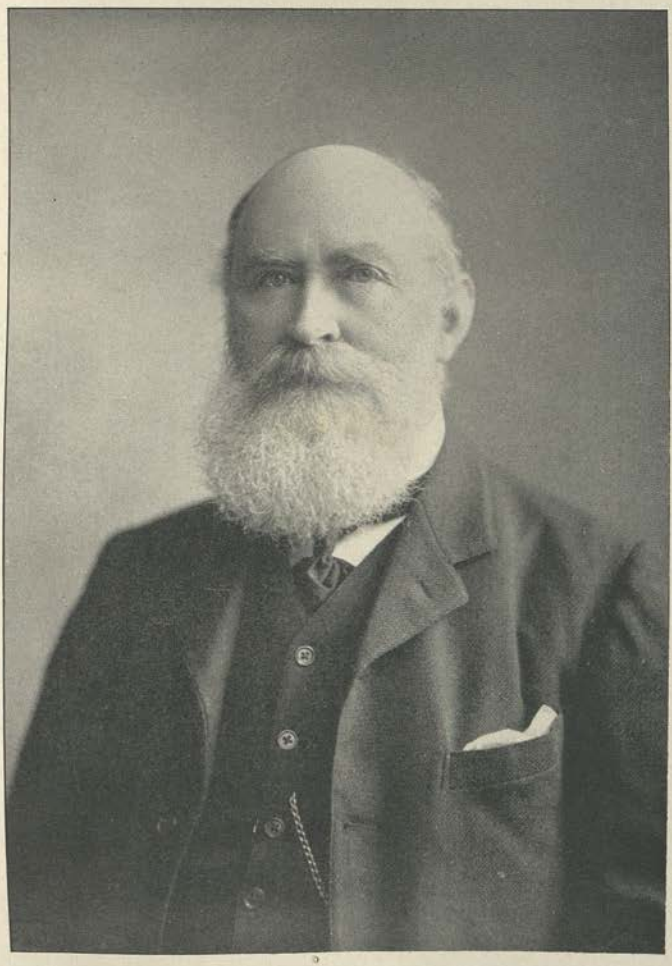

PROFESSOR BLUMHARDT.

From a photograph by E. C. Porter, Ealing.

argument is: "I had knowledge of certain subjects such as no other man possessed. Why should it die with me? Facts are facts, whether men are acquainted with them or not." "But," he says, "I had another object while making the notes a Repertory of Eastern knowledge in its esoteric form. Having failed to free the Anthropological Society [1] from the fetters of *mauvaise honte* and the mock-modesty which compels travellers and ethnographical students to keep silence concerning one side of human nature (and that side the most interesting to mankind) I proposed to supply the want in these pages. . . . While Pharisee and Philistine may be or may pretend to be 'shocked' and 'horrified' by my pages, the sound commonsense of a public, which is slowly but surely emancipating itself from the prudish and prurient reticences and the immodest and immoral modesties of the early 19th century, will in good time do me, I am convinced, full and ample justice."

In order to be quite ready, should prosecution ensue, Burton compiled what he called *The Black Book*, which consisted of specimens of, to use his own expression, the "turpiloquium" of the Bible and Shakespeare. It was never required for its original purpose, but he worked some portions into the Terminal Essay to *The Arabian Nights*.[2] And here it may be said that when Burton attacks the Bible and Christianity he is inconsistent and requires to be defended against himself. The Bible, as we have seen, was one of the three books that he constantly carried about with him, and few men could have had greater admiration for its more splendid passages. We know, too, that the sincere Christian had his respect. But his Terminal Essay and these notes appeared at a moment when the outcry was raised against his *Arabian Nights*; consequently, when he fires off with "There is no more immoral work than the Old Testament," the

(1) See Chapter xii., § 46.

(2) Burton's A.N., x., 180, 181; Lib. Ed., viii., 163.

argument must be regarded as simply one of *Tu quoque*. Instead of attacking the Bible writers as he did, he should, to have been consistent, have excused them, as he excused the characters in *The Arabian Nights*, with : "Theirs is a coarseness of language, not of idea, &c., &c. . . . Such throughout the East is the language of every man, woman and child," [1] and so on. The suggestion, for example, that Ezekiel and Hosea are demoralizing because of certain expressions is too absurd for refutation. The bloodshed of the Bible horrified him; but he refused to believe that the "enormities" inflicted by the Jews on neighbouring nations were sanctioned by the Almighty.[2] "The murderous vow of Jephthah," David's inhuman treatment of the Moabites, and other events of the same category goaded him to fury.

If he attacks Christianity, nevertheless, his diatribe is not against its great Founder, but against the abuses that crept into the church even in the lifetime of His earliest followers; and again, not so much against Christianity in general as against Roman Catholicism. Still, even after making every allowance, his article is mainly a glorification of the crescent at the expense of the cross.

(1) Burton's A.N., x., 203; Lib. Ed., viii., 184.

(2) Of course, all these narratives are now regarded by most Christians in quite a different light from that in which they were at the time Burton was writing. We are all of us getting to understand the Bible better.

LADY BURTON'S PRIVATE CHAPEL,
TRIESTE.

CHAPTER XXX

21ST NOVEMBER 1885—5TH JUNE 1886

K. C. M. G.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

74. Six Months at Abbazia. 1888.
75. Lady Burton's Edition of the Arabian Nights. 1888.

On October 28th the Burtons went down to Hatfield, where there was a large party, but Lord Salisbury devoted himself chiefly to Burton. After they had discussed the Eastern Question, Lord Salisbury said to Burton "Now go to your room, where you will be quiet, and draw up a complete programme for Egypt."

[141. In Morocco, 21st November 1885.]

Burton retired, but in two or three minutes returned with a paper which he handed to Lord Salisbury.

"You've soon done it," said his Lordship, and on unfolding the paper he found the single word "Annex."

"If I were to write for a month," commented Burton, on noticing Lord Salisbury's disappointment, "I could not say more."

However, being further pressed, he elaborated his very simple programme.[1] The policy he advocated was a wise and humane one; and had it been instantly adopted, untold trouble for us and much oppression of the miserable natives would have been avoided. Since then we have practically followed his recommendations, and the present prosperous state of Egypt is the result.

On 21st November 1885, Burton left England for Tangier, which he reached on the 30th, and early in January he wrote to the *Morning Post* a letter on the

(1) Lady Burton gives the extension in full. *Life*, vol. ii, p. 295.

Home Rule question, which he thought might be settled by the adoption of a Diet System similar to that which obtained in Austro-Hungary. On January 15th he wants to know how Mr. Payne's translation of Boccaccio[1] is proceeding, and continues: "I look forward to Vol. i. with lively pleasure. You will be glad to hear that to-day I finished my translation and to-morrow begin with the Terminal Essay, so that happen what may subscribers are safe. Tangier is beastly but not bad for work. . . . It is a place of absolute rascality, and large fortunes are made by selling European protections —a regular Augean stable."

Mrs. Burton and Lisa left England at the end of January, and Burton met them at Gibraltar.

When the first volume of *The Arabian Nights* appeared Burton was sixty-four. So far his life had been a long series of disappointments. His labours as an explorer had met with no adequate recognition, the Damascus Consulship could be remembered only with bitterness, his numerous books had sold badly. Every stone which for forty years he had rolled up proved to be only a Sisyphus stone. He was neglected, while every year inferior men—not to be mentioned in the same breath with him——were advanced to high honours. Small wonder that such treatment should have soured him or that—a vehement man by nature—he should often have given way to paroxysms of anger. Still he kept on working. Then all of a sudden the transplendent sun sailed from its clouds and poured upon him its genial beams. He had at last found the golden Chersonese. His pockets, so long cobwebbed, now bulged with money. Publishers, who had been coy, now fought for him. All the world—or nearly all—sang his praises.[2] Lastly came the K.C.M.G., an honour that was conferred upon him

142. K.C.M.G., 5th February 1886.

[1] *The Decameron of Boccaccio.* 3 vols., *1886.*

[2] Any praise bestowed upon the translation (apart from the annotations) was of course misplaced — that praise being due to Mr. Payne.

owing in large measure to the noble persistency of the *Standard* newspaper, which in season and out of season "recalled to the recollection of those with whom lay the bestowal of ribbons and crosses the unworthy neglect with which he had been so long treated."

Lady Burton thus describes the reception of the news. "On the 5th of February 1886, a very extraordinary thing happened[1]—it was a telegram addressed 'Sir Richard Burton!' He tossed it over to me and said, 'Some fellow is playing me a practical joke, or else it is not for me. I shall not open it, so you may as well ring the bell and give it back again.' 'Oh, no,' I said, 'I shall open it if you don't.'"

It was from Lord Salisbury, conveying in the kindest terms that the Queen had made him K.C.M.G. in reward for his services. He looked very serious and quite uncomfortable, and said, "Oh, I shall not accept it."[2] His wife told him, however, that it ought to be accepted because it was a certain sign that the Government intended to give him a better appointment. So he took it as a handsel.

Having accompanied Sir Richard Burton to the meridian of his fame, we may fitly pause a moment and ask what manner of a man he was at this moment. Though sixty-five, and subject to gout, he was still strong and upright. He had still the old duskened features, dark, piercing eyes, and penthouse brows, but the long and pendulous Chinaman moustaches had shrunk till they scarcely covered his mouth. The "devil's jaw" could boast only a small tuft of hair. There were wrinkles in "the angel's forehead." If meddlesome Time had also furrowed his cheeks, nevertheless the most conspicuous mark there was still the scar of that great gash received in the ding-dong fight at Berbera. His hair, which should have been

143. Burton at 65.

[1] Lady Burton's surprise was, of course, only affected. She had for long been manœuvring to bring this about, and very creditably to her.

[2] *Life*, ii., 311.

grizzled, he kept dark, Oriental fashion, with dye, and brushed forward. Another curious habit was that of altering his appearance. In the course of a few months he would have long hair, short hair, big moustache, small moustache, long beard, short beard, no beard. Everyone marked his curious, feline laugh, "made between his teeth." The change in the world's treatment of him, and in his circumstances, is noticeable in his countenance. In photographs taken previous to 1886 his look betrays the man who feels that he has been treated neglectfully by an ungrateful world for which he had made enormous sacrifices. Indeed, looking at the matter merely from a pecuniary standpoint, he must have spent at least £20,000 of his own money in his various explorations. He is at once injured, rancorous, sullen, dangerous. All these pictures exhibit a scowl. In some the scowl is very pronounced, and in one he looks not unlike a professional prize-fighter. They betray a mind jaundiced, but defiant. A restless, fiery soul, his temper, never of the best, had grown daily more gnarled and perverse. Woe betide the imprudent human who crossed him! What chance had anybody against a man who had the command of all the forcible words in twenty-eight languages! His peremptory voice everywhere ensured obedience. To all save his dearest friends he was proud and haughty. Then came the gold shower. There was actually a plethora of money. The world, so long irreconcilable, had acknowledged his merits, and the whole man softened. The angelical character of the forehead gradually spread downwards, and in time tempered even the ferocity of the terrible jaw. It was the same man, but on better terms with himself and everybody else. We see him sitting or strolling in his garden with quite a jaunty air—and when there is a cigar in his mouth, the shadow of which modifies still more the characteristics of that truculent region, it is hard to believe that we are looking at the same man. He has a youthful vigour,

an autumnal green. In one photograph Lady Burton, devoted as ever to her husband, is seen nestling at his side and leaning her head against his shoulder. She had grown uncomfortably stout and her tight-fitting dress was hard put to it to bear the strain. Her glorious hair was now grown gray and thin, and it was generally hidden by a not very becoming big yellowish wig with curls, which made her look like a magnified Marie Antoinette.

Burton's chief pleasure in his garden was feeding the birds. They used to wait for him in flocks on an almond tree, and became "quite imperious in their manners if he did not attend to them properly." He loved the sparrow especially, for Catullus' sake.

His gigantic personality impressed all who met him. Conversation with him reduced the world from a sphere to a spherule. It shrank steadily—he had traversed so much of it, and he talked about out-of-the-way places so familiarly. As of old, when friends stayed with him he never wanted to go to bed, and they, too, listening to his learned, animated and piquant talk, were quite content to outwatch the Bear. As an anthropologist his knowledge was truly amazing. "He was also a first-rate surgeon and had read all the regular books."[1] People called him, for the vastness of his knowledge, the Encyclopædia Britannica. He looked to the past and the future. To the past, for no one was more keenly interested in archæology. He delighted to wander on forlorn moors among what Shelley calls "dismal cirques of Druid stones," To the future, for he continued to study spiritualism, and to gaze into crystals. He longed to make himself master of the "darkling secrets of Eternity."[2] Both he and Lady Burton were, to use Milton's expression, "struck with superstition as with a planet." She says: "From Arab or gipsy he got. . . . his mysticism, his superstition (I am superstitious

(1) Dr. Baker, Burton's medical attendant.

2) Burton's *Camoens*, i., p. 28.

enough, God knows, but he was far more so), his divination."[1] Some of it, however, was derived from his friendship in early days with the painter-astrologer Varley. If a horse stopped for no ascertained reason or if a house martin fell they wondered what it portended. They disliked the bodeful chirp of the bat, the screech of the owl. Even the old superstition that the first object seen in the morning—a crow, a cripple, &c.—determines the fortunes of the day, had his respect. "At an hour," he comments, "when the senses are most impressionable the aspect of unpleasant spectacles has a double effect."[2] He was disturbed by the "drivel of dreams," and if he did not himself search for the philosopher's stone he knew many men who were so engaged (he tells us there were a hundred in London alone) and he evidently sympathised with them.

Fear of man was a feeling unknown to him, and he despised it in others. "Of ten men," he used to say, quoting an Osmanli proverb, "nine are women." Behind his bed hung a map of Africa, and over that a motto in Arabic which meant:

"All things pass."

This saying he used to observe, was always a consolation to him.

If he had been eager for money, it was only for what money would buy. He wanted it because it would enable him to do greater work. "I was often stopped," in my expeditions," he told Dr. Baker, "for the want of a hundred pounds." He was always writing: in the house, in the desert, in a storm, up a tree, at dinner, in bed, ill or well, fresh or tired—indeed, he used to say that he never was tired. There was nothing histrionic about him, and he never posed, except "before fools and savages." He was frank, straightforward, and outspoken, and his face was an index of his mind. Every thought was visible just "as through a crystal

(1) *Life*, vol. i., p. 396.

(2) Note to "Khalifah," *Arabian Nights*, Night 832.

case the figured hours are seen." He was always Burton, never by any chance any one else. As Mr. A. C. Swinburne said of him: "He rode life's lists as a god might ride." Of English Literature and especially of poetry he was an omnivorous reader. He expressed warm admiration for Chaucer, "jolly old Walter Mapes," Butler's *Hudibras*, and Byron, especially *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, with its allusions to his beloved Tasso, Ariosto and Boccaccio. Surely, however, he ought not to have tried to set us against that tender line of Byron's,

"They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died," (1)

by pointing out that the accent of Arqua is rightly on the second syllable, and by remarking: "Why will not poets mind their quantities in lieu of stultifying their lines by childish ignorance."(2) Then, too, he savagely attacked Tennyson for his "rasher of bacon line"—"The good Haroun Alraschid," (3) Raschid being properly accented on the last syllable. Of traveller authors, he preferred "the accurate Burckhardt." He read with delight Boswell's *Johnson*, Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands*, Renan's *Life of Jesus*, Gibbon, whom he calls "our great historian" (4) and the poems of Coleridge. At Cowper he never lost an opportunity of girding, both on account of his Slave Ballads (5) and the line:

"God made the country and man made the town." (6)

"Cowper," he comments, "had evidently never seen a region untouched by the human hand." It goes without saying that he loved "his great namesake," as he calls him, "Robert Burton, of melancholy and merry, of facete and juvenile memory." Of contemporary work he enjoyed most the poems of D. G. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. John Payne and FitzGerald's *Rubaiyat*, and we find him

(1) *Childe Harold*, iv., 31, referring, of course, to Petrarch.

(2) Terminal Essay, *Arabian Nights*.

(3) It reminded him of his old enemy, Ra'shid Pasha. See Chap. xiv.

(4) *Pilgrimage to Meccah*, ii., 77.

(5) *Mission to Gelele*, ii., 126.

(6) *Tash*, Book i.

praising Mr. Edmund Gosse's lyrics. Of novelists Dickens was his favourite. He called Darwin "our British Aristotle." *Eothen* [1] was "that book of books. He never forgave Carlyle for denouncing *The Arabian Nights* as "downright lies" and "unwholesome literature;" Miss Martineau, as an old maid, was, of course, also out of court. If she had written Shakespere, it would have been all the same. He enjoyed a pen and ink fight, even as in those old Richmond School days he had delighted in fisticuffs. "Peace and quiet are not in my way." And as long as he got his adversary down he was still not very particular what method he employed.

Unlike so many of his fellow-countrymen, he was a lover of art, and had visited all the galleries of Europe. "If anyone," he used to say, "thinks the English have the artistic eye, let him stand in the noblest site in Europe, Trafalgar Square, and look around." On another occasion he described the square as "the nation's last phase of artistic bathos." The façade of the National Gallery was his continual butt.

A fine handwriting, he said, bespoke the man of audacity and determination; and his own might have been done with a pin. Then he used to split his words as if they were Arabic; writing, for example, "con tradict" for contradict. When young ladies teased him to put something in their albums he generally wrote:

"Shâwir hunna wa khâlif hunna,"

which may be translated:

"Ask their advice, ye men of wit
And always do the opposite."

Another of his favourite sayings against women was the Persian couplet:

"Agar nek búdí zan u Ráy-i-Zan
Zan-rá *Ma-zan* nám búdí, na Zan,"[2]

which may be rendered:

"If good were in woman, of course it were meeter
To say when we think of her, *Beat not*, not *Beat her*."

(1) By A. W. Kinglake.

(2) See Lib. Ed. *Nights*, Sup., vol. xi., p. 365.

Zan meaning "woman" and also "beat," and *ma-zan* "beat not."

There was in Burton, as in most great men, a touch of the Don Quixote, derived, no doubt, in his case, from his father. He was generous and magnanimous, and all who knew him personally spoke of him with affection. He was oftenest referred to as "a dear chap." Arbuthnot regarded him as a paladin, with no faults whatever. When younger he had, as we have noticed, never undervalued a good dinner, but as he advanced in years, everything—food, sleep, exercise—had to give way before work.

For silver he had a conspicuous weakness. "Every person," he used to say, "has some metal that influences him, and mine is silver." He would have every possible article about him of that metal—walking-stick knobs, standishes, modern cups, ancient goblets—all of gleamy silver. Had he been able to build an Aladdin's palace it would have been all of silver. He even regarded it as a prophylactic against certain diseases. If his eyes got tired through reading he would lie on his back with a florin over each. When the gout troubled him, silver coins had to be bound to his feet; and the household must have been very thankful for this supposed panacea, for when in pain, Burton, never a placid creature, had tremendous outbursts of anger. One of these scenes, which occurred at an hotel, is thus described by a witness. "The dinner had been ordered at six. At half-past the hour it was not ready. The waiter was summoned. He made excuse. "*Mille tonnerres*! *Ventrebleu!*" roared Burton with a volley of unutterable language which he only could translate. The waiter literally flew before the storm, looking back at the witness with "*Mais, mon Dieu, l'Anglais!*" The dinner quickly arrived, and with the soup, Burton recovered his equanimity, though inveighing against all waiters, and the Triestine in particular. [1]

144. More Anecdotes.

[1] *Chambers's Journal*, August 1904.

Another anecdote of this period reveals Burton doing a little smuggling. One day, we are told, Lady Burton invited the consular chaplain to accompany her to the quay. Stopping her cab just in front of the Custom House, she induced her companion to talk to the Custom house officer while she herself went on board a vessel to see about a case of wine for her husband. Presently a porter came with the case and some loose bottles, the latter being placed by the chaplain's orders in the bottom of the carriage. No sooner had this been done than Lady Burton followed, and stepping into the cab bade the coachman drive off. Up to this moment the chaplain had kept watch, smoking a cigar, at the window of the carriage. The officer seeing a case being placed in the carriage was about to make inquiry just as the coachman whipped up the horse. Lady Burton smilingly saluted the officer from the window and thus allayed his suspicions. He returned her nod with a military salute, and was soon invisible. The speed, however, was too much for the loose bottles, and the duty was paid in kind, as the wine flowed out freely at the bottom of the cab, while Burton pretended to rate his wife for exposing him to the charge of smuggling and damaging the reputation of the chaplain.[1]

At Trieste Burton was always popular. The people appreciated his genius and sympathised with his grievances, and he could truly say of them in the words of his prototype, Ovid :

> " They wish, good souls, to keep me, yet I know
> They wish me gone, because I want to go."[2]

Not that he pleased everyone. Far from it, and hereby hangs a delectable anecdote. Some Englishman at Trieste, who took umbrage on account of the colossal muddle Burton made with his accounts and the frequency of his absence, wrote to the Foreign Office something to this effect. "As Sir Richard Burton is nearly always away

(1) *Chambers's Journal.*

(2) *Ex Ponto*, iv., 9.

from his post and the Vice-Consul has to do the greater portion of the work, why on earth don't you get rid of Sir Richard and let the Vice-Consul take his place? I wonder the Foreign Office can put up with him at all."

To which came the following graceful reply. "Dear Sir,—We look upon the consulship of Trieste as a gift to Sir Richard Burton for his services to the nation, and we must decline to interfere with him in any way."[1]

(1) Or words to that effect.

CHAPTER XXXI

BURTON'S RELIGION

As regards religion, Burton had in early life, as we have seen, leaned to Sufism; and this faith influenced him to the end. For a little while he coquetted with Roman Catholicism; but the journey to Mecca practically turned him into a Mohammedan. At the time of his marriage he called himself an agnostic, and, as we have seen, he was always something of a spiritualist. Lady Burton, charmingly mixing her metaphors,[1] says "he examined every religion, and picked out its pearl to practise it." The state of his mind in 1880 is revealed by his *Kasîdah*. From that time to his death he was half Mohammedan and half Agnostic. His wife pressed him in season and out of season to become a Catholic, and, as we shall see, he did at last so far succumb to her importunities as to sign a paper in which, to use Lady Burton's expression, "he abjured the Protestant heresy," and put himself in line with the Catholics.[2] But, as his opinions do not seem to have changed one iota, this "profession of faith" could have had little actual value. He listened to the prayers that his wife said with him every night, and he distinctly approved of religion in other persons. Thus, he praised the Princess of Wales[3] for hearing her children say their "little prayers,"[4] every night at her knee,

145. Burton's Religion.

(1) This was no solitary occasion. Burton was constantly chaffing her about her slip-shod English, and she always had some piquant reply to give him.

(2) See Chapter xxxv., § 166.

(3) Now Queen Alexandra.

(4) *Life*, ii., 342.

and he is credited with the remark: "A man without religion may be excused, but a woman without religion is unthinkable." Priests, ceremonials, services, all seemed to him only tinkling cymbals. He was always girding at "scapularies and other sacred things." He delighted to compare Romanism unfavourably with Mohammedanism. Thus he would say sarcastically, "Moslems, like Catholics, pray for the dead; but as they do the praying themselves instead of paying a priest to do it, their prayers, of course, are of no avail." He also objected to the Church of Rome because, to use his own words, "it has added a fourth person to the Trinity."[1] He said he found "four great Protestant Sommités: (1) *St. Paul*, who protested against St. Peter's Hebraism; (2) *Mohammed*, who protested against the perversions of Christianity; (3) *Luther*, who protested against the rule of the Pope; (4) *Sir Richard Burton*, who protested against the whole business." The way in which he used to ridicule the Papal religion in his wife's presence often jarred on his friends, who thought that however much he might disapprove of it, he ought, for her sake, to have restrained his tongue. But he did not spare other religious bodies either. He wanted to know, for instance, what the clergy of the Church of England did for the £3,500,000 a year "wasted on them," while he summed up the Nonconformists in the scornful phrase: "Exeter Hall!" He considered anthropomorphism to explain satisfactorily not only the swan maiden, and the other feathered ladies[2] of the *Nights*, but also angel and devil. Both Arbuthnot and Payne regarded him as a Mohammedan. Another friend described him as a "combination of an Agnostic, a Theist and an Oriental mystic." Over and over again he said to his cousin, St. George Burton, "The only real religion in the world is that of Mohammed. Religions are climatic. The

(1) This remark occurs in three of his books, including *The Arabian Nights*.

(2) Stories of Janshah and Hasan of Bassorah.

Protestant faith suits England." Once he said "I should not care to go to Hell, for I should meet all my relations there, nor to Heaven, because I should have to avoid so many friends." Lady Burton, who prayed daily "that the windows of her husband's soul might be opened," relied particularly on the mediation of "Our Lady of Dale"—the Dale referred to being a village near Ilkestone, Derbyshire, which once boasted a magnificent Premonstratensian monastery,[1] and she paid for as many as a hundred masses to be said consecutively in the little "Church of Our Lady and St. Thomas,"[2] at Ilkeston, in order to hasten that event. "Some three months before Sir Richard's death," writes Mr. P. P. Cautley, the Vice-Consul at Trieste, to me, "I was seated at Sir Richard's tea table with our clergyman, and the talk turning on religion, Sir Richard declared 'I am an atheist, but I was brought up in the Church of England and that is officially my church.'[3] Perhaps, however, this should be considered to prove, not that he was an atheist, but that he could not resist the pleasure of shocking the clergyman."

146. Burton as a Writer.

On Burton as a writer we have already made some comments. One goes to his books with confidence; in the assurance that whatever he saw is put down. Nothing is hidden and there is no attempt to Münchausenize. His besetting literary sin, as we said, was prolixity. Any

(1) One arch now remains. There is in the British Museum a quarto volume of about 200 pages (Cott. MSS., Vesp., E 26) containing fragments of a 13th Century Chronicle of Dale. On Whit Monday 1901, Mass was celebrated within the ruins of Dale Abbey for the first time since the Reformation.

(2) The Church, however, was at that time, and is now, always spoken of as the "Shrine of Our Lady of Dale, Virgin Mother of Pity." The Very Rev. P. J. Canon McCarthy, of Ilkeston, writes to me, "The shrine was an altar to our Lady of Sorrows or Pieta, which was temporarily erected in the Church by the permission of the Bishop of Nottingham (The Right Rev. E. S. Bagshawe), till such time as its own chapel or church could be properly provided. The shrine was afterwards honoured and recognised by the Holy See." See Chapter xxxix.

(3) Letter to me, 18th June 1905. But see Chapter xxxv.

MR. P. P. CAUTLEY.

From a photograph by Emblemi, & Ballarini, Trieste.

one of his books reduced to one-quarter, or better, one-sixth the size, and served up artistically would have made a delightful work. As it is, they are vast store-houses filled with undusted objects of interest and value, mingled with heaps of mere lumber. His books laid one on the top of another would make a pile eight feet high!

He is at his best when describing some daring adventure, when making a confession of his own weaknesses, or in depicting scenery. Lieutenant Cameron's tribute to his descriptive powers must not be passed by. "Going over ground which he explored," says Cameron, "with his *Lake Regions of Central Africa* in my hand, I was astonished at the acuteness of his perception and the correctness of his descriptions." Stanley spoke of his books in a similar strain.

Burton owed his success as a narrator in great measure to his habit of transferring impressions to paper the moment he received them—a habit to which he was led by reading a passage of Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands*. "An observer deeply impressed by any remarkable spectacle," says Johnson, "does not suppose that the traces will soon vanish from his mind, and having commonly no great convenience for writing, defers the description to a time of more leisure and better accommodation. He who has not made the experiment or is not accustomed to require vigorous accuracy from himself, will scarcely believe how much a few hours take from certainty of knowledge and distinctness of imagery; how the succession of objects will be broken, how separate parts will be confused, and how many practical features and discriminations will be found compressed and conglobated into one gross and general idea."[1] "Brave words," comments Burton, "somewhat pompous and diffused, yet worthy to be written in letters of gold."[2] Very many of Burton's

(1) Murphy's Edition of *Johnson's Works*, vol. xii., p. 412.

(2) Preface to *The City of the Saints*. See also *Wanderings in West Africa*, i., p. 21, where he adds, "Thus were written such books as *Eothen* and *Rambles beyond Railways*; thus were not written Lane's *Egyptians* or Davis's *Chinese*.

books, pamphlets and articles in the journals of the learned societies appeal solely to archæologists, as, for example *Etruscan Bologna*[1], an account of the Etrurian people, their sharp bottomed wells, the pebble tombs of the poor and the elegant mausoleums of the wealthy with their figures of musicians and dancing girls "in garments of the most graceful form, finest texture and brilliant hues;" reminding us of the days when Veii fell, and its goddess, who "was light and easily removed, as though she followed willingly," as Livy, with his tongue in his cheek, says, was conveyed to Rome; and of the later days when "Lars Porsena of Clusium" poured southward his serried host, only, according to the Roman historians, to meet with defeat and discomfiture.

Of Burton's carelessness and his inaccuracies, we have already spoken. We mentioned that to his dying day he was under a wrong impression as to his birthplace, and that his account of his early years and his family bristles with errors. Scores of his letters have passed through my hands and nearly all are imperfectly dated. Fortunately, however, the envelopes have in almost every case been preserved; so the postmark, when legible, has filled the lacuna. At every turn in his life we are reminded of his inexactitude—especially in autobiographical details. And yet, too, like most inexact men, he was a rare stickler for certain niceties. He would have defended the "h" in Meccah with his sword; and the man who spelt "Gypsy" with an "i" for ever forfeited his respect.

Burton's works—just as was his own mind—are vast, encyclopædic, romantic and yet prosaic, unsystematic; but that is only repeating the line of the old Greek poet:

"Like our own selves our work must ever be."[2]

[1] The general reader will prefer Mrs. Hamilton Gray's *Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria*, 1839; and may like to refer to the review of it in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1841.

[2] Phrynichus.

CHAPTER XXXII

5TH JUNE 1886—15TH APRIL 1888

BURTON AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS : ANECDOTES

In social questions Burton took a keen interest. Indeed he was in many respects a man far in advance of his age. In denouncing various evils he betrays the earnestness of a Carlyle, and when propounding plans for the abolition of the Slave Trade in "that Devil's Walk and Purlieu," East Africa, Saul becomes one of the prophets. That he was no saint we should have known if he himself had not told us; but he had, as he believed, his special work to do in the world and he did it with all his might. Though a whirlwind of a man, he had, as we have seen, the tenderest of hearts, he thought with sorrow of the sufferings of the poor, and he often said to his wife: "When I get my pension we'll spend the rest of our lives in helping the submerged tenth." Although sympathising warmly with the efforts of General Booth and other men who were trying to grapple with social evils, he could see, nevertheless, that they touched only the fringe of the difficulty. He was, broadly speaking, what is now known as a Neo-Malthusian, that is to say, he held that no man had a right to bring into the world a larger number of children than he could support with comfort, that the poor ought to be advised to limit their families, and that persons suffering from certain terrible diseases ought not to be allowed to marry, or at any rate to have children.

147. The Population Question.

Himself a man of splendid physique, Burton wanted to see every man in England physically healthy and strong. He considered it abominable that infant monstrosities

or children born blind should be allowed to live, and held that showmen and others who exhibit monstrosities should be promptly jailed. "Indeed," he says, "it is a question if civilisation may not be compelled to revive the law of Lycurgus, which forbade a child, male or female, to be brought up without the approbation of public officers appointed *ad hoc*. One of the curses of the 19th century is the increased skill of the midwife and the physician, who are now able to preserve worthless lives and to bring up semi-abortions whose only effect upon the breed is increased degeneracy.[1] He thought with Edward FitzGerald and many another sympathiser with the poor, that it is the height of folly for a labouring man living in a cottage with only two small bedrooms and earning twelve shillings a week to burden himself with a family of from ten to a dozen. Three or four children he considered enough for anybody. At the same time he perceived that the Neo-Malthusian system might be abused—that is to say, rich persons who could well afford to bring up respectable-sized families might be tempted to restrict the number to one or two.[2] Consequently, in the Terminal Essay to the *Arabian Nights*, we find him recommending the study of an Arabic work, *Kitab al Bah* not only to the anthropologist but also to the million. He says, "The conscientious study would be useful to humanity by teaching the use and unteaching the abuse of the Malthusian system,[3] whereby the family is duly limited to the necessities of society." At the present time—with the diminishing birth-rate and when the subject is discussed freely in every upper

[1] *Supplemental Nights*, Lib. Ed., x., 302, Note.

[2] The recent speeches (July 1905) of the Bishop of Ripon and the letters of the Rev. Dr. Barry on this danger to the State will be in the minds of many.

[3] Burton means what is now called the Neo-Malthusian system, which at the time was undergoing much discussion, owing to the appearance, at the price of sixpence, of Dr. H. Arthur Allbutt's well-known work *The Wife's Handbook*. Malthus's idea was to limit families by late marriages; the Neo-Malthusians, who take into consideration the physiological evils arising from celibacy, hold that it is better for people to marry young, and limit their family by lawful means.

and middle class home in England—these ideas cause no wonderment; but in those days they were novel.

We left the Burtons, it will be remembered, at Gibraltar. After a short stay there, they crossed over to Morocco in a cattle tug. Neither of them liked Tangiers, still, if the Consulate had been conferred upon Sir Richard, it would have given them great happiness. They were, however, doomed to disappointment. Lord Salisbury's short-lived administration of 1886 had been succeeded by a Liberal Government with Lord Rosebery as Premier; and Tangiers was given to Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. Kirby Green.[1] The Burtons were back in Trieste at the end of March.

148. New Projects.

The success of *The Arabian Nights*, which was owing entirely to its anthropological and pornographic notes, was for Sir Richard Burton both good and bad. It was good because it removed for the remainder of his life all pecuniary anxieties; it was bad because it led him to devote himself exclusively to subjects which certainly should not occupy exclusively the attention of any man. Henceforth every translation was to be annotated from a certain point of view.[2] One can but regret this perversity, for the old Roman and other authors have unpleasantnesses enough without accentuating them. Thus in reading some sweet poem of Catullus, spoilt by perhaps a single objectionable line, we do not want our attention drawn particularly to the blemish. Unfortunately, Sir Richard now made this kind of work his speciality, and it would be idle—or rather it would be untrue—to deny that he now chose certain books for translation, not on account of their beautiful poetry and noble thoughts, but because they lent themselves to pungent annotation. Indeed, his passion for this sort of literature had become

(1) This is Lady Burton's version. According to another version it was not the change in government that stood in Sir Richard's way.

(2) *Vide* the Preface to Burton's *Catullus*.

a monomania.[1] He insisted, however, and he certainly believed, that he was advancing the interests of science; nor could any argument turn him. We wish we could say that it was chiefly for their beauties that he now set himself to translate Catullus, Ausonius,[2] and Apuleius. He did appreciate their beauties; the poets and the classic prose writers were to him as the milk of paradise; and some of his annotations would have illuminated the best passages, but the majority of them were avowedly to be consecrated to the worst. Having in *The Arabian Nights* given the world the fruits of his enquiries in Eastern lands, and said his say, he might with advantage have let the subject rest. He had certainly nothing new to tell us about the manners and customs of the Romans. Then again, for the translating of so delicate, so musical and so gracious a poet as Catullus he was absolutely and entirely unqualified. However, to Catullus he now turned. Sirmio and Rome succeeded to Baghdad and Damascus; jinni and ghoul fled before hoofèd satyrs and old Silenus shaking his green stick of lilies. As we shall see, however, he did not begin the translation in earnest till January 1890.[3]

On June 5th the Burtons and their "Magpie Trunk" again left Trieste and travelled via Innsbrück, Zurich,

(1) We are not so prudish as to wish to see any classical work, intended for the bona fide student, expurgated. We welcome knowledge, too, of every kind; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in much of Sir Richard's later work we are not presented with new information. The truth is, after the essays and notes in *The Arabian Nights*, there was nothing more to say. Almost all the notes in the *Priapeia*, for example, can be found in some form or other in Sir Richard's previous works.

(2) Decimus Magnus Ausonius (A.D. 309 to A.D. 372) born at Burdegala (Bordeaux). Wrote Epigrams, *Ordo Nobilium Urbium*, short poems on famous cities, *Idyllia*, *Epistolæ* and the autobiographical *Gratiarum Actio*.

(3) Among the English translations of Catullus may be mentioned those by the Hon. George Lamb, 1821, and Walter K. Kelly, 1854 (these are given in Bohn's edition), Sir Theodore Martin, 1861, James Cranstoun, 1867, Robinson Ellis, 1867 and 1871, Sir Richard Burton, 1894, Francis Warre Cornish, 1904. All are in verse except Kelly's and Cornish's. See also Chapter XXXV. of this work.

Bale and Boulogne to England. After a short stay at Folkestone with Lady Stisted and her daughter, they went on to London, whence Burton memorialized the vice-chancellor and the curators of the Bodleian Library for the loan of the Wortley Montagu manuscripts of the *Arabian Nights*. Not a private loan, but a temporary transference to the India Office under the charge of Dr. R. Rost. On November 1st came a refusal, and Burton, at great inconvenience to himself, had to go to Oxford. "The Bodleian," he says, "is the model of what a reading library should *not* be, and the contrast of its treasures with their mean and miserable surroundings is a scandal." He did not know in which he suffered most, the Bodleian, the Radcliffe or the Rotunda. Finally, however, the difficulty was got over by having the required pages photographed.

149. Mr. A. G. Ellis and Professor Blumhardt. 5th June 1886—5th April 1887.

He now wrote to the Government and begged to be allowed, at the age of sixty-six, to retire on full pension. His great services to the country and to learning were set down, but though fifty persons of importance in the political and literary world supported the application, it was refused. It is, however, only just to the Government to say that henceforward Burton was allowed "leave" whenever he wanted it. An easier post than that at Trieste it would have been impossible to imagine, still, he was in a measure tied, and the Government missed an opportunity of doing a graceful act to one of its most distinguished servants, and to one of the most brilliant of Englishmen.

Then followed a holiday in Scotland, where the Burtons were the guests of Mr. (now Sir) Alexander Baird of Urie. Back in London they lunched at different times with F. F. Arbuthnot, G. A. Sala, A. C. Swinburne, and "dear old Larking"—now 85—in whose house at Alexandria, Burton had stayed just before his Mecca journey. It was apparently during this visit that Burton gave to his cousin St. George Burton a seal showing on

one side the Burton crest, on another the Burton Arms, and on the third a man's face and a hand with thumb to the nose and fingers spread out. "Use it," said Burton, "when you write to a d——d snob." And he conveyed the belief that it would be used pretty often.

On 16th September 1886, writing to Mr. Kirby[1] from "United Service Club," Pall Mall, Burton says, "We here have been enjoying splendid weather, and a really fine day in England (I have seen only two since May) is worth a week anywhere else. . . . You will find your volumes[2] sent to you regularly. No. 1 caused big sensation. A wonderful leader about it in *Standard* (Mrs. Gamp, of all people!) followed by abuse in *Pall Mall*. I have come upon a young woman friend greedily reading it in open drawing-room, and when I warned another against it, she answered: "Very well, Billy [her husband] has a copy, and I shall read it at once."

Later Burton's curiosity was aroused by the news that Mr. A. G. Ellis, of the British Museum, had shown Mr. Kirby an edition of *Alaeddin* in Malay.[3] "Let me know," he says, "when you go to see Mr. Ellis. I especially want to accompany you, and must get that Malay version of *Alaeddin*. Lord Stanley of Alderley could translate it."

It was about this time that Burton decided to make a new and lavishly annotated translation of *The Scented Garden*. To the Kama Shastra edition of 1886 we have already referred, and we shall deal fully with the whole subject in a later chapter.

On October 6th the Burtons heard Mr. Heron Allen lecture on palmistry at Hampstead. For some weeks Burton was prostrated again by his old enemy, the gout, but Lord Stanley of Alderley, F. F. Arbuthnot, and other friends went and sat with him, so the illness had its compensations. A visit to Mr. John Payne, made, as usual,

(1) Mr. Kirby was on the Continent.

(2) Presentation copy of the *Nights*.

(3) See Mr. Kirby's Notes in Burton's *Arabian Nights*.

at tea time, is next recorded, and there was to have been another visit, but Burton, who was anxious to get to Folkestone to see his sister, had to omit it.

On January 10th 1887, he writes to Mr. Payne as follows:

"That last cup of tea came to grief, I ran away from London abruptly, feeling a hippishness gradually creep over my brain; longing to see a sight of the sun and so forth. We shall cross over next Thursday (if the weather prove decent) and rush up to Paris, where I shall have some few days' work in the Bibliotheque Nationale. Thence to Cannes, the Riviera, &c. At the end of my 5th Vol. (Supplemental) I shall walk in to *Edin[burgh] Review.*[1] . . . I hope you like Vol. x. and its notices of your work. I always speak of it in the same terms, always with the same appreciation and admiration."

On January 13th 1887, the Burtons reached Paris, where Sir Richard had the pleasure of meeting Herr Zotenberg, discoverer of the Arabic originals of *Alaeddin* and *Zayn al Asnam;* and thence they proceeded to Cannes, where the state of Burton's health gave his wife great uneasiness. She says. "I saw him dipping his pen anywhere except into the ink. When he tried to say something he did not find his words." An awful fit of "epileptiform convulsions," the result of suppressed gout, followed, and the local doctors who were called in came to the conclusion that Burton could not recover. They thought it better, however, that their opinion should be conveyed to him by a perfect stranger, so they deputed Dr. Grenfell Baker, a young man who was then staying at Cannes, to perform the painful duty.

Dr. Baker entered the sick room and broke the news to Burton as best he could.

"Then you suppose I am going to die?" said Burton.

"The medical men who have been holding a consultation are of that opinion."

Shrugging his shoulders, Burton said, "Ah, well!—

(1) See Chapter xxix.

sit down,'' and then he told Dr. Baker a story out of *The Arabian Nights*. Dr. Baker remained a fortnight, and then Sir Richard, who decided to have a travelling medical attendant, sent to England for Dr. Ralph Leslie, who a little later joined him at Trieste.

To his circle of friends Burton now added Mr. A. G. Ellis, already referred to, Professor James F. Blumhardt, of the British Museum, and Professor Cecil Bendall, of University College, London.[1] His first communication with Mr. Ellis seems to have been a post-card dated Trieste, 8th May 1887. He says "*The Perfumed Garden* is not yet out nor will it be for six months. My old version is to be had at ——'s, Coventry Street, Haymarket. *The Supplemental Nights* you can procure from the agent, ——, Farleigh Road, Stoke Newington.''

As we have seen, Burton's first and second supplemental volumes of the *Nights* correspond with Mr. Payne's three volumes of *Tales from the Arabic*. He also wished to include the eight famous Galland Tales :—" Zayn Al-Asnam,'' " Alaeddin,'' " Khudadad and his Brothers,'' " The Kaliph's Night Adventure,'' " Ali Baba,'' " Ali Khwajah and the Merchant of Baghdad,'' " Prince Ahmad and the Fairy Peri-Banu,'' and " The Two Sisters who Envied their Cadette ; '' but the only Oriental text he could find was a Hindustani version of Galland's tales " Orientalised and divested of their inordinate Gallicism.'' As Burton was at this time prostrated by illness, Professor Blumhardt kindly undertook " to English the Hindustani for him. While the volume was going forward, however, M. Zotenberg, of Paris, discovered a MS. copy of *The Nights* containing the Arabic originals of 'Zayn Al-Asnam' and 'Alaeddin,' and Burton, thanks to the courtesy of Zotenberg, was able to make use of it.''

From June 19th to 22nd there were rejoicings at Trieste on account of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. At

[1] Now Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge.

the banquet, which took place at the Jäger, Sir Richard occupied the chair, and he and the Rev. C. F. Thorndike, the chaplain, made speeches. During the summer Sir Richard's health continued to cause grave anxiety, but he was well enough by July 15th to set out for the usual summer holiday. Accompanied by Lady Burton, Dr. Leslie and Lisa, he first visited Adelsburg, and then Sauerbrunn, where he got relief by drinking daily a cup of very hot water. In a letter to Mr. Ellis written from Sauerbrunn, 14th September 1887, Burton refers to Professor Blumhardt's contribution to his *Supplementary Nights*, and finishes: "Salute for me Mr. Bendall and tell him how happy I shall be to see him at Trieste if he pass through that very foul part."

150. Dr. Leslie and Dr. Baker: Anecdotes. April 1887.

After the Burtons' return to Trieste (at the end of September) Dr. Leslie obtained another post, and Dr. Baker was invited to take his place.

Dr. Baker consented to do so, only on the condition that Sir Richard would not dispute his medical orders. This, Dr. Baker explained to me, was a very necessary stipulation, for Sir Richard now looked upon the time spent over his meals as so many half-hours wasted. He never ate his food properly, but used to raven it up like an animal in order to get back quickly to his books. So a treaty was made, and Dr. Baker remained a member of the household the rest of Burton's life.

To this period belong the following unpublished anecdotes. Of Burton's interest in Ancient Etruria and especially in the archæological discoveries at Bologna [1] we have already spoken. Once when he and Dr. Baker were visiting Bologna they took a long walk outside the town and quite lost their bearings. Noticing a working man seated on the roadside, Burton asked him in French the way back. In reply the man "only made a stupid noise in his throat." Burton next tried him with the

[1] Chapter xxxi.

Bolognese[1] dialect, upon which the man blurted out, "Je don't know savez." Sir Richard then spoke in English, and the man finding there was no further neccessity for Parisian, explained in his own tongue that he was an English sailor who had somehow got stranded in that part.

To Burton's delight in shocking people we have already alluded. Nor did age sober him. He would tell to open-mouthed hearers stories of his hair-breadth escapes, and how some native plotted against his life. "Another moment," he would say, "and I should have been a dead man, but I was too quick for my gentleman. I turned round with my sword and sliced him up like a lemon." Dr. Baker, who had heard many tales about the Austrians and duelling, was exercised in his mind as to what ought to be done if he were "called out." "Now," said Burton, "this is one of the things in life worthy of remembrance. Never attack a man, but if he attacks you, kill him." Sometimes the crusted tale about the Arab murder would come up again. "Is it true, Sir Richard," a young curate once innocently inquired, "that you shot a man near Mecca?" "Sir," replied Burton, tossing his head haughtily, "I'm proud to say that I have committed every sin in the Decalogue."

In after years Dr. Baker was often asked for reminiscences of Burton. "Can you remember any of his sayings?" enquired one interlocutor. "Yes," replied Dr. Baker. "He once said, 'Priests, politicians and publishers will find the gate of Heaven extremely narrow.'" "I'm sorry for that," followed the interlocutor, "for I've just been elected M.P. for the —— Division of Yorkshire."

For Mrs. Lynn Lynton, the novelist, whom he described as a "sweet, womanly woman," Burton had a sincere regard, but he used to say that though she was an angel in the drawing-room, she was a raging, blood-thirsty tigress

[1] Burton's book, *Etruscan Bologna*, has a chapter on the *contadinesca favella Bolognese*, pp. 242-262.

SIR RICHARD AND LADY BURTON IN THEIR DINING ROOM.

on the platform. One day, while Sir Richard, Mrs. Lynton and Dr. Baker were chatting together, a lady to whom Mrs. Lynton was a stranger joined the group and said "Sir Richard, why don't you leave off writing those heavy books on Bologna and other archæological subjects, and do something lighter? Couldn't you write some trash—novels, I mean?" Sir Richard look sideways at Mrs. Lynton, and kept his countenance as well as he could. On another occasion when Sir Richard, Lady Burton, Dr. Baker and an aged Cambridge Professor were chatting together, Burton unconsciously glided into Latin—in which he asked the professor a question. The old man began a laboured reply in the same language—and then, stopping suddenly, said, "If you don't mind, Sir Richard, we'll continue the conversation in English."

Believing that Burton was overworking himself, Dr. Baker recommended him to order "a little rubbish in the shape of novels," from London, and so rest his brain for an hour just before bedtime. Burton demurred, but the novels were ultimately sent for, they duly arrived, and Burton went through a course of "chou-chou," as he called it. After a while, however, he gave up what he had never taken to kindly, and henceforward he nightly "rested his brain," by reading books in the modern Greek dialects.

151. Three Months at Abbazia. 1st Dec. 1887—5th March 1888.

On the 1st of December 1887, in order to avoid the fearful boras of Trieste, and to shelter in the supposed mild climate of "the Austrian Riviera," Burton, accompanied, as always, by his wife, Dr. Baker, and Lisa, went to stay at Abbazia. The subscriptions for his *Supplemental Nights* were now pouring in, and they put him in great jollity. Jingling his money in his pockets, he said to Dr. Baker, "I've always been poor, and now we'll enjoy ourselves." Henceforth he spent his money like a dissipated school-boy at a statute fair. Special trains, the best rooms in the

best hotels, anything, everything he fancied—and yet all the while he worked at his books "like a navvy." Abbazia was a disappointment. Snow fell for two months on end, and all that time they were mewed up in their hotel. Burton found the society agreeable, however, and he read German with the Catholic priest. Most of his time was spent in finishing the *Supplemental Nights*, and Lady Burton was busy preparing for the press an expurgated edition of her husband's work which, it was hoped, would take its place on the drawing-room table. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, son of the novelist, gave her considerable assistance, and the work appeared in 1888. Mr. Kirby's notes were to have been appended to Lady Burton's edition of the *Nights* as well as to Sir Richard's, but ultimately the idea was abandoned. "My wife and I agreed," writes Burton, "that the whole of your notes would be far too learned for her public,"[1] so only a portion was used. Lady Burton's work consisted of six volumes corresponding with Burton's first ten, from which 215 pages were omitted.

Owing to the stagnation of Abbazia, and the martyrdom which he endured from the gout, Burton was very glad to get back to Trieste, which was reached on March 5th. When his pain was acute he could not refrain from groaning, and at such times Lady Burton, kneeling by his bedside, used to say "Offer it up, offer it up"—meaning that prayer alone would bring relief.

To Mr. Payne, 14th March 1888, Burton writes "I have been moving since yours of March 5th reached me, and unable to answer you. . . . Delighted to hear that in spite of cramp,[2] Vol. v.[3] is finished, and shall look forward to the secret[4] being revealed. You are quite right never to say a word about it. There is nothing I

(1) 20th September 1887, from Adelsberg, Styria.

(2) Writer's cramp of the right hand, brought on by hard work.

(3) Of the Translation of *The Novels of Matteo Bandello*, 6 vols. Published in 1890.

(4) Mr. Payne had not told Burton the name of the work, as he did not wish the news to get abroad prematurely.

LADY BURTON WRITING A LETTER.

abhor so much as a man intrusting me with a secret."

On March 19th, Sir Richard finished his last volume of the *Supplemental Nights*, and in May he was visited at Trieste by his old friend, F. F. Arbuthnot.

On the 15th of April (1888) occurred the death of Matthew Arnold, who had for some years enjoyed a Civil List pension of £250 a year; and the event had scarcely been announced before Lady Burton, without consulting her husband,[1] telegraphed to the Government to "give Burton Arnold's pension." This step, characteristic as it was indiscreet, naturally did not effect its purpose.

[1] She very frequently committed indiscretions of this kind, all of them very creditable to her heart, but not to her head.

CHAPTER XXXIII

19TH MARCH 1888—15TH OCTOBER 1888

THE LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND
"THE SUPPLEMENTAL NIGHTS"

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

76. 1st Vol. Supplemental Nights, 1st December 1886.
6th Vol. 1st August 1888.

Burton's health continuing weak, he again endeavoured to induce the Government to release him from his duties. Instead of that, they gave him what he calls "an informal sick certificate," and from the following letter to his sister (26th May 1888) we may judge that it was not given gracefully.

152. Meeting with Mr. Swinburne and others, 18th July 1888—15th October 1888.

"Yesterday," he says, "I got my leave accompanied by some disagreeable expressions which will be of use to me when retiring. We leave Trieste in June and travel leisurely over the St. Gothard and expect to be in England about the 10th. . . . The meteorologists declare that the heat is going to equal the cold. Folky [1] folk are like their neighbours, poor devils who howl for excitement—want of anything better to do. The dreadful dull life of England accounts for many British madnesses. Do you think of the Crystal Palace this year? We have an old friend, Aird, formerly the Consul here, who has taken up his abode somewhere in Sydenham. I don't want cold water bandages, the prospect of leave makes me sleep quite well. With love and kisses to both,[2] Your affectionate brother, R. F. B."

(1) Folkestone, where Lady Stisted was staying.
(2) Lady Stisted and her daughter Georgiana.

Burton and his wife reached Folkestone on July 18th. Next day they went on to London, where they had the pleasure of meeting again Commander Cameron, Mr. Henry Irving, M. Du Chaillu, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, and Mr. Theodore Watts [-Dunton]. What Burton was to Mr. Swinburne is summed up in the phrase—"the light that on earth was he."[1]

His principal place of resort, however, during this visit, was the house of Mr. H. W. Ashbee, 54, Bedford Square, where he met not only Mr. Ashbee, but also Dr. Steingass, Mr. Arbuthnot, Sir Charles Wingfield and Mr. John Payne, all of whom were interested, in different ways, in matters Oriental. Ashbee, who wrote under the name of *Pisanus Fraxi* (Bee of an ash), was a curiously matter-of-fact, stoutish, stolid, affable man, with a Maupassantian taste for low life, its humours and laxities. He was familiar with it everywhere, from the sordid purlieus of Whitechapel to the bazaars of Tunis and Algiers, and related Haroun Al-Raschid-like adventures with imperturbable, impassive face, and in the language that a business man uses when recounting the common transactions of a day. This unconcernedness never failed to provoke laughter, even from those who administered rebukes to him. Of art and literature he had absolutely no idea, but he was an enthusiastic bibliophile, and his library, which included a unique collection of rare and curious books, had been built up at enormous expense. Somebody having described him as "not a bad old chap," Mr. Payne added characteristically, "And he had a favourite cat, which says something for him."

153. H. W. Ashbee.

The serenity of these gatherings, whether at Mr. Ashbee's or at Mr. Arbuthnot's, was never ruffled unless somebody happened to introduce politics or the Shakespere-Bacon Question. Arbuthnot the Liberal was content to strike out

154. A Bacon Causerie.

[1] *Verses on the Death of Richard Burton.—New Review.* Feb. 1891.

with his back against the wall, so to speak, when attacked by the Conservative Burton, Ashbee and Payne; but Arbuthnot the Baconian frequently took the offensive. He would go out of his way in order to drag in this subject. He could not leave it out of his *Life of Balzac* even. These controversies generally resolved themselves into a duel between Mr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Payne—Burton, who loved a fight between any persons and for any reasons, looking on approvingly. Mr. Ashbee and Dr. Steingass were inclined to side with Mr. Payne. On one of these occasions Mr. Payne said impatiently that he could not understand "any sensible man taking the slightest interest in the sickening controversy," and then he pointed out one by one the elements that in his opinion made the Baconian theory ridiculous.

"But," followed Mr. Arbuthnot, "Shakespere had no education, and no person without an extremely good education could have written the plays erroneously published under the name of William Shakespere."

"If," retorted Mr. Payne, "Shakespere had been without education, do you think the fact would have escaped the notice of such bitter and unscrupulous enemies as Nash, Greene, and others, who hated him for his towering superiority?"

Upon Mr. Arbuthnot admitting that he studied Shakespere merely from a "curio" point of view, and that for the poetry he cared nothing, Mr. Payne replied by quoting Schopenhauer: "A man who is insensible to poetry, be he who he may, must be a barbarian."

Burton, who regarded himself as a poet, approved of the sentiment; Dr. Steingass, who wrote execrable verses in English which neither rhymed nor scanned, though they were intended to do both, was no less satisfied; Mr. Ashbee, who looked at matters solely from a bibliographical point of view, dissented; and Mr. Arbuthnot sweetly changed the conversation to Balzac; with the result, however, of another tempest, for on this subject Burton, who summed up Balzac as "a great repertory of

morbid anatomy," could never see eye to eye with Balzac's most enthusiastic English disciple.

At Oxford, Burton met Professor Sayce, and did more literary work "under great difficulties" at the Bodleian, though he escaped all the evil effects; but against its wretched accommodation for students and its antediluvian methods he never ceased to inveigh. Early in August he was at Ramsgate and had the amusement of mixing with a Bank Holiday crowd. But he was amazingly restless, and wanted to be continually in motion. No place pleased him more than a day or two.

Among the deal tables in Burton's rooms at Trieste was one devoted to a work on the Gypsies, a race concerning whom, as we have seen, he had long been curious. He had first proposed to himself to write on the subject when he was in Sind, where he had made investigations concerning the affinity between the Jats and the Gypsies; and now with abundance of leisure he set about the work in earnest. But it was never finished, and the fragment which was published in 1898[1] contains, Mr. Watts-Dunton[2] assures me, many errors. Burton's idea was to describe the Gypsy in all lands. Perhaps he is happiest in his account of the Spanish Gypsy woman. "Their women," he says, "sell poultry and old rags. . . . and find in interpreting dreams, in philter selling, and in fortune-telling the most lucrative industries. They sing, and play various instruments, accompanying the music with the most voluptuous and licentious dances and attitudes; but woe to the man who would obtain from these Bayaderes any boon beyond their provocative exhibition. From the Indus to Gibraltar, the contrast of obscenity in language and in songs with corporal chastity has ever been a distinctive characteristic. . . . . Gypsy marriages, like those of the high caste Hindus, entail

155. *The Gypsy*, August 1888.

(1) With *The Jew* and *El Islam*.

(2) Mr. Watts-Dunton, need we say? is a great authority on the Gypsies. His novel *Aylwin* and his articles on Borrow will be called to mind.

ruinous expense; the revelry lasts three days, the 'Gentile' is freely invited, and the profusion of meats and drinks often makes the bridegroom a debtor for life. The Spanish Gypsies are remarkable for beauty in early youth; for magnificent eyes and hair, regular features, light and well-knit figures. Their locks, like the Hindus, are lamp black, and without a sign of wave: [1] and they preserve the characteristic eye. I have often remarked its fixity and brilliance, which flashes like phosphoric light, the gleam which in some eyes denotes madness. I have also noticed the 'far-off look' which seems to gaze at something beyond you and the alternation from the fixed stare to a glazing or filming of the pupil."[2]

This peculiarity of the gypsy's eyes, Burton had himself, for which reason alone, some writers, as we have already observed, have claimed him for the tribe. But he shared other peculiarities with them. For example, there was his extraordinary restlessness—a restlessness which prevented him from ever settling long in any one place. Then, like the gypsies, he had an intense horror of a corpse—even of pictures of corpses. Though brave to temerity he avoided churchyards, and feared "the phosphorescence of the dead." Many of his letters testify to his keen interest in the race. For example, he tells Mr. J. Pincherle, author of a Romani version of *Solomon's Song*,[3] the whole story of his wife and Hagar Burton. In 1888 he joined the newly-founded "Gypsy Lore Society," and in a letter to Mr. David MacRitchie (13th May 1888) he says in reference to the Society's Journal: "Very glad to see that you write 'Gypsy.' I would not subscribe to 'Gipsy.'" In later letters he expresses his appreciation of Mr. MacRitchie's article, "The Gypsies of India," and wishes the Society "God speed," while in that of 13th August 1888, he laments

(1) My hair is straight as the falling rain
And fine as the morning mist.
—*Indian Love*, Lawrence Hope.

(2) *The Jew, The Gypsy*, and *El Islam*, p. 275.

(3) It is dedicated to Burton.

the trifling results that followed his own and Arbuthnot's efforts in behalf of Orientalism. "We [The Gypsy Lore Society]" he says, "must advance slowly and depend for success upon our work pleasing the public. Of course, all of us must do our best to secure new members, and by Xmas I hope that we shall find ourselves on the right road. Mr. Pincherle writes to me hopefully about his practical studies of Gypsy life in Trieste. As regards Orientalism in England generally I simply despair of it. Every year the study is more wanted and we do less. It is the same with anthropology, so cultivated in France, so stolidly neglected in England. I am perfectly ashamed of our wretched "Institution" in Hanover Square when compared with the palace in Paris. However, this must come to an end some day."

On 13th August 1888, Burton writes to Mr. A. G. Ellis from "The Langham," Portland Place, and sends him the Preface to the last Supplemental Volume with the request that he would run his eye over it. "You live," he continues, "in a magazine of learning where references are so easy, and to us outsiders so difficult. Excuse this practical proof that need has no law." On September 26th he sent a short note to Mr. Payne. "Arbuthnot," he said, "will be in town on Tuesday October 2nd. What do you say to meeting him at the Langham 7 p.m. table d'hôte hour? . . . . It will be our last chance of meeting."

Sir Richard and Lady Burton, Dr. Baker, Arbuthnot, and Payne dined together on the evening appointed; and on October 15th Burton left London, to which he was never to return alive.

156. *The Supplemental Nights.* 1st December 1886—1st August 1888.

The translation of the *Supplemental Nights*, that is to say, the collection of more or less interesting Arabian tales not included in the *Nights* proper, was now completed. The first volume had appeared in 1886, the last was to be issued in 1888. Although containing old favourites such as "Alaeddin," "Zayn Al

Asnam," "Ali Baba," and the "Story of the Three Princes," the supplemental volumes are altogether inferior to the *Nights* proper. Then, too, many of the tales are mere variants of the versions in the more important work. Burton's first two supplemental volumes are from the Breslau text, and, as we said, cover the same ground as Mr. Payne's *Tales from the Arabic*. In both he follows Mr. Payne closely, as will be seen from his notes (such as "Here I follow Mr. Payne, who has skilfully fine-drawn the holes in the original text")[1] which, frequent as they are, should have been multiplied one hundred-fold to express anything like the real obligation he owed to Mr. Payne's translation. "I am amazed," he once said to Mr. Payne, "at the way in which you have accomplished what I (in common with Lane and other Arabists) considered an impossibility in the elucidation and general re-creation from chaos of the incredibly corrupt and garbled Breslau Text. I confess that I could not have made it out without your previous version. It is astonishing how you men of books get to the bottom of things which are sealed to men of practical experience like me." And he expressed himself similarly at other times. Of course, the secret was the literary faculty and intuition which in Burton were wanting.

Burton's Third Volume[2] consists of the tales in Galland's edition which are not in the *Nights* proper. All of them, with the exception of "Alaeddin" and "Zayn Al Asnam," are reproductions, as we said, from a Hindustani translation of the French text—the Arabic originals of the tales being still (1905) undiscovered.

His Fourth and Fifth Volumes[3] are from the Wortley-Montague Text. His sixth and last[4] contains the Chavis and Cazotte Text—the manuscript of which is

(1) Burton's A.N., Suppl. i., 312; Lib. Ed., ix., 209. See also many other of Burton's Notes.

(2) Lib. Ed., vol. x.

(3) Lib. Ed., x., p. 342. xi., p. 1.

(4) Lib. Ed., xii.

SIR RICHARD BURTON, LADY BURTON,
AND DR. GRENFELL BAKER.

Photograph taken in 1889 by G. N. Miller, at Folkestone.

reputed to have been brought to France by a Syrian priest named Shawish (Frenchified into Chavis), who collaborated with a French litterateur named Cazotte. The work appeared in 1788. "These tales," says Mr. Payne, "seem to me very inferior, in style, conduct, and diction, to those of 'the old Arabian Nights,' whilst I think 'Chavis and Cazotte's continuation' utterly unworthy of republication whether in part or 'in its entirety.' It is evident that Shawish (who was an adventurer of more than doubtful character) must in many instances have utterly misled his French coadjutor (who had no knowledge of Arabic), as to the meaning of the original."—*Preface to Alaeddin, &c., xv., note.* Mr. Payne adds, "I confess I think the tales, even in the original Arabic, little better than rubbish, and am indeed inclined to believe they must have been, at least in part, manufactured by Shawish."[1]

157. Comparison.

Burton's supplementary volume containing "Alaeddin" and "Zayn Al Asnam," appeared, as we have seen, in 1887; and in 1889 Mr Payne issued a Translation from Zotenberg's text. When dealing with the *Nights* proper we gave the reader an opportunity of comparing Burton's translation with Payne's which preceded it. We now purpose placing in juxtaposition two passages from their supplemental volumes, and we cannot do better than choose from either "Alaeddin" or "Zayn Al Asnam," as in the case of both the order is reversed, Burton's translation having preceded Payne's. Let us decide on the latter. Any passage would do, but we will take that describing the finding of the ninth image:

[1] Burton differed from Mr. Payne on this point. He thought highly of these tales. See Chapter xxxv, § 167.

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Then he set out and gave not over journeying till he came to Bassora, and entering his palace, saluted his mother and told her all that had befallen him; whereupon quoth she to him "Arise, O my son, so thou mayst see this ninth image, for that I am exceedingly rejoiced at its presence with us. So they both descended into the underground hall wherein were the eight images, and found there a great marvel: to wit, instead of the ninth image, they beheld the young lady resembling the sun in her loveliness. The prince knew her when he saw her, and she said to him, "Marvel not to find me here in place of that which thou soughtest; me thinketh thou wilt not repent thee an thou take me in the stead of the ninth image." "No, by Allah, Oh my beloved!" replied Zein ul Asnam. "For that thou art the end of my seeking, and I would not exchange thee for all the jewels in the world. Didst thou but know the grief which possessed me for thy separation, thou whom I

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Then he set out nor ceased travelling till such time as he reached Bassorah, when he entered his palace; and after saluting his mother, he apprized her of all things that had befallen him. She replied, "Arise, O my son, that we may look upon the Ninth Statue, for I rejoice with extreme joy at its being in our possession." So both descended into the pavilion where stood the eight images of precious gems, and here they found a mighty marvel. 'Twas this: In lieu of seeing the Ninth Statue upon the golden throne, they found seated thereon the young lady whose beauty suggested the sun. Zayn al-Asnam knew her at first sight and presently she addressed him saying, "Marvel not for that here thou findest me in place of that wherefor thou askedst; and I deem that thou shalt not regret nor repent when thou acceptest me instead of that thou soughtest." Said he, "No, verily, thou art the end of every wish of me nor would I exchange thee for all the

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took from thy parents by fraud and brought thee to the King of the Jinn!''

Scarce had the prince made an end of his speech when they heard a noise of thunder rending the mountains and shaking the earth, and fear gat hold upon the queen, the mother of Zein ul Asnam, yea and sore trembling; but, after a little, the King of the Jinn appeared and said to her, ''O Lady, fear not, it is I who am thy son's protector and I love him with an exceeding love for the love his father bore me. Nay, I am he

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gems of the universe. Would thou knew what was the sorrow which surcharged me on account of our separation and of my reflecting that I took thee from thy parents by fraud and I bore thee as a present to the King of the Jinn.

Indeed I had well nigh determined to forfeit all my profit of the Ninth Statue and to bear thee away to Bassorah as my own bride, when my comrade and councillor dissuaded me from so doing lest I bring about my death.'' (1)

Nor had Zayn al Asnam ended his words ere they heard the roar of thunderings that would rend a mount and shake the earth, whereat the Queen Mother was seized with mighty fear and affright. But presently appeared the King of the Jinn, who said to her ''O my lady, fear not! Tis I, the protector of thy son, whom I fondly affect for the affection borne to me by his sire. I also am he who manifested myself to him in his sleep, and my object

(1) This paragraph does not appear in the original. It was made up by Burton.

PAYNE	BURTON
who appeared to him in his sleep and in this I purposed to try his fortitude, whether or not he might avail to subdue himself for loyalty's sake."	therein was to make trial of his valiance and to learn an he could do violence to his passions for the sake of his promise, or whether the beauty of this lady would so tempt and allure him that he could not keep his promise to me with due regard."

Here, again, Payne is concise and literal, Burton diffuse and gratuitously paraphrastic as appears above and everywhere, and the other remarks which we made when dealing with the *Nights* proper also apply, except, of course, that in this instance Burton had not Payne's version to refer to, with the consequence that in these two tales ("Alaeddin" and "Zayn Al Asnam") there are over five hundred places in which the two translators differ as to the rendering, although they worked from the same MS. copy, that of M. Houdas, lent by him to Burton and afterwards to Payne. Arabists tell us that in practically every instance Payne is right, Burton wrong. The truth is that, while in colloquial Arabic Burton was perfect, in literary Arabic he was far to seek,[1] whereas Mr. Payne had studied the subject carefully and deeply for years. But Burton's weakness here is not surprising. A Frenchman might speak excellent English, and yet find some difficulty in translating into French a play of Shakespeer or an essay of Macaulay. Burton made the mistake of studying too many things. He attempted too much.

But in the *Supplemental Nights*, as in the *Nights* proper, his great feature is the annotating. Again we have a work within a work, and the value of these notes is recognised on all sides. Yet they are even less necessary

[1] One friend of Burton's to whom I mentioned this matter said to me, "I was always under the impression that Burton had studied literary Arabic, but that he had forgotten it."

or elucidating the text than those in the *Nights* proper. Take for example the tremendous note in Vol. i. on the word "eunuchs." As everybody knows what a eunuch is, the text is perfectly clear. Yet what a mass of curious knowledge he presents to us! If it be urged that the bulk of Burton's notes, both to the *Nights* proper and the *Supplemental Nights*, are out of place in a work of this kind—all we can say is "There they are." We must remember, too, that he had absolutely no other means publishing them.

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CHAPTER XXXIV

"THE SCENTED GARDEN"

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

77. The Scented Garden. "My new Version," translated 1888—1890.

As we learn from a letter to Mr. Payne, 8th November 1888, Burton began his "new version" of *The Scented Garden*, or as it is sometimes called, *The Perfumed Garden*, in real earnest early in that month, and Lady Burton tells us that it "occupied him seriously only six actual months."[1] that is, the last six months of his life.

158. Nafzawi.

The Scented Garden, or to give its full title, "The Scented Garden for the Soul's Recreation" was the work of a learned Arab Shaykh and physician named Nafzâwi, who was born at Nafzâwa, a white,[2] palm-encinctured town which gleamed by the shore of the Sebkha—that is, salt marsh—Shot al Jarid; and spent most of his life in Tunis. The date of his birth is unrecorded, but *The Scented Garden* seems to have been written in 1431.[3] Nafzâwi, like Vatsyayana, from whose book he sometimes borrows, is credited with having been an intensely religious man, but his book abounds in erotic tales seasoned to such an extent as would have put to the blush even the not very sensitive "Tincker of Turvey."[4]

(1) *Life*, ii., 410. See also *Romance*, ii., 723.

(2) As most of its towns are white, Tunis is called *The Burnous of the Prophet*, in allusion to the fact that Mohammed always wore a spotlessly white burnous.

(3) As suggested by M. Hartwig Derenbourg, Membre de l'Institut.

(4) The nominal author of the collection of Old English Tales of the same name.

It abounds in medical learning,[1] is avowedly an aphrodisiac, and was intended, if one may borrow an expression from Juvenal, "to revive the fire in nuptial cinders."[2] Moslems read it, just as they took ambergrised coffee, and for the same reason. Nafzâwi, indeed, is the very antithesis of the English Sir Thomas Browne, with his well-known passage in the *Religio Medici*,[3] commencing "I could be content that we might procreate like trees." Holding that no natural action of a man is more degrading than another, Nafzâwi could never think of amatory pleasures without ejaculating "Glory be to God," or some such phrase. But "Moslems," says Burton, "who do their best to countermine the ascetic idea inherent in Christianity,[4] are not ashamed of the sensual appetite, but rather the reverse."[5] Nafzâwi, indeed, praises Allah for amorous pleasures just as other writers have exhausted the vocabulary in gratitude for a loaded fruit tree or an iridescent sunset. His mind runs on the houris promised to the faithful after death, and he says that these pleasures are "part of the delights of paradise awarded by Allah as a foretaste of what is waiting for us, namely delights a thousand times superior, and above which only the sight of the Benevolent is to be placed." We who anticipate walls of jasper and streets of gold ought not, perhaps, to be too severe on the Tunisian. It must also be added that Nafzâwi had a pretty gift of humour.[6]

The origin of the book was as follows: A small work, *The Torch of the World*,[7] dealing with "The Mysteries

(1) Ridiculous as this medical learning reads to-day, it is not more ridiculous than that of the English physicians two centuries later.

(2) Juvenal, *Satire* xi.

(3) *Religio Medici*, part ii., section 9.

(4) We should word it "Pauline Christianity."

(5) *Arabian Nights*, Lib. Ed., vii., 161.

(6) See the example we give in § 160 about Moseilema and the bald head.

(7) Also called *The Torch of Pebble Strown River Beds*, a title explained by the fact that in order to traverse with safety the dried Tunisian river beds, which abound in sharp stones, it is advisable, in the evening time, to carry a torch.

of Generation," and written by Nafzâwi, had come into the hands of the Vizier of the Sultan of Tunis. Thereupon the Vizier sent for the author and received him "most honourably." Seeing Nafzâwi blush, he said, "You need not be ashamed; everything you have said is true; no one need be shocked at your words. Moreover, you are not the first who has treated of this matter; and I swear by Allah that it is necessary to know this book. It is only the shameless boor and the enemy of all science who will not read it, or who will make fun of it. But there are sundry things which you will have to treat about yet." And he mentioned other subjects, chiefly of a medical character.

159. Origin of *The Scented Garden.*

"Oh, my master," replied Nafzâwi, "all you have said here is not difficult to do, if it is the pleasure of Allah on high."

"I forthwith," comments Nafzâwi, "went to work with the composition of this book, imploring the assistance of Allah (May He pour His blessing on the prophet,[1] and may happiness and pity be with him)."

The most complete text of *The Scented Garden* is that now preserved in the library at Algiers, and there are also manuscripts in the libraries of Paris, Gotha and Copenhagen. In 1850 a manuscript which seems to have corresponded practically with *The Torch of the World* was translated into French by a Staff Officer of the French Army in Algeria, and an edition of thirty-five copies was printed by an autographic process in Algiers in the year 1876.[2] In 1886 an edition of 220 copies was issued by the French publisher Isidore Liseux, and the same year appeared a translation of Liseux's work bearing the imprint of the Kama Shastra Society. This is the book that Burton

(1) Mohammed, of course.

(2) It contained 283 pages of text, 15 pages *d'avis au lecteur*, 2 portraits, 13 *hors textes* on blue paper, 43 erotic illustrations in the text, and at the end of the book about ten pages of errata with an index and a few blank leaves.

calls "my old version,"[1] which, of course, proves that he had some share in it.[2]

There is no doubt that the average Englishman[3] would be both amazed and shocked on first opening even the Kama Shastra Society's version; unless, perchance, he had been prepared by reading Burton's *Arabian Nights* or the Fiftieth Chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* with the Latin Notes, though even these give but a feeble idea of the fleshliness of *The Scented Garden*. Indeed, as Ammianus Marcellinus, referring to the Arabs, says: "*Incredible est quo ardore apud eos in venerem uterque solvitur sexus.*"

Nafzâwi divided his book into twenty one-chapters "in order to make it easier reading for the taleb (student)." It consists of descriptions of "Praiseworthy Men" and "Praiseworthy Women" from a Nafzâwin point of view, interpretations of dreams, medical recipes for impotence, &c., lists of aphrodisiacs, and stories confirmatory of Ammianus's remark. Among the longer tales are those of Moseilema, "Bahloul[4] and Hamdonna," and "The Negro Al Dhurgham"[5]—all furiously Fescinnine. The story of Moseilema, Lord of Yamama, is familiar in one form or another to most students of Arab History. Washington Irving epitomises it in his inexpressibly beautiful "*Successors of Mahomet*[6] and Gibbon[7] tells it more fully, partly in his text and partly in his Latin

160. Contents of *The Scented Garden*.

(1) He also refers to it in his *Arabian Nights*, Lib. Ed., vol. viii., p. 121, footnote.

(2) See Chapter xxvi.

(3) But, of course, the book was not intended for the average Englishman, and every precaution was taken, and is still taken, to prevent him from getting it.

(4) Court fool of Haroun al Rashid. Several anecdotes of Bahloul are to be found in Jami's *Beharistan*.

(5) A tale that has points in common with the lynching stories from the United States. In the Kama Shastra edition the negro is called "Dorerame."

(6) Chapter ii. Irving spells the name Moseïlma

(7) Chapter li. Sleath's Edition, vol. vi., 348.

footnotes. Moseilema was, no doubt, for some years quite as influential a prophet as his rival Mohammed. He may even have been as good a man,[1] but Nafzâwi—staunch Mohammedan—will not let "the Whig dogs have the best of the argument." He charges Moseilema with having perverted sundry chapters in the Koran by his lies and impostures, and declares that he did worse than fail when he attempted to imitate Mohammed's miracles. "Now Moseilema (whom may Allah curse!), when he put his luckless hand on the head of some one who had not much hair, the man was at once quite bald. . . and when he laid his hand upon the head of an infant, saying, 'Live a hundred years,' the infant died within an hour." As a matter of fact, however, Moseilema was one of the most romantic figures in Arabic history.[2] Sedjah, Queen and Prophetess, went to see him in much the same spirit that the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon. Moseilema, who outlived Mohammed about a year, was defeated and slain near his capital, Yamama, by the Mohammedan hero Khalid, and Sedjah subsequently embraced Islamism.

In the tale entitled "Djoaidi and Fadehat el Djemal"[3] appears that hoary poet, philosopher and reprobate, Abu Nowas[4] of *The Arabian Nights*. Like the *Nights*, *The Scented Garden* has a cycle of tales illustrative of the cunning and malice of women. But all the women in those days and countries were not bad, just as all were not plain. Plumpness seems to have been the principal attraction in the sex, and the Kama Shastra version goes so far as to assure us that a woman who had a double

(1) It must be remembered that the story of Moseilema and Sedjah has been handed down to us by Moseilema's enemies.

(2) The struggle between his followers and those of Mohammed was a fight to the death. Mecca and Yamama were the Rome and Carthage of the day—the mastery of the religious as well as of the political world being the prize.

(3) As spelt in the Kama Shastra version.

(4) Burton's spelling. We have kept to it throughout this book. The word is generally spelt Nuwas.

chin.[1] was irresistible. If so, there were probably no words in the language good enough to describe a woman with three chins. According, however, to the author of the recent Paris translation[2] this particular rendering is a mistake. He considers that the idea Nafzâwi wished to convey was the tower-like form of the neck,[3] but in any circumstances the denizens of *The Scented Garden* placed plumpness in the forefront of the virtues; which proves, of course, the negroid origin of at any rate some of the stories,[4] for a true Arab values slenderness. Over and over again in the *Nights* we are told of some seductive lady that she was straight and tall with a shape like the letter Alif or a willow wand. The perfect woman, according to Nafzâwi, perfumes herself with scents, uses ithmid[5] (antimony) for her toilet, and cleans her teeth with bark of the walnut tree. There are chapters on sterility, long lists of the kind to be found in Rabelais, and solemn warnings against excess, chiefly on account of its resulting in weakness of sight, with other "observations useful for men and women."

While chapters i. to xx. concern almost entirely the relations between the opposite sexes, Chapter xxi.[6] which constitutes more than one-half of the book, treats largely of those unspeakable vices which as St. Paul and St. Jude show, and the pages of Petronius and other ancient authors prove, were so common in the pagan

(1) The 1886 edition, p. 2.

(2) Vol. i., p. 117.

(3) Cf. *Song of Solomon.* iv., 4. "Thy neck is like the Tower of David."

(4) See Burton's remarks on the negro women as quoted in Chapter ix., § 38.

(5) Women blacken the inside of the eyelids with it to make the eyes look larger and more brilliant.

(6) So we are told in the Introduction to the Kama Shastra edition of Chapters i. to xx. Chapter xxi. has not yet been translated into any European language. Probably Burton never saw it. Certainly he did not translate it.

world, and which, as Burton and other travellers inform us, are still practised in the East.

"The style and language in which the *Perfumed Garden* is written are," says the writer of the Foreword to the Paris edition of 1904, "of the simplest and most unpretentious kind, rising occasionally to a very high degree of eloquence, resembling, to some extent, that of the famous *Thousand Nights and a Night*; but, while the latter abounds in Egyptian colloquialisms, the former frequently causes the translator to pause owing to the recurrence of North African idioms and the occasional use of Berber or Kabyle words, not generally known." In short, the literary merits of the work are trifling.

Although Nafzâwi wrote his extended *Scented Garden* for scholars only, he seems afterwards to have become alarmed, and to have gone in fear lest it might get into the hands of the ignorant and do harm. So he ended it with :

> "O you who read this, and think of the author
> And do not exempt him from blame,
> If you spare your good opinion of him, do not
> At least fail to say 'Lord forgive us and him.'" (1)

161. Sir Richard Burton's Translation.

It was in the autumn of 1888, as we have seen, that Sir Richard Burton, who considered the book to take, from a linguistic and ethnological point of view, a very high rank, conceived the idea of making a new translation, to be furnished with annotations of a most elaborate nature. He called it at first, with his fondness for rhyming jingle, *The Scented Garden-Site for Heart's Delight*, and finally decided upon *The Scented Garden—Man's Heart to Gladden*. Sir Richard's Translation was from the Algiers manuscript, a copy of which was made for him at a cost of eighty pounds, by M. O. Houdas, Professor at the *Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes*. This was of the first twenty chapters. Whether a copy

(1) From the Paris version of 1904. See Chapter xxxviii. of this book, where the Kama Shastra version is given.

of the 21st Chapter ever reached Sir Richard we have not been able to ascertain. On 31st March 1890, he wrote in his Journal: "Began, or rather resumed, *Scented Garden*,"[1] and thenceforward he worked at it sedulously. Now and again the Berber or Kabyle words with which the manuscript was sprinkled gave him trouble, and from time to time he submitted his difficulties to M. Fagnan, "the erudite compiler of the Catalogue of Arabic books and MSS. in the *Bibliothèque Nationale d'Alger*" and other Algerian correspondents. Lady Burton describes her husband's work as "a translation from Arabic manuscripts very difficult to get in the original" with "copious notes and explanations" of Burton's own—the result, indeed, of a lifetime of research. "The first two chapters were a raw translation of the works of Numa Numantius[2] without any annotations at all, or comments of any kind on Richard's part, and twenty chapters, translations of Shaykh el Nafzâwi from Arabic. In fact, it was *all* translation, except the annotations on the Arabic work."[3] Thus Burton really translated only Chapters i. to xx., or one-half of the work. But it is evident from his remarks on the last day of his life that he considered the work finished with the exception of the pumice-polishing; and from this, one judges that he was never able to obtain a copy of the 21st Chapter. Lady Burton's statement and this assumption are corroborated by a conversation which the writer had with Mr. John Payne in the autumn of 1904. "Burton," said Mr. Payne, "told me again and again that in his eyes the unpardonable defect of the Arabic text of *The Scented Garden* was that it altogether omitted the subject upon which he had for some years bestowed special study." If Burton had been acquainted with the Arabic text of the 21st Chapter he, of course, would not have made that complaint; still, as his letters show, he was aware that such a

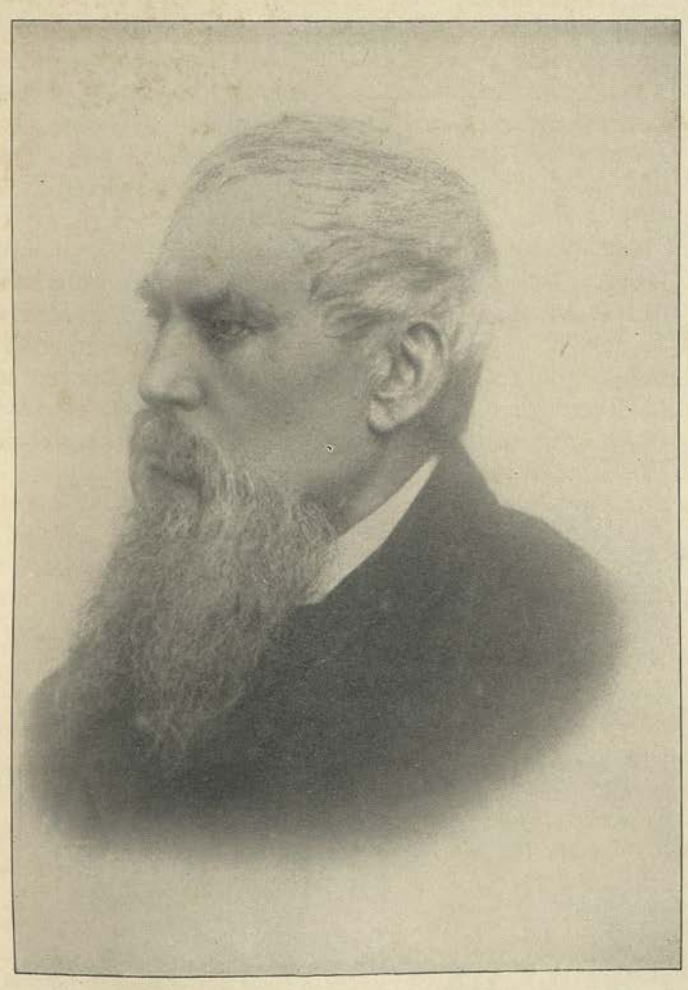
(1) *Life*, by Lady Burton, ii., 441.

(2) The pen name of Carl Ulrichs.

(3) *Life*, by Lady Burton, ii., 444.

manuscript existed. Having complained to Mr. Payne in the way referred to respecting the contents of *The Scented Garden*, Burton continued, "Consequently, I have applied myself to remedy this defect by collecting all manner of tales and of learned material of Arab origin bearing on my special study, and I have been so successful that I have thus trebled the original manuscript." Thus, as in the case of *The Arabian Nights*, the annotations were to have no particular connection with the text. Quite two-thirds of these notes consisted of matter of this sort.

Mr. Payne protested again and again against the whole scheme, and on the score that Burton had given the world quite enough of this kind of information in the *Nights*. But the latter could not see with his friend. He insisted on the enormous anthropological and historical importance of these notes—and that the world would be the loser were he to withold them; in fact, his whole mind was absorbed in the subject.



SIR RICHARD BURTON,

ABOUT 1888.

CHAPTER XXXV

15TH OCTOBER 1888 TO 21ST JULY 1890

WORKING AT THE "CATULLUS" AND "THE SCENTED GARDEN"

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

78. Catullus translated 1890, printed 1894.
79. The Golden Ass and other works left unfinished.

From London the Burtons proceeded first to Boulogne where Sir Richard visited the haunts of his early manhood and called upon his old fencing master, Constantin, who was hale and well, though over eighty; and then to Geneva, where he delivered before the local Geographical Society what proved to be his last public lecture. From Geneva he wrote several letters to Mr. Payne. In that of November 21st, his mind running on the *Bandello*, he says, "You would greatly oblige me by jotting down when you have a moment to spare the names of reverends and ecclesiastics who have written and printed facetious books.[1] In English I have Swift and Sterne; in French Rabelais, but I want one more, also two in Italian and two in German."

162. Switzerland 15th October 1888.

In reply, Mr. Payne sent him some twenty or thirty names in half a dozen literatures. From Geneva the Burtons made their way first to Vevey, where Sir Richard revelled in its associations with Ludlow, the English regicide, and Rousseau; and then to Lausanne for the sake of his great hero, Edward Gibbon; and on 12th March (1889) they were back again at Trieste.

(1) There is an article on Clerical Humorists in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1845.

Writing to Mr. A. G. Ellis on May 8th, Burton enquires respecting some engravings in the Museum brought over from Italy by the Duke of Cumberland, and he finishes humorously with, "What news of Mr. Blumhardt? And your fellow-sufferer from leather emanations, the Sanskritist?"[1]—an allusion to the Oriental Room, under which, in those days, was the book-binding department.

163. Mr. Letchford, August and September 1889.

In July, for Burton found it impossible to content himself long in any place, the Burtons made another journey, this time through Western Austria, being accompanied as usual by Dr. Baker and Lisa. After their return, on September 13th, it was necessary for Burton to undergo two operations; and Lady Burton, racked with anxiety and fearing the worst, seemed, when all was successfully over, to have recovered from a horrible nightmare. Then followed acquaintance with the gifted young artist, Mr. Albert Letchford, and his beautiful and winning sister, Daisy. Mr. Letchford became the Burtons' Court Painter, as it were—frequently working in their house—and both he and his sister admired—nay, worshipped Sir Richard down to the ground. Even as a child, Albert Letchford was remarkable for his thoughtful look, and his strong sense of beauty. In church one day he begged his mother to let him run home and get his little sword, as there was such an ugly woman there and he wished to cut her head off. As a youth he drew and studied from morning to night, living in a world of his own creation—a world of books and pictures. His letters were those of a poet and an artist. Beauty of the mind, however, attracted him even more than beauty of the body. Thus, he fell in love with his cousin Augusta, "though she had the toothache, and her head tied up in a handkerchief." At seventeen he studied art in Venice. From Venice he went to Florence, where he met the Burtons and got from them introductions to all the best people, including the Countess Orford and Mlle. de la Ramée (Ouida). We then find him

(1) Mr. Bendall.

in Paris, in London, in Egypt, where he acquired that knowledge of the East which helped him later when he illustrated *The Arabian Nights*. Finally he settled at Trieste. "That wonderful man, Sir Richard Burton, with the eyes of a tiger and the voice of an angel," writes Miss Letchford, "loved my brother, for he found something more in him than in others—he found a mind that could understand his own, and he often said that Mr. Albert Letchford was about the only man that he was pleased to see—the only one who never jarred on his nerves. To him did Sir Richard, proud and arrogant to most people, open his soul, and from his lips would come forth such enchanting conversation—such a wonderful flow of words and so marvellous in sound that often I have closed my eyes and listened to him, fancying, thus—that some wonderful learned angel had descended from Heaven unto Earth."

Among the friends of the Burtons was the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, who with her husband became one of Letchford's best patrons. The princess won Sir Richard's heart by her intelligence, her beauty and grace; and "his conversation was never so brilliant, his witticisms were never so sparkling as in her presence." One day another princess—a foolish, vain woman—after making a number of insipid remarks, shook hands with Sir Richard, lifting high her arm and elbow in the fashion which was then just coming into vogue, but which has now lost acceptance.[1] Sir Richard, while giving her his right hand, quietly with his left put down her arm and elbow. The princess turned scarlet, but she never after practised "the high shake." Miss Letchford sums up Lady Burton as "a most beautiful and charming woman, with many lovely ideas, but many foolish ones." Unfortunately she was guided entirely by her confessor, a man of small mental calibre. One of the confessor's ideas was to convert Sir Richard by dropping small charms into his pockets. Sir Richard

[1] On the Continent it was called "The Prince of Wales shake."

got quite used to finding these little images about him; but they invariably made their way out of the window into the garden.. One of Lady Burton's little failings was the fear lest anybody should come to the house in order to steal, and the servants had special commands to admit none who did not look "a perfect gentleman or lady," with the result that one day they slammed the door in the face of the Archduke Louis Salvator, simply because he did not happen to have a card with him. After that Lady Burton's orders were less strict.

Mr. Letchford's paintings include views of the neighbourhood, a portrait of Burton which was exhibited in the Stanley Gallery, and a full-length portrait of Burton fencing,[1] but he is best known by his series of illustrations to *The Arabian Nights*.

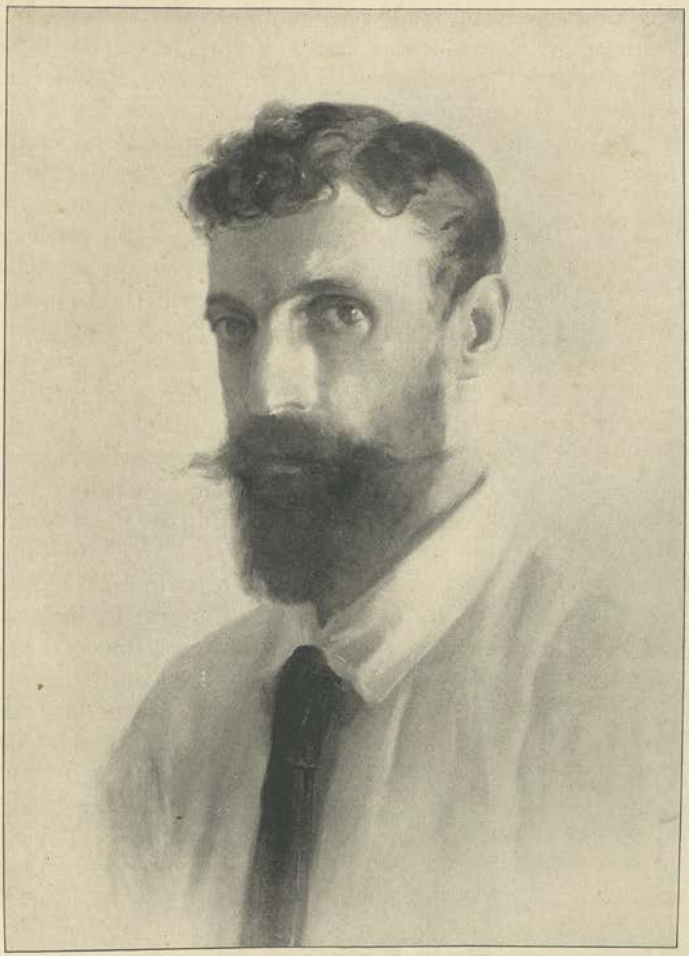
164. To Dr. Tuckey.

On April 24th we find Burton writing to thank Dr. Charles Tuckey for the gift of a copy of his *Psycho-Therapeutics*. "An old pupil of Dr. Elliotson,"[2] he says, "I am always interested in these researches, and welcome the appearance of any addition to our scanty knowledge of an illimitable field. Suggestion (what a miserable name!) perfectly explains the stigmata of St. Francis and others without preter-natural assistance, and the curative effect of a dose of Koran (a verset written upon a scrap of paper, and given like a pill of p.q.). I would note that the "Indian Prince"[3] was no less a personage than Ranjit Singh, Rajah of the Punjab, that the burial of the Fakir was attested by his German surgeon-general, and that a friend and I followed Colonel Boileau's example in personally investigating the subject of vivi-sepulture. In p. 10: The throngs of pilgrims to Mecca never think of curing anything but their 'souls,'

(1) It is now in the Public Library, Camberwell.

(2) John Elliotson (1791—1868. Physician and mesmerist. One always connects his name with Thackeray's *Pendennis*.

(3) A reference to a passage in Dr. Tuckey's book.



MR. ALBERT LETCHFORD.

FROM A PAINTING DONE BY HIMSELF.

MISS DAISY LETCHFORD.

From a photograph by E. Majorana & Fighlio, Trieste.

and the pilgrimage is often fatal to their bodies. I cannot but take exception to such terms as 'psychology,' holding the soul (an old Egyptian creation unknown to the early Hebrews) to be the ego of man, what differentiates him from all other men, in fact, like the 'mind,' not a thing but a state or condition of things. I rejoice to see Braid[1] duly honoured and think that perhaps a word might be said of 'Electro-biology,' a term ridiculous as 'suggestion' and more so. But Professor Yankee Stone certainly produced all the phenomena you allude to by concentrating the patient's sight upon his 'Electro-magnetic disc'—a humbug of copper and zinc, united, too. It was a sore trial to Dr. Elliotson, who having been persecuted for many years wished to make trial in his turn of a little persecuting—a disposition not unusual."[2]

In a letter to Mr. W. F. Kirby, 15th May 1889, Burton, after referring to a translation of the *Kalevala*,[3] upon which Mr. Kirby was then engaged, says:

165. To Mr. Kirby 15th May 1889.

"We shall not be in England this year. I cannot remove myself so far from my books, and beside, I want a summer in Austria, probably at Closen or some place north of Vienna. We had a long ten months' holiday and must make up for time lost. *The Scented Garden* is very hard work, and I have to pay big sums to copyists and so forth. Yet it will, I think, repay the reader. What a national disgrace is this revival of Puritanism with its rampant cant and ignoble hypocrisy! I would most willingly fight about it, but I don't see my way." Writing again on 6th November (1889) he says, "I like very much your idea of visiting Sweden in the interests of the *Kalevala*. Perhaps you might date the Preface from that part of the world. The Natural History of *The Nights* would be

(1) James Braid (1795—1850) noted for his researches in Animal Magnetism.

(2) See Chapter xxiv, § 112.

(3) The famous Finnish epic, gived to the world in 1835 by Dr. Lönnrot.

highly interesting. Have you heard that Pickering and Chatto, of Haymarket, London, are going to print 100 (photogravure) illustrations of the *Nights*? When last in London I called on them. On Friday week, 15th November, we start upon our winter's trip. From here to Brindisi, await the P. and O., then to Malta (ten days), Tunis (month) Tripoli and Algiers, where I hope at last to see the very last of *The Scented Garden*."

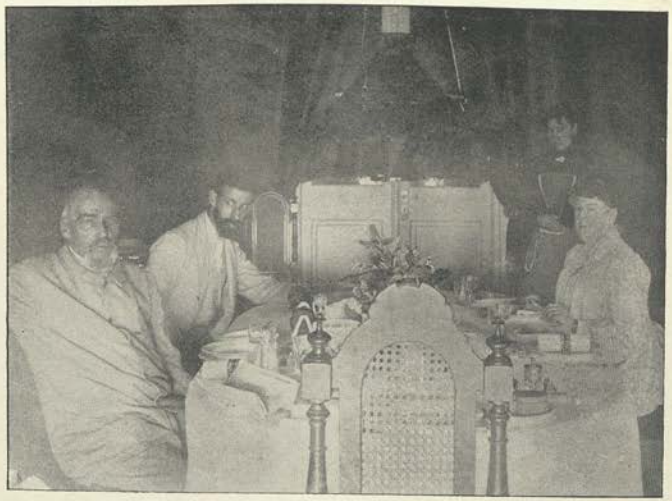
166. Tunis and Algiers, November 1889 to March 1890.

At the time stated, Burton, Lady Burton, Dr. Baker and Lisa took steamer for Brindisi, where they visited Virgil's house, and then made for Malta. On December 20th they were at Tunis, and Sir Richard ransacked the bazaar and button-holed people generally in order to get manuscripts of *The Scented Garden*, but without success. Nobody had ever heard of it.[1] At Carthage he recalled that rosy morning when Dido in "flowered cymar with golden fringe" rode out with Æneas to the hunt, read *Salammbo*, and explored the ruins; but Lady Burton had no eyes for anything but convents, monks and nuns, though she certainly once took Lisa to a harem, where they learnt how to make Tunisian dishes. The biblical appearance of everything reminded Burton of his Damascus days. Seeing a man in a burnous ploughing with oxen and a wooden plough on a plain where there was no background, he said, "Look, there's Abraham!" At Constantine, Sir Richard and Lady Burton celebrated their 29th, and as it proved, their last wedding day. With Algiers, the next stopping place, which boasted a cardinal's Moorish palace and a Museum, Burton was in ecstasies, and said he wanted to live there always; but in less than three weeks he was anxious to get as far away from it as possible.

From Algiers he wrote to Mr. Payne (28th January 1890). After recording his failure to obtain manuscripts of *The Scented Garden* at Tunis he says: "To-day I am

(1) Letter to Mr. Payne, 28th January 1890.

SIR RICHARD BURTON TRANSLATING
"THE SCENTED GARDEN," 1890.



SIR RICHARD AND LADY BURTON AND
MR. ALBERT LETCHFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. BAKER.

to see M. Macarthy, of the Algiers Bibliothèque Musée; but I am by no means sanguine. This place is a Paris after Tunis and Constantine, but like all France (and Frenchmen) in modern days dirty as ditchwater. The old Gaulois is dead and damned, politics and money getting have made the gay nation stupid as Paddies. In fact the world is growing vile and bête, *et vivent les Chinois!*[1] A new Magyar irruption would do Europe much good."

In a letter to Mr. A. G. Ellis, dated 12th February, 1890, he refers to the anecdote of the famous Taymor al Wahsh, who, according to a Damascus tradition, played polo with the heads of his conquered enemies. "Every guide book," he continues, "mentions my Lord Iron's nickname 'The Wild Beast,' and possibly the legend was invented by way of comment. He drove away all the Persian swordsmiths, and from his day no 'Damascus blade' has been made at Damascus. I have found these French colonies perfectly casual and futile. The men take months before making up their minds to do anything. A most profligate waste of time! My prime object in visiting Tunis was to obtain information concerning *The Scented Garden*, to consult MSS. &c. After a month's hard work I came upon only a single copy, the merest compendium, lacking also Chapter 21, my chief want. From this place we go Saturday next to Hammam Righah (the absurd French R'irha) for a week or ten days [for the sake of the baths] then return to Algiers, steam for Marseilles and return to Trieste via the Riviera and Northern Italy—a route of which I am dead sick. Let us hope that the untanned leather bindings have spared you their malaria. You will not see me in England next summer, but after March 19th 1891, I shall be free as air to come and go." At Hammam R'irha, Burton began in earnest his translation of *Catullus*, and for weeks he was immersed in it night and day. The whole of the journey was a pleasurable one, or would have been, but

[1] As ingrained clingers to red tape and immobility.

for the cruelty with which animals were treated; and Burton, who detested cruelty in all forms, and had an intense horror of inflicting pain, vented his indignation over and over again against the merciless camel and donkey drivers.

As the party were steaming from Algiers to Toulon, a curious incident occurred. Burton and Dr. Baker having sauntered into the smoke room seated themselves at a table opposite to an old man and a young man who looked like, and turned out to be, an Oxford don. Presently the don, addressing the old man, told him with dramatic gesticulations the venerable story about Burton killing two Arabs near Mecca, and he held out his hand as if he were firing a pistol.

Burton, who had long known that the tale was in circulation but had never before heard anyone relate it as fact, here interrupted with, "Excuse me, but what was the name of that traveller?

"Captain Burton," replied the don, "now Sir Richard Burton."

"I am Burton," followed Sir Richard, "and I remember distinctly every incident of that journey, but I can assure you I do not remember shooting anybody."

At that, the don jumped up, thanked him for giving the story denial, and expressed his happiness at being able to make the great traveller's acquaintance.[1]

On March 26th (1890) a week after his return to Trieste, Burton wrote to Mr. A. G. Ellis: "It is very kind and friendly of you to write about *The Scented Garden* MSS. I really rejoice to hear that you and Mr. Bendall have escaped alive from those ground floor abominations stinking of half rotten leather. I know the two Paris MSS. [of *The Scented Garden*] (one with its blundering name): they are the merest abridgments, both compressing Chapter 21 of 500 pages (Arabic) into a few lines. I must now write to Gotha and Copenhagen in order to

[1] I give the anecdote as told to me by Dr. Baker.

find out if the copies there be in full. Can you tell me what number of pages they contain? Salam to Mr. Bendall, and best wishes to you both. You will see me in England some time after March 19th 1891."

At no work that he had ever written did Sir Richard labour so sedulously as at *The Scented Garden*. Although in feeble health and sadly emaciated, he rose daily at half-past five, and slaved at it almost incessantly till dusk, begrudging himself the hour or two required for meals and exercise. The only luxury he allowed himself while upon his laborious task was "a sip of whiskey," but so engrossed was he with his work that he forgot even that. It was no uncommon remark for Dr. Baker to make: "Sir Richard, you haven't drunk your whiskey." One day, as he and Dr. Baker were walking in the garden he stopped suddenly and said: "I have put my whole life and all my life blood into that *Scented Garden*, and it is my great hope that I shall live by it. It is the crown of my life."

"Has it ever occurred to you, Sir Richard," enquired Dr. Baker, "that in the event of your death the manuscript might be burnt? Indeed, I think it not improbable."

The old man turned to the speaker his worn face and sunken eyes and said with excitement, "Do you think so? Then I will at once write to Arbuthnot and tell him that in the event of my death the manuscript is to be his."

He wrote the letter the same day. Arbuthnot duly received it, and several letters seem to have passed between them on the subject; but we do not know whether Lady Burton was aware of the arrangement. All we can say is that Arbuthnot believed she knew all about it.

It seems to have been at this time that Lady Burton prevailed upon her husband to range himself nominally among the Catholics. "About a year before her death," Mr. T. Douglas Murray writes to me, "Lady Burton showed me a paper of considerable length, *all of it in Sir R.*

Burton's writing and signed by himself, in which he declared that he had lived and would die a Catholic, adhering to all the rites and usages of the Church." [1] Curiously enough, while bringing forward all the evidence she could adduce to prove that Burton was a Christian, Lady Burton makes no reference in her book to this paper. Perhaps it was because Sir Richard continued to gibe at the practices of her church just as much after his "conversion" as before. However, it gratified her to know that if he was not a good Catholic, he was, at any rate, the next best thing—a Catholic. An intimate friend of Burton to whom I mentioned this circumstance observed to me, "I am sure, that Burton never in any way accepted the idea of a personal God; but, rather than be perpetually importuned and worried, he may have pretended to give in to Lady Burton, as one does to a troublesome child."

Lady Burton tells us that during the last few years of his life he used to lock the outer doors of his house twice a day and then engage in private prayer; on the other hand, friends of Burton who knew him and were with him almost to the last have received this statement with scepticism.

Lady Burton's happiness was further increased by the present of a very beautiful oil painting representing the Virgin Mary, done by Miss Emily Baker, Dr. Baker's sister. It was generally known by the Burtons, from the colour of its drapery, as "the Blue Madonna." [2]

167. Visit of Arbuthnot. Last Letter to Mr. Payne, May 1890.

On May 11th Mr. Arbuthnot paid a second visit to Trieste, and the pleasure that the event gave to Sir Richard is reflected in a letter to Mr. Payne written the same month. "At last!" he says, "Arbuthnot has brought the volume [Payne's *Alaeddin*] and the MS. [Zotenberg's MS. of *Zayn al-Asnam* which

[1] Letter of Mr. T. D. Murray to me 24th September 1904. But see Chapter xxxi. This paper must have been signed within three months of Sir Richard's death.

[2] On 28th June 1905, I saw it in the priest's house at Mortlake. There is an inscription at the back.

Burton had lent to Mr. Payne]." He then goes on to say that he has kicked up "an awful shindy with the Athenæum Club," about something, just as if he had not been kicking up awful shindies with all sorts of people ever since his schoolboy days at Tours. "I am delighted," he goes on, "with the volume [Payne's *Alaeddin*] and especially with the ascription,[1] so grateful in its friendly tone. I have read every word with the utmost pleasure We might agree to differ about Cazotte.[2] I think you are applying to 1750 the moralities of 1890. Arbuthnot's visit has quite set me up, like a whiff of London in the Pontine marshes of Trieste. He goes to-day, d—— the luck! but leaves us hopes of meeting during the summer in Switzerland or thereabouts. He is looking the picture of health and we shall return him to town undamaged. Best of good fortune to *Bandello*." [3]

Burton and Arbuthnot had spent many a delightful hour sitting out on Burton's verandah, smoking, listening to the nightingales, and enjoying sea and landscape. It must not be supposed that erotic literature was the only subject upon which they conversed, though as hierarchs of the Kama Shastra Society they naturally bestowed upon that and curious learning considerable attention. Religion was also discussed, and Arbuthnot's opinions may be gathered from the following citation from his unpublished *Life of Balzac* which is now in my hands. "The great coming struggle of the 20th century," he says, "will be the war between Religion and Science. It will be a war to the death, for if Science wins it will do away with the personal God of the Jews, the Christians and the Muhammedans, the childish doctrine or dogma of future rewards and punishments, and everything connected with the supernatural. It will be shown that

(1) *Alaeddin* was prefaced by a poetical dedication to Burton "Twelve years this day,—a day of winter dreary," etc.

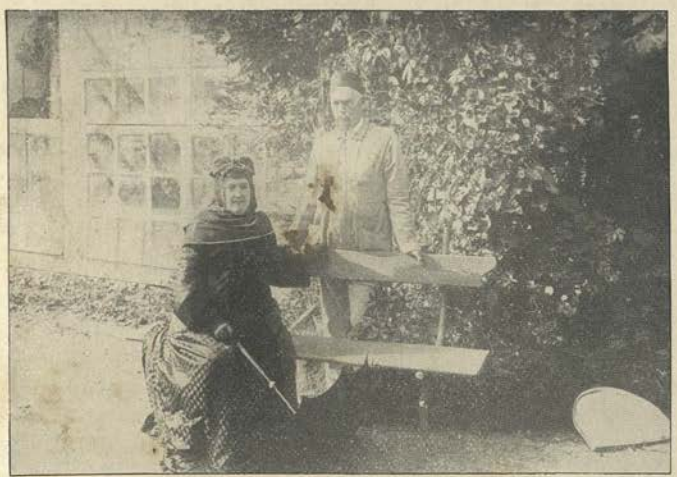
(2) See Chapter xxxiii., § 156. Payne had declared that Cazotte's tales "are for the most part rubbish."

(3) Mr. Payne's translation of *The Novels of Matteo Bandello*, six vols. Published in 1890.

Law reigns supreme. The police representing Law and Order will be of more importance than the clergy. Even now we might do away with the latter, everybody becoming his own priest—a great economy. None of us knows what happens to us after death, all we can do is to hope for the best, and follow the three great Laws, viz., 1. Instruct your mind. 2. Preserve your health. 3. Moderate your passions and desires." Thus spake the Founder of the Kama Shastra Society.

On May 15th, Burton told Mr. Kirby all about the Algiers trip. "Plenty to see and do," he says, "but I was not lucky about my MS. *The Scented Garden.* No one seemed to know anything about it. Never advise any one to winter in Algiers. All the settled English are selling their villas. French mismanagement beats ours holler, and their hate and jealousy of us makes their colonies penal settlements to us. We stay here [at Trieste] till the weather drives us away—about the end of June." The letter concludes with kindly enquiries respecting Professor Bendall,[1] Mr. A. G. Ellis and Dr. Kirby (Mr. Kirby's son).

[1] Now Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge.

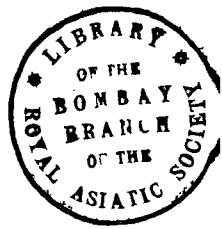


SIR RICHARD AND LADY BURTON IN THE GARDEN AT TRIESTE, 1890.

PHOTO BY DR. BAKER.

SIR RICHARD AND LADY BURTON IN THE GARDEN AT TRIESTE, 1890.

FROM A BROKEN NEGATIVE. PHOTO BY DR. BAKER.



CHAPTER XXXVI

"THE PRIAPEIA"

BIBLIOGRAPHY:
80. Priapeia. 1890.

The share that Sir Richard Burton had in the translation of the *Priapeia* has been the subject of dispute; but we are able to state positively that he was the author of the metrical portion. Indeed, he made no secret of it among his intimates. For some reason or other, however, he did not wish to have his name publicly associated with it; so the following passage was inserted in the preface: "The name of Sir Richard Burton has been inadvertently connected with the present work. It is, however, only fair to state that under the circumstances he distinctly disclaims having taken any part in the issue." We have no other ground for the assumption, but this passage seems to point to a quarrel of some kind. It certainly does not alter the fact that every page bears evidence of Burton's hand. The preface then goes on to say that "a complete and literal translation of the works of Catullus, on the same lines and in the same format as the present volume, is now in preparation." A letter, however, written[1] by Burton to Mr. W. F. Kirby, sets the matter entirely at rest. "I am at present," he says, "engaged in translating the *Priapeia*, Latin verse, which has never appeared in English, French or German garb; it will have the merit of novelty."

168. *The Priapeia.*

The *Priapeia*, in its Latin form *Priapeia sive Diversorum poetarum in Priapum Lusus*, is a work that has long been

[1] 6th November 1889.

well known to scholars, and in the 16th and 17th centuries editions were common. The translation under consideration is entitled "*Priapeia, or the Sportive Epigrams of divers Poets on Priapus:* the Latin text now for the first time Englished in verse and prose (the metrical version by Outidanos) [Good for Nothing], with Introduction, Notes, Explanatory and Illustrative and Excursus, by Neaniskos [a young man]," whose name, we need hardly say, is no secret.

The image of Priapus, the god of fruitfulness, was generally a grotesque figure made of rough wood painted red and carrying a gardener's knife and a cornucopia. Placed in a garden it was supposed to be a protection against thieves. "In the earliest ages," observes the writer of the preface, "the worship of the generative energy was of the most simple and artless character . . . the homage of man to the Supreme Power, the Author of Life. . . . Afterwards the cult became depraved. Religion became a pretext for libertinism." Poets wrote facetious and salacious epigrams and affixed them to the statues of the god—even the greatest writers lending their pens to the "sport"—and eventually some nonentity collected these scattered verses and made them into a book. Everybody knows Catullus's contribution, which begins:

> "A log of oak, some rustic's blade
> Hewed out my shape; grotesquely made
> I guard this spot by night and day,
> Scare every vagrant knave away,
> And save from theft and rapine's hand
> My humble master's cot and land."

The chief complaint to be made against the writers of these verses is that they so rarely strayed from their subject. The address entitled "A Word to the Reader," is padded with citations from Burton's Camoens and his *Supplemental Nights*, including the well-known passage concerning his estimate of a translator's office,[1] and the whole work bears evidence of extreme haste. We are

[1] Lib. Ed., vol. xii., p. 226.

assured that it will be " most interesting to anthropologists and humanists."

Burton, as we have seen, had commenced his translation of Catullus, 18th February 1890, at Hammam R'irha. He finished the first rough copy at Trieste March 31st, and commenced a second copy on May 23rd. " He would bring his Latin Catullus," says Lady Burton, " down to the table d'hôte with him, and he used to come and sit by me, but the moment he got a person on the other side who did not interest him he used to whisper to me " Talk, that I may do my Catullus." " Sir Richard," says Mr. Leonard Smithers, upon whom had devolved the task of making the prose translation that was to accompany it, " laid great stress on the necessity of thoroughly annotating each translation from an erotic and especially pederastic point of view." (1)

169. Catullus and the Last Trip, July—September 1890.

On July 1st the Burtons, accompanied as usual by Dr. Baker, Lisa and the magpie trunk, set out on what proved to be their last trip—a journey through the Tyrol and Switzerland. They arrived at Zurich just in time for " the great Schiefs-Stätte fête, the most important national function of Switzerland," which was held that year at the neighbouring town of Frauenfeld. Seven thousand pounds had been set aside for prizes for shooting, and forty thousand persons were present. Next day there was a grand Consular dinner, to which Burton was invited. Dr. Baker having expressed regret that he also had not been included, Burton remarked, " Oh, I'll manage it. Write a letter for me and decline." So a letter was written to the effect that as Sir Richard Burton made it a rule not to go anywhere without his medical attendant he was obliged to decline the honour, &c., &c. Presently, as had been expected, came another invitation with Dr. Baker's name added. Consequently they went, and a very grand dinner it proved—lasting, by Lady Burton's computation, six hours on end. At St. Moritz-Kulm,

(1) See Introduction by Mr. Smithers.

and often after, they met Canon Wenham of Mortlake, with whom both Sir Richard and Lady Burton had long been on terms of friendship.

At Davos they found John Addington Symonds, and at Maloja Mr. Francis R. S. Wyllie, Mr. and Mrs. (Sir and Lady) Squire Bancroft, the Rev. Dr. Welldon and Mr. and Mrs. (Sir and Lady) Henry Stanley. Mrs. Stanley, apparently at Lady Burton's suggestion, took a sheet of paper and wrote on it, "I promise to put aside all other literature, and, as soon as I return to Trieste, to write my autobiography." Then doubling the paper she asked for Burton's autograph; and her request having been complied with, she showed him what he had put his hand to. The rest of the company signed as witnesses.

170. At Maloja, July 1890.

For some days, though it was early autumn, the party was snow-bound, and Burton relieved the wearisomeness of the occasion by relating some of his adventures. Mrs. Bancroft told him many amusing stories as they walked together in a sheltered covered way.

"He had interested me so greatly," writes Lady Bancroft to me,[1] "that I felt myself in his debt, and so tried by that means to make it up to him. He laughed heartily at them. Indeed, I never knew anyone who more enjoyed my stories. One morning early I played a practical joke upon him. He politely raised his hat and said: 'I will forgive you, dear friend, on one condition. Play the same trick on Stanley when he comes down and I will watch.' I agreed, and fortunately brought down my second bird. Both victims forgave me. One day I posed the Burtons, the Stanleys, Captain Mounteney Jephson (Stanley's friend and companion), with Salah (Stanley's black servant) for a photograph, which was taken by a young clergyman. I have the delightful result in my possession. I remember on a splendid morning, when the weather had mended and the sun was dancing over a neighbouring glacier, my husband saying to

[1] 11th July 1905.

SIR RICHARD BURTON.

FROM A BROKEN NEGATIVE. TAKEN JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH, 1890.

the black boy, 'Salah, isn't this a lovely day—don't you like to see the beautiful sun again?' 'No, sir,' was the answer, 'ice make him cold.' Both Stanley and Sir Richard interested me more than I can say; they were wonderful personalities, and those were, indeed, happy days."

Almost every day during the trip Sir Richard brought the Catullus to the *table d'hôte*, and on 21st July he had finished his second copy. He then wrote in the margin. "Work incomplete, but as soon as I receive Mr. Smithers' prose, I will fill in the words I now leave in stars, in order that we may not use the same expressions, and I will then make a third, fair and complete copy."[1] During this trip, too, Burton very kindly revised the first half of Dr. Baker's work *The Model Republic*. The second half was revised by John Addington Symonds after Burton's death.

Burton was back again at Trieste on 7th September. He and the magpie trunk were never again to make a journey together. The melancholy fate of the Catullus, which Burton had put aside in order that he might finish *The Scented Garden*, will be recorded in a later chapter.

Another work that Burton left unfinished was a translation of *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius—a work known to Englishmen chiefly by Bohn's edition,[2] and the renderings of the episode of Cupid and Psyche by Adlington and Walter Pater (in *Marius the Epicurean*). The manuscript of Burton's translation is now in the possession of M. Charles Carrington, the Paris publisher, who is arranging for its completion by a competent hand. The portions due to Burton will, of course, be indicated. These consist of "The Author's Intent," about two pages small 4to;

171. *The Golden Ass.*

(1) We quote Lady Burton. Mr. Smithers, however, seems to have doubted whether Burton really did write this sentence. See his Preface to the *Catullus*.

(2) A Translation by Francis D. Bryne appeared in 1905.

nearly all the story of Cupid and Psyche ; and fragments of Books 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10 and 11.[1]

On 30th September Burton wrote again to Mr. W. F. Kirby. "Your collaboration," he says, "has been most valuable to me. Your knowledge of Folk Lore is not only ample, it is collected and controlled by the habit of accuracy which Science gives and which I find in all your writings upon imaginative subjects. . . . Let me hope that new scenes will not cause you to forget old subjects, and remind you of the infinite important fact that I am a subscriber to the *Kalevala*.

(1) I am indebted to M. Carrington for these notes.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DEATH OF SIR RICHARD BURTON

As we have seen, Burton had for some months shown signs of bodily decay; and he now daily grew weaker. His eyes, though still fierce and penetrating, were sunk into hollow cavities. His body was emaciated, his hands were thin to transparency, his voice was sometimes inarticulate, and he could hardly walk without support. Still, there seemed no immediate cause for anxiety, and, as will be seen from the following letter[1] (15th October 1890) to Mr. David MacRitchie, he was busy evolving new plans, including a visit to Greece, to be made in the company of Dr. Schliemann,[2] the archæologist. "In the spring of next year (Inshallah!) there will be a total disruption of my Lares and Penates. I shall be 'retired for age,' and leave Trieste for ever with my mental eye upon a flat in London which can be locked up at a moment's notice when the renter wants to go abroad. Meanwhile we are off to Athens about mid-November. All luck to the [Gypsy] Society." On the same day he wrote to Mr. W. F. Kirby: "Excuse post-card. We have no secrets. Please don't forget to keep me *au courant* of your movements in re Jan., &c. We shall not be in London before early September 1891, I imagine, but then it will be for good." Elsewhere he says, almost in the words of Ovid, "My earnest wish is somehow to depart from these regions." He was to depart, very soon, but in a manner little expected.

172. Death. 20th October 1890.

(1) Unpublished.

(2) Dr. Schliemann died 27th December, 1890.

Sir Richard as we have noticed, would never say "Good-bye." It was always "Au revoir." One day in this October Miss Letchford went to see him with her little sister. It was tea-time, but Lady Burton was in another room with a visitor. Never had he appeared so bright or affectionate. He laughed and joked and teased the child and would not let them go for two hours. At last he shook hands and said, "Come and see me again very soon. I like you and your sister.——Good-bye, Daisy." "I was so startled," comments Miss Letchford, "by that 'Good-bye' that a shiver passed over me. I felt at that moment that I should never see him again." Two days later Mr. Albert Letchford called on Sir Richard, who seemed fairly well, but he remarked "The good Switzerland did me ended this evening."

Dr. Baker, though himself just then a great sufferer from neuralgic headache, watched with anxious solicitude over his patient. On the last day of his life Sir Richard seemed better than usual, and all the household remarked his excellent spirits. It was Sunday October 19th. After returning from mass and communion at eight in the morning Lady Burton found him engaged upon the last page of the twentieth chapter of *The Scented Garden*.[1] The work was therefore almost half done. She kissed him, and he said "To-morrow I shall have finished this, and then I will begin our biography." She commented "What a happiness that will be!" Her mind, however, was not quite at ease that morning, for a bird had pecked for the third time at a window that was never opened, and Sir Richard remarked "This is a sign of death."

The day was fine, and after breakfast Burton took his usual two hours' walk with Dr. Baker. On the way out through the garden he noticed a robin drowning in the basin of a fountain.[2] At his request Dr. Baker rescued it, and Burton, opening his coat and vest—for he

[1] Not the last page of the *Scented Garden*, as she supposed (see *Life*, vol. ii., p. 410), for she tells us in the *Life* (vol. ii., p. 444) that the MS. consisted of only 20 chapters.

[2] Told me by Dr. Baker.

never wore a waistcoat—warmed the bird at his breast, and then carried it to the house to be cared for by the porter. The incident carries us back to those old days at Tours, when, as a boy, he often laid himself out to revive unfortunate birds and small beasts. In the afternoon he wrote some letters and discussed gaily the proposed visit to Greece. They dined at half-past seven, and talked and laughed as usual, though Burton seemed tired. As usual, too, he shocked his wife by jesting about scapularies and other sacred things, but the conversation ran chiefly on General Booth's scheme for relieving the Submerged Tenth; and Burton, who entered into the subject with zest, observed: "When you and I get to England and are quite free we will give our spare time to that."[1]

In the course of the day Mrs. Victoria Maylor came in with the manuscript of *The Scented Garden* and the copy of it which she had made for the printers;[2] and from this we may deduce that Sir Richard intended to go to press at once with the first twenty chapters of the work. He may have intended to publish the twenty-first chapter later as a second volume. At half-past nine he retired to his bedroom. Lady Burton then repeated "the night prayers to him," and while she was speaking "a dog," to use her own words, "began that dreadful howl which the superstitious regard as the harbinger of death."

After prayers, Burton asked for "chou-chou;" she gave him a paper-covered copy in two volumes of the *Martyrdom of Madeline*[3] by Robert Buchanan, and he lay in bed reading it. At midnight he complained of pain in his foot, but said he believed it was only a return of the gout—the "healthy gout," which troubled him about every three months.

(1) *Life*, ii., 409.

(2) Communicated by Mr. P. P. Cautley, the Vice-Consul of Trieste.

(3) Asher's Collection of English Authors. It is now in the Public Library at Camberwell.

"Let me call Dr. Baker," said Lady Burton.

"No," replied Sir Richard, "don't disturb him; poor fellow, he has been in frightful pain with his head; and has at last got a little sleep."

At four, however, Lady Burton paid no heed to her husband's remonstrances, but called up Dr. Baker, who, however, saw no cause for alarm, and after administering some medicine he returned to bed. Half an hour later Burton complained that there was no air, and Lady Burton, again thoroughly alarmed, rose to call in Dr. Baker once more.

Although Burton was then dying, he said, "Poor chap, don't disturb him."

But Lady Burton instantly summoned Dr. Baker, who on entering pronounced the situation grave. Lady Burton at once roused the servants and sent in all directions for a priest; while, assisted by Dr. Baker and Lisa, she "tried every remedy and restorative," but in vain.

"Oh, Puss," cried Burton, "chloroform—ether—quick!"

"My darling," replied Lady Burton in anguish, "Dr. Baker says it would kill you. He is doing everything possible."

His breathing then became laboured, and after a brief struggle for air he cried, "I am dying, I am dead." Lady Burton held him in her arms, but he got heavier, and presently became insensible. Dr. Baker applied an electric battery to the heart, and Lady Burton kneeling at the bedside, and holding her husband's hand, prayed her "heart out to God to keep his soul there (though he might be dead in appearance) till the priest arrived." But it was in vain. The priest, a Slavonian, named Pietro Martelani, came in about half-past six. We may regret what followed, but no one would judge harshly the actions of an agonised woman. Pity for human suffering must drown all other feelings. The priest looked at the dead but warm body and asked whether there was still any life. That the heart and pulse had ceased to beat,

SIR RICHARD BURTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST AFTER HIS DEATH BY DR. BAKER, 20TH OCTOBER, 1890.

MRS. VICTORIA MAYLOR.

From a photograph by Sebastianutti & Benque, Trieste.

Lady Burton herself afterwards admitted to her relations, but deceiving herself with the belief that life still continued in the brain, she cried: "He is alive, but I beseech you, lose not a moment, for the soul is passing away."

"If," said the Priest, "he is a Protestant, he cannot receive the Holy Sacrament in this way."

Lady Burton having declared that her husband "had abjured the heresy and belonged to the Catholic Church," the priest at once administered "the last comforts."

It was certainly a kind of consolation to the poor lady to feel that her husband had not departed unhouselled; but it is equally evident that her mind had given way, for the scenes that presently followed can be explained only on this assumption.[1]

Dr. Baker at once sent a brief note to Mr. Letchford. Singularly enough the night before—that is the terrible Sunday night—Miss Daisy Letchford experienced "a strange instance of telepathy." "My brother," she says, "had gone out, and I waited alone for him. Suddenly I fancied I heard footsteps in the passage and stopping at the door of the room where I was reading. I felt drops of cold sweat on my forehead. I was afraid, yet I knew that no one was about at that time of the night. The door opened slowly, and I felt the impression of some one looking at me. I dared not raise my eyes. The footsteps seemed to approach. In a fit of fear I looked up and saw Sir Richard standing before me. He started, waved his hand and disappeared. Early in the morning came a ring at the bell. I jumped out of bed and burst into tears as I said, 'This is to tell us that Sir Richard is dead.' At that moment the maid brought in the letter for my brother from Dr. Baker. I ran with it into his room. 'Albert, Albert,' I cried, 'Sir Richard is dead.' He opened the letter. It was only too true.

The same morning, Mr. P. P. Cautley, the Vice Consul, was called up to the house.

[1] She herself says almost as much in the letters written during this period. See Chapter xxxix., § 177. Letters to Mrs. E. J. Burton.

The undertaker, who was already there, asked in Mr. Cautley's presence to what religion Sir Richard belonged.

Turning to Mr. Cautley, Lady Burton asked: "What religion shall I say?"

"Tell him Sir Richard's true religion," replied Mr. Cautley.[1]

She then said, "Catholic."

"But!" interjected Mr. Cautley.

"YES," followed Lady Burton, "he was a Catholic."

Lady Burton still nursed the hope that Sir Richard was not quite dead. There was life in the brain, she persisted in saying. Would he revive? "For forty-eight hours," she tells us, "she knelt watching him." She could not shed a tear. Then she "had the ulnar nerve opened and strong electricity applied *to make sure of his death.*"

Some months after, when her mind had regained its equilibrium, she observed to Major St. George Burton.[2] "To a Protestant, Dick's reception into the Holy Church must seem meaningless and void. He was dead before extreme unction was administered; and my sole idea was to satisfy myself that he and I would be buried according to the Catholic rites and lie together *above* ground in the Catholic cemetery. He was not strictly received, for he was dead, and the formula *Si es capax*, &c., saved the priest's face and satisfied the church." When mortification began to set in, the body, which was found to be covered with scars, the witnesses of a hundred fights, was embalmed, laid out in uniform, and surrounded with candles and wreaths. "He looked so sweet," says Lady Burton, "such an adorable dignity, like a sleep."[3] Behind the bed still hung the great map of Africa. On his breast Lady Burton had placed a crucifix, and he still wore the steel chain and the "Blessed Virgin Medal," which she had given him just before the Tanganyika journey.

(1) See Chapter xxxi.

(2) Letters of Major St. George Burton to me, March 1905.

(3) Unpublished letter to Miss Stisted.

Priests, pious persons, and children from the orphanage of St. Joseph, in which Lady Burton had taken so much interest, watched and prayed, recited the office for the dead, and sang hymns."

There were three distinct funerals at Trieste, and there was to be another nine months onward in England. All that can be said is that Lady Burton seemed to draw comfort from pageantry and ceremonial that to most mourners would have been only a long-drawn agony.

The procession was a royal one. The coffin was covered with the Union Jack, and behind it were borne on a cushion Burton's order and medals. Then followed a carriage with a pyramid of wreaths, and lastly, the children of St. Joseph's orphanage, a regiment of infantry and the governor and officials of Trieste. Every flag in the town was half-mast high, multitudes thronged the streets, and every window and balcony was crowded. Every head was uncovered. The procession wound its way from the Palazzo Gosleth down the declivity into the city under a bright sun pouring down its full beams, and so onward through the serried masses of spectators to the cemetery." Writing to Lady Stisted,[1] Lady Burton says "I did not have him buried, but had a private room in the cemetery [a "*chapelle ardente*"] consecrated (with windows and doors on the ground floor) above ground where I can go and sit with him every day. He had three church services performed over him, and 1,100 masses said for the repose of his soul." "For the man," commented the profane, "who, in his own words, 'protested against the whole business,' perhaps 1,001 masses would not have been enough." In an oration delivered in the Diet of Trieste, Dr. Cambon called him an intrepid explorer, a gallant soldier, an honour to the town of Trieste." The whole press of the world rang with his praises. The noble tribute paid to his memory by Algernon C. Swinburne has often been quoted:

(1) Unpublished letter.

"While England sees not her old praise dim,
While still her stars through the world's night swim,
A fame outshining her Raleigh's fame,
A light that lightens her loud sea's rim:
Shall shine and sound as her sons proclaim
The pride that kindles at Burton's name,
And joy shall exalt their pride to be
The same in birth if in soul the same."[1]

"Our affairs," Lady Burton tells Lady Stisted, in a heartrending letter,[2] "are so numerous and we belonged to so many things that I have not strength enough to get them carried out before eight weeks, and I *could not* bear to arrive in Xmas holidays, but immediately after they are over, early January, I shall arrive, if I live, and pass through Folkestone on my way to Mortlake with the dear remains to make a tomb there for us two; and you must let me know whether you wish to see me or not.

"I wish to go into a convent for a spiritual retreat for fifteen days, and after that I should like to live very quietly in a retired way in London till God show me what I am to do or, *as I hope*, will *take me also;* and this my belief that I shall go in a few months is my only consolation. As to me, I do not know how anyone can suffer so much and live. While all around me had to go to bed ill, I have had a supernatural strength of soul and body, and have never lost my head for one moment, but I cannot cry a tear. My throat is closed, and I sometimes cannot swallow. My heart swelled to bursting. It must go snap soon, I think. I have not forgotten you, and what it means to you who loved each other so much. I shall save many little treasures for you. His and your father's watch, &c. There are hundreds of telegrams and letters and cards by every post from all parts of the world, and the newspapers are full. The whole civilized world ringing with his praise, and appreciative of his merits—every one deeming it an honour to have known

(1) Verses on the Death of Richard Burton. *The New Review*, Feb. 1891.

(2) Unpublished. Lent me by Mr. Mostyn Pryce.

him. Now it will be felt what we have lost. I shall pass the remainder of my short time in writing his life and you must help me. Best love to dearest Georgy. I will write to her. Your affectionate and desolate Isabel."

To Mr. Arbuthnot, Lady Burton also wrote a very long and pitiful letter.[1] As it records in other words much that has already been mentioned we will quote only a few sentences.

" Dear Mr. Arbuthnot,

" Your sympathy and that of Mrs. Arbuthnot is very precious to me and I answer you both in one. I cannot answer general letters, but you were his best friend. I should like to tell you all if I saw you but I have no heart to write it. . . . I am arranging all his affairs and when finished I bring him to England. . . . I shall be a little slow coming because I have so much to do with his books and MSS., and secondly because the rent is paid to the 24th February and I am too poor to pay two places. Here I cannot separate from his body, and there it will be in the earth. I am so thoroughly stunned that I feel nothing outside, but my heart is crucified. I have lost all in him. You will want to know my plans. When my work is done, say 1st of March, I will go into a long retreat in a convent and will offer myself to a Sister of Charity. I do not think I shall be accepted for my age and infirmities, but will try. . . . The world is for me a dead letter, and can no more touch me. No more joy—no further sorrow can affect me. Dr. Baker is so good to me, and is undertaking my affairs himself as I really cannot care about them now. Love to both. God bless you both for unvarying friendship and kindness. Your affectionate and desolate friend, Isabel Burton.

" I have saved his gold watch-chain as a memorial for *you*."

So passed from human ken the great, noble and learned

(1) Unpublished.

Richard Francis Burton, "wader of the seas of knowledge," "cistern of learning of our globe," "exalted above his age," "opener by his books of night and day," "traveller by ship and foot and horse."[1] No man could have had a fuller life. Of all travellers he was surely the most enthusiastic. What had he not seen? The plains of the Indus, the slopes of the Blue Mountains, the classic cities of Italy, the mephitic swamps of Eastern Africa, the Nilotic cataracts, Brazil, Abeokuta, Iceland, El Dorado—all knew well—him, his star-sapphire, and his congested church service: lands fertile, barren, savage, civilized, utilitarian, dithyrambic. He had worshipped at Mecca and at Salt Lake City. He had looked into the face of Memnon, and upon the rocks of Midian, 'graven with an iron pen,' upon the head waters of the Congo, and the foliate columns of Palmyra; he had traversed the whole length of the Sao Francisco, crossed the Mississippi and the Ganges. Then, too, had not the Power of the Hills been upon him! With what eminence indeed was he not familiar, whether Alp, Cameroon or Himalaya! Nor did he despise the features of his native land. If he had climbed the easy Andes, he had also conquered and looked down from the giddy heights of Hampstead. Because he had grubbed in the Italian Pompeii he did not, on that account, despise the British Uriconium.[2] He ranks with the world's most intrepid explorers—with Columbus, Cabot, Marco Polo, Da Gama and Stanley. Like another famous traveller, he had been "in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness." In the words of his beloved Camoens, he had done

"Deeds that deserve, like gods, a deathless name."[3]

He had lived almost his three score and ten, but, says one of his friends, "in the vigour, the vehemence indeed with which he vented his indignation over any meanness

(1) See Chapter xiv, § 63.

(2) See *The Land of Midian Revisited.* ii., 223, footnote.

(3) *The Lusiads,* Canto ii., Stanza 113.

or wrong, or littleness, he was to the last as youthful as when he visited Mecca and Harar. If, however, the work he did, the hardships he endured, and the amazing amount of learning which he acquired and gave forth to the world are to be taken as any measure of his life, he lived double the term of most ordinary men." Like Ovid, for the parallelism preserved itself to the end, he died in the land of his exile.

"It has been said of him that he was the greatest Oriental scholar England ever had and neglected." He was a mighty writer of books—some fifty works, to say nothing of multitudinous articles in the journals of the learned societies, having proceeded from his pen. If it be conceded that he was wanting in the literary faculty and that not one of his books is entirely satisfactory, it should be borne in mind that he added enormously to the sum of human knowledge. We go to him, not for style, but for facts. Again, if his books are not works of art, they contain, nevertheless, many passages that cling to the memory. Take him as linguist, traveller and anthropologist, he was certainly one of the greatest men that modern England has produced.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

20TH OCTOBER 1890—DECEMBER 1890

THE FATE OF "THE SCENTED GARDEN"

Burton was dead. All that was mortal of him lay cold and motionless in the *chapelle ardente*. But his spirit? The spirits of the departed, can they revisit us? The Roman poet Propertius answers:

173. The Fate of *The Scented Garden*.

"Yes; there *are* ghosts: death ends not all, I ween."

and Lady Burton was just as thoroughly imbued with that belief. Hereby hangs a curious story, now to be told as regards its essentials for the first time; and we may add that Lady Burton particularly wished these essentials to be made public after her decease. (1)

For sixteen days after her husband's death Lady Burton shut herself up in the house in order to examine and classify his manuscripts, pack up books, &c., ready for the journey to England, and "carry out his instructions." To the goodness—the sweetness—of her character we have several times paid tributes. We have spoken of the devotion to her husband which surrounds her with a lambent glory; but we have also shown that she was indiscreet, illiterate,(2) superstitious and impulsive; and that she was possessed of a self-assurance that can only

(1) She impressed them on several of her friends. In each case she said, "I particularly wish you to make these facts as public as possible when I am gone."

(2) We mean illiterate for a per
of this even a cursory glance throu

be described as colossal. We have also shown that her mind was unhinged by her sad trouble. Such, then, was the woman and such the condition of the woman upon whom devolved the duty of considering the manuscripts of one of the most original men of the 19th century. Which of them were valuable and which mere lumber she was quite incapable of judging. Her right course would have been to call in some competent person; but she thought she was competent.

At Lady Burton's request, Mr. Albert Letchford and Miss Letchford had come to stay with her "for the remembrance of the love her husband bore them." It fell to Miss Letchford to sort Sir Richard's clothes and to remove the various trifles from his pockets. She found, among other things, the little canvas bags containing horse-chestnuts which, as we have already noticed, he used "to carry about with him against the Evil Eye —as a charm to keep him from sickness."

Lady Burton now commenced with the manuscripts—and let it be conceded, with the very best intentions. She would have nobody in the room but Miss Letchford. "I helped Lady Burton to sort his books, papers, and manuscripts," says Miss Letchford. "She thought me too young and innocent to understand anything. She did not suspect that often when she was not near I looked through and read many of those MSS. which I bitterly repent not having taken, for in that case the world would not have been deprived of many beautiful and valuable writings. I remember a poem of his written in the style of 'The House that Jack built,' the biting sarcasm of which, the ironical finesse—is beyond anything I have ever read. Many great people still living found their way into these verses. I begged Lady Burton to keep it, but her peasant confessor said 'Destroy it,' so it was burnt along with a hundred other beautiful things." She destroyed valuable papers,[1]

[1] For example, she destroyed Sir Richard's Diaries. Portions of these should certainly have been published.

she carefully preserved and docketed as priceless treasures mere waste paper.[1]

There now remained only the manuscript of *The Scented Garden* and a few other papers. By this time Lady Burton had discovered that Miss Letchford was "not so ignorant as she thought," and when the latter begged her not to destroy *The Scented Garden* she promised that it should be saved; and no doubt, she really intended to save it. Miss Letchford having gone out for the evening, Lady Burton returned again to her task. Her mind was still uneasy about *The Scented Garden*, and she took out the manuscript to examine it. Of the character of the work she had some idea, though her husband had not allowed her to read it. Fifteen hundred persons had promised subscriptions; and she had also received an offer of six thousand guineas for it from a publisher.[2] She took out the manuscript and laid it on the floor, "two large volumes worth."[3] When she opened it she was perfectly bewildered and horrified. The text alone would have staggered her, but, as we have seen, Burton had trebled the size of the book with notes of a certain character. Calming herself, she reflected that the book was written only for scholars and mainly for Oriental students, and that her husband "never wrote a thing from the impure point of view. He dissected a passion from every point of view, as a doctor may dissect a body, showing its source, its origin, its evil, and its good."[4]

Then she looked up, and there, before her, stood her husband just as he had stood in the flesh. He pointed to the manuscript and said "Burn it!" Then he disappeared.

(1) Some of them she incorporated in her "Life" of her husband, which contains at least 60 pages of quotations from utterly worthless documents.

(2) I am told that it is very doubtful whether this was a *bona fide* offer; but Lady Burton believed it to be so.

(3) *Romance of Isabel Lady Burton*, vol. ii., p. 725.

(4) *The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton.*

As she had for years been a believer in spirits, the apparition did not surprise her, and yet she was tremendously excited. "Burn it!" she echoed, "this valuable manuscript? At which he laboured for so many weary hours? Yet, doubtless, it would be wrong to preserve it. Sin is the only rolling stone that gathers moss; what a gentleman, a scholar, a man of the world may write, when living, he would see very differently as a poor soul standing naked before its God, with its good or evil deeds alone to answer for, and their consequences visible to it from the first moment, rolling on to the end of time. Oh, he would cry, for a friend on earth to stop and check them! What would he care for the applause of fifteen hundred men now—for the whole world's praise, and God offended? And yet the book is for students only. Six thousand guineas, too, is a large sum, and I have great need of it."

At this moment the apparition again stood before her, and in a sterner and more authoritative voice said: "Burn it!" and then again disappeared. In her excitement she scarcely knew where she was or what she did. Still she hesitated. Then she soliloquised: "It is his will, and what he wishes shall be done. He loved me and worked for me. How am I going to reward him? In order that my wretched body may be fed and warmed for a few miserable years, shall I let his soul be left out in cold and darkness till the end of time—till all the sins which may be committed on reading those writings have been expiated, or passed away, perhaps, for ever? Nafzâwi, who was a pagan, begged pardon of God and prayed not to be cast into hell fire for having written it, and implored his readers to pray for him to Allah that he would have mercy on him.[1]

(1) Lady Burton, owing to a faulty translation, quite mistook Nafzâwi's meaning. She was thinking of the concluding verse as rendered in the 1886 edition, which runs as follows:—

"I certainly did wrong to put this book together,
But you will pardon me, nor let me pray in vain;
O God! award no punishment for this on judgment day!
And thou, O reader, hear me conjure thee to say, So be it!"

But the 1904 and, more faithful edition puts it very differently. See Chapter xxxiv.

Still she hesitated. "It was his *magnum opus*," she went on, "his last work that he was so proud of, that was to have been finished[1] on the awful morrow that never came. If I burn it the recollection will haunt me to my dying day," and again she turned over the leaves.

Then for the third time Sir Richard stood before her. Again he sternly bade her burn the manuscript, and, having added threatenings to his command, he again disappeared.

By this time her excitement had passed away, and a holy joy irradiated her soul. She took up the manuscript, and then sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling, she burnt it sheet after sheet, until the whole was consumed. As each leaf was licked up by the fire, it seemed to her that "a fresh ray of light and peace" transfused the soul of her beloved husband.

That such were the facts and that the appearance of her husband was not mere hallucination, Lady Burton stiffly maintained until her dying day. She told Mr. T. Douglas Murray[2] that she dared not mention the appearances of her husband in her letter to *The Morning Post*[3] or to her relatives for fear of ridicule. Yet in the *Life* of her husband—almost the closing words—she does give a hint to those who could understand. She says: "Do not be so hard and prosaic as to suppose that our dead cannot, in rare instances, come back and tell us how it is with them."[4]

That evening, when Miss Letchford, after her return, entered Sir Richard's room, she saw some papers still smouldering in the grate. They were all that remained of *The Scented Garden*. On noticing Miss Letchford's

(1) An error, as we have shown.

(2) Mr. T. Douglas Murray, the biographer of Jeanne d'Arc and Sir Samuel Baker, spent many years in Egypt, where he met Burton. He was on intimate terms of friendship with Gordon, Grant, Baker and De Lesseps.

(3) Written in June 1891.

(4) *Life*, ii., p. 450.

reproachful look, Lady Burton said, "I wished his name to live for ever unsullied and without a stain."

Some have regarded this action of Lady Burton's—the destruction of *The Scented Garden* manuscript—as "one of rare self-sacrifice prompted by the highest religious motives and the tenderest love for one whom she looked to meet again in heaven, to which her burnt offering and fervent prayers might make his entrance sure." If the burning of the MS. of *The Scented Garden* had been an isolated action, we might have cheerfully endorsed the opinion just quoted, but it was only one holocaust of a series. That Lady Burton had the best of motives we have already admitted; but it is also very evident that she gave the matter inadequate consideration. The discrepancies in her account of the manuscript prove that at most she could have turned over only three or four pages—or half-a-dozen at the outside.[1]

174. Discrepancies in Lady Burton's Story.

Let us notice these discrepancies:

(1) In her letter to the *Morning Post* (19th June 1891) she says of *The Scented Garden:* "It was his *magnum opus*, his last work that he was so proud of." Yet in the *Life* (ii., 243) she calls it the *only* book he ever wrote that was *not* valuable to the world, and in p. 445 of the same work she alludes to it "as a few chapters which were of no particular value to the world." So it was at once the most valuable book he ever wrote and also of no value whatever. (2) In Volume ii. of the *Life* (p. 441) she says the only value in the book at all consisted in his annotations, and there was no poetry. This remark proves more than anything else how very superficial must have been her examination of the manuscript, for even the garbled edition of 1886 contains nearly 400 lines of verse, while that of 1904 probably contains over a thousand.[2] For example, there are twenty-three lines

(1) It would have been impossible to turn over half-a-dozen without noticing some verses.

(2) We have seen only the first volume. The second at the time we went to press had not been issued.

of the poet Abu Nowas's. (3) On page 444 of the *Life* she says: "It was *all translation* except the annotations on the Arabic work"—which gives the impression that the translation was the great feature, and that the notes were of secondary importance; but on p. 441 she says, "The only value in the book at all consisted in the annotations." As a matter of fact, the annotations amounted to three-quarters of the whole. [See Chapter xxxiv.]. (4) In the *Life*, page 410 (Vol. ii.), she says the work was finished all but one page; and on page 444 that only 20 chapters were done. Yet she must have known that the whole work consisted of 21 chapters, and that the 21st chapter was as large as the other twenty put together, for her husband was always talking about and trying to obtain an Arabic manuscript of this chapter (See chapter 35).

All this, of course, proves indubitably that Lady Burton actually knew next to nothing about the whole matter. Perhaps it will be asked, What has been lost by this action of Lady Burton's? After carefully weighing the pros and cons we have come to the conclusion that the loss could not possibly have been a serious one. That Burton placed a very high value on his work, that he considered it his masterpiece, is incontrovertible, but he had formed in earlier days just as high an opinion of his *Camoens* and his *Kasîdah*; therefore what he himself said about it has not necessarily any great weight. We do not think the loss serious for four reasons: First, because the original work, whatever its claims on the anthropologist, has little, if any, literary merit;[1] secondly, because Sir Richard Burton's "old version"[2] of *The Scented Garden* is public property, and has been reprinted at least three times; thirdly, because only half was done; and fourthly, because the whole of the work has since been translated by a writer who, whatever his qualifications or disqualifications, has

(1) See Chapter xxxiv.

(2) The Kama Shastra edition.

had access to manuscripts that were inaccessible to Sir Richard Burton. Practically then, for, as we have already shown, Sir Richard did not particularly shine as a translator, nothing has been lost except his notes. These notes seem to have been equivalent to about 600 pages of an ordinary crown octavo book printed in long primer. Two-thirds of this matter was probably of such a character that its loss cannot be deplored. The remainder seems to have been really valuable and to have thrown light on Arab life and manners. Although the translation was destroyed in October 1890, the public were not informed of the occurrence until June 1891—nine months after.

Copies of the Kama Shastra edition of *The Scented Garden* issued in 1886[1] are not scarce. The edition of 1904, to which we have several times referred, is founded chiefly on the Arabic Manuscript in the Library at Algiers, which a few years ago was collated by Professor Max Seligsohn with the texts referred to by Burton as existing in the Libraries of Paris, Gotha and Copenhagen.

175. The Fate of the Catullus.

The fate of the *Catullus* was even more tragic than that of *The Scented Garden*. This work, like *The Scented Garden*, was left unfinished. Burton had covered his Latin copy and his manuscript with pencil notes looking like cobwebs, and on one page was written "Never show half finished work to women or fools." The treatment meted to his manuscript would, if Burton had been a poet of the first order, have drawn tears from a milestone. But it must be borne in mind that Lady Burton did consider him a poet of the first order, for she ranked his *Camoens* and his *Kasîdah* with the work of Shakespere. And this is how she treated a work which she considered a world-masterpiece. First she skimmed it over, then she expurgated it, and finally she either typed it herself,[2] or, what is

(1) See Chapter xxvi.

(2) She often used a typewriter.

more likely, put it into the hands of a typist who must have been extremely illiterate or abominably careless. Then, without even troubling to correct the copy, she sent the manuscript of the *Catullus* up the chimney after that of the *The Scented Garden*. The typewritten copy was forwarded to the unhappy and puzzled Mr. Leonard C. Smithers, with the request, which was amusing enough, that he would "edit it" and bring it out. Just as a child who has been jumping on the animals of a Noah's Ark brings them to his father to be mended.

"To me," observes Mr. Smithers piteously, "has fallen the task of editing Sir Richard's share in this volume from a type-written copy literally swarming with copyist's errors.[1] Lady Burton has without any reason constantly refused me even a glance at his MS." The book, such as it was, appeared in 1894. If Burton had not been embalmed he would have turned in his coffin. We may or may not pardon Lady Burton for destroying the MS. of *The Scented Garden*, but it is impossible not to pass upon her at any rate a mild censure for having treated in that way a translation of *Catullus* after it had been expurgated to her own taste. Whether Burton would have considerably improved the poetry of his version we cannot say; but as it stands no single poem is superior to the work of his predecessors. One need only compare his rendering of the lines "To the Peninsula of Sirmio" with the Hon. George Lamb's[2]

"Sirmio of all the shores the gem,"

or Leigh Hunt's

"O, best of all the scattered spots that lie,"

to see what a fall was there, and yet neither Lamb's version nor Hunt's is satisfactory. His "Atys" pales before Cranstoun's, and his "Epithalamium," is almost unreadable; while the lines "On the death of Lesbia's

(1) The same may be said of Lady Burton's Life of her husband. I made long lists of corrections, but I became tired; there were too many. I sometimes wonder whether she troubled to read the proofs at all.

(2) His edition of Catullus appeared in 1821 in 2 vols. 12mo.

Sparrow" naturally compel comparison with Byron's version. Nor will readers of the translations by Sir Theodore Martin or Robinson Ellis gain anything by turning to Burton.

On the other hand, we can well believe that his work, considered as a commentary on Catullus—for nearly all his loose notes have perished—would have been as valuable to us as, viewed in the same light, is his edition of Camoens. He had explored all the Catullus country. Verona, the poet's birthplace, "Sweet Sirmio," his home on the long narrow peninsula that cleaves Garda's "limpid lake," Brescia, "below the Cycnæan peak,[1] the "dimpling waters" of heavenly Como, and the estate of Cæcilius;[2] all were familiar to him. He knew every spot visited by the poet in his famous voyage in the open pinnace[3] from Bithynia "through the angry Euxine," among the Cyclades, by "purple Zante," up the Adriatic, and thence by river and canal to 'Home, sweet home.' He was deep in every department of Catullian lore. He had taken enormous pains; he had given his nights and days to the work. The notes at the end of the printed volume are a mere drop compared with the ocean he left. However, the manuscript with its pencilled cobwebs, the voluminous "loose notes"—all—good and bad—went up the chimney.

Personally we have never expended a sigh over the loss of *The Scented Garden*, and we should not have minded one straw if Lady Burton had burnt also her typewritten travesty of the *Catullus*; but her destruction of Sir Richard's private journals and diaries was a deed that one finds it very hard to forgive. Just as Sir Richard's conversation was better than his books, so, we are told, his diaries were better than his conversation. Says Mr. W. H. Wilkins,[4] referring to Sir Richard, "He kept

(1) Poem 67. On a Wanton's Door.

(2) Poem 35. Invitation to Cæcilius.

(3) Poem 4. The Praise of his Pinnace.

(4) Preface to the 1898 Edition of Lady Burton's *Life of Sir Richard Burton.*

his diaries and journals, not as many keep them, with all the ugly things left out, but faithfully and fully," and again, "the private journals and diaries which were full of the secret thoughts and *apologia* of this rare genius have been committed to the flames." Dr. Baker, who was favoured with the sight of portions of these diaries, tells me that Sir Richard used to put in them not only an epitome of every important letter written or received by him, and of every conversation he had with persons of consequence; but also any remarks that struck him, uttered by no matter whom.[1]

Like Chico, like Khamoor, Lisa, the Baroness lady-companion, had through injudicious treatment grown well-nigh unendurable. While Burton was alive she still had some dim notion of her place, but after his death she broke the traces, and Lady Burton had, with deep regret, to part with her. They separated very good friends, however, for Lady Burton was generosity itself. By this time she had been pretty well cured of lady's maid and servant pets, at any rate we hear of no other.

176. Lisa Departs, November 1890.

Lady Burton was also distressed by an attack made in *The Times* upon the memory of her husband by Colonel Grant, who declared that Burton had treated both Speke and their native followers with inhumanity. Lady Burton replied with asperity—giving the facts much as we have given them in Chapter ix. Grant died 10th February 1892.

[1] In her *Life* of Sir Richard, Lady Burton quotes only a few sentences from these Diaries. Practically she made no use of them whatever. For nearly all she tells us could have been gleaned from his books.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

CHAPTER XXXIX

JANUARY 1891 TO JULY 1891

LADY BURTON IN ENGLAND

BIBLIOGRAPHY (Posthumous works):

81. Morocco and the Moors, by Henry Leared, edited by Burton. 1891.
82. Il Pentamerone, published 1893.
83. The Kasîdah (100 copies only). 1894.
[Note.—In 1900 an edition of 250 copies appeared].

By the new year Lady Burton had completed all her arrangements. The swarms of servants and parasites which her good nature had attracted to her had been paid, or thrown, off; and the books and the mutilated manuscripts packed up. Every day she had visited her "beloved in the *chapelle ardente*." "I never rested," she says, "and it was a life of torture. I used to wake at four, the hour he was taken ill, and go through all the horrors of his three hours' illness until seven."

177. Lady Burton in England.

On January 20th, Burton's remains were taken to England by the steamer "Palmyra." Lady Burton then walked round and round to every room, recalling all her life in that happy home and all the painful events that had so recently taken place. She gazed pensively and sadly at the beautiful views from the windows and went "into every nook and cranny of the garden." The very walls seemed to mourn with her.

On arriving in England on February 9th her first concern was to call on Lady Stisted and Miss Stisted, in order to "acquaint them with the circumstances of her husband's death and her intentions." The meeting was

a painful one both to them and to her. They plainly expressed their disapproval of the scenes that had been enacted in the death chamber and at the funerals at Trieste; and they declared that as Protestants they could not countenance any additional ceremonial of a like nature. Lady Burton next visited Ilkeston, in Derbyshire, where she had implored "Our Lady of Dale" to bring about her husband's conversion. Entering the Catholic Church there, she knelt before the altar and cried "Here I asked! Here I obtained! Our Lady of Dale, deliver his soul from Purgatory!"[1]

Burton's remains arrived—by "long sea"—in England on February 12th (1891) and were placed temporarily in the crypt of the Catholic Church at Mortlake; and Lady Burton then devoted the whole of her time to arranging for a public funeral in England.

To Mrs. E. J. Burton she wrote (23rd March 1891): "You must have thought me so ungrateful for not answering your sweet letter of five months ago, but, indeed, I have felt it deeply. Losing the man who had been my earthly God for thirty-five years, was like a blow on the head, and for a long time I was completely stunned."[2]

The sum of £700 having been raised by Burton's admirers, a mausoleum, made of dark Forest of Dean stone and white Carrara marble, and shaped like an Arab tent, was erected in the Catholic Cemetery at Mortlake. Over the door is an open book inscribed with the names of Sir Richard and Lady Burton, and below the book runs a ribbon with the words "This monument is erected to his memory by his loving countrymen." Among those present at the funeral were Major St. George

178. The Funeral at Mortlake, 15th June 1891.

(1) In the church may still be seen a photograph of Sir Richard Burton taken after death, and the words quoted, in Lady Burton's handwriting, below. She hoped one day to build a church at Ilkeston to be dedicated to our Lady of Dale. But the intention was never carried out. See Chapter xxxi.

(2) See Chapter xxxvii., § 172.

Burton, Dr. E. J. Burton, Mr. Mostyn Pryce, Lord Arundell, Mr. Gerald Arundell, Lord Gerard, Lord Northbrook, Mr. Van Zeller, Dr. Baker, Dr. Leslie, Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, Commander Cameron, and Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy; and Canon Wenham officiated.

The coffin was laid in the middle of the church upon trestles, which were covered by "a cramoisie velvet pall." Tall silver candlesticks with wax candles surrounded it. An unseen choir sang solemn chants. Lady Burton, "a pathetic picture of prayerful sorrow," occupied a *priedieu* at the coffin's side. When the procession filed out priests perfumed the coffin with incense and sprinkled it with holy water, acolytes bore aloft their flambeaux, and the choir, now seen to be robed in black, sang epicedial hymns. The service had all been conducted in Latin, but at this point Canon Wenham, turning to the coffin, said in English, "with a smile and a voice full of emotion,[1] 'Enter now into Paradise.'"

Lady Burton then laid on the coffin a bunch of forget-me-nots, and said, "Here lies the best husband that ever lived, the best son, the best brother, and the truest, staunchest friend."

The bystanders were moved according to their temperaments and religious views, but all were touched by the tempestuousness of Lady Burton's grief. She seemed as "one of the Eumenides." To some the pomp and scenic effects were gratifying. Others were affected by the reflection that the great traveller, after roaming through almost every known land, had at last been laid in a quiet nook in an English graveyard. Others who were familiar with Burton's religious views considered "the whole ceremony an impertinence." All, however, whatever their opinions, were united in the desire to honour the great Englishman whose motto had been "Honour not Honours." So at last, after four funerals, Sir Richard Burton was left in peace.

[1] It must be remembered that Canon Wenham had been a personal friend of both Sir Richard and Lady Burton. See Chapter xxxvi., § 169.

The interior of the tomb remains much as it did on that day. Facing the entrance is an altar with pictures, vases and the other customary appurtenances. Sir Richard's sarcophagus lies to one's left, and on the right has since been placed the coffin of Lady Burton, while over all hang ropes of camel bells, which when struck give out the old metallic sound that Sir Richard heard so often in the desert.

The ceremony over, Lady Burton went to spend ten days in the convent of the canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre at Chelmsford—"my convent," as she called it, because she was educated there. She then hired longings at No. 5, Baker Street, London, until a house—No. 67—in the same street could be made ready for her. By the kindness of Queen Victoria she was allowed a pension of £150 a year.

In the meantime, the fifteen hundred subscribers to *The Scented Garden* kept writing to Lady Burton to ask when the promised work was to be in their hands. As she could not possibly reply to so many persons, and as the nature of some of the letters cast her into a state of wild perturbation, there seemed only one course open to her—namely, to write to the press. So she sent to *The Morning Post* the well-known letter which appeared 19th June, 1891, mentioning some of her reasons for destroying the manuscript, the principal being her belief that out of fifteen hundred men, fifteen would probably read it in the spirit of science in which it was written, the other fourteen hundred and eighty-five would read it "for filth's sake." The principal cause, the apparition of her husband, she did not mention.[1]

179. *The Scented Garden* Storm, June 1891.

The letter in *The Morning Post* had no sooner appeared than a cry arose against her from one end of the country to the other. The Press castigated her, private persons expressed their indignation by post. Burton's family

[1] This letter will also be found in *The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton*, ii., 722.

in particular bitterly resented what they considered a "foolish, mad act, insulting alike to the dead and the living."

Lady Burton then wrote a second letter, which she sent to *The Echo*. She said that if Burton had lived "he would have been perfectly justified in carrying out his work. He would have been surrounded by friends to whom he could have explained any objections or controversies, and would have done everything to guard against the incalculable harm of his purchasers lending it to their women friends and to their boyish acquaintances, which I could not guarantee. . . . My husband did no wrong, he had a high purpose [1] and he thought no evil of printing it, and could one have secured the one per cent. of individuals to whom it would have been merely a study, it would probably have done no harm." Later she made some further defence in the *New Review*.

The opinions of Burton's friends and intimate acquaintances on the matter were as follows: Mr. Payne and Mr. Watts-Dunton[2] thought that Lady Burton did quite rightly, considering the circumstances, in destroying the work. Mr. W. F. Kirby thought that, though from her own point of view she was justified in so doing, she would have done better to present it to the College of Surgeons, where it would have been quite harmless and might have been consulted by *bona-fide* students.

Mr. Arbuthnot considered that in fulfilment of Burton's promise it should have been given to him. He would, of course, have published it as a volume of the Kama Shastra Society, taking the usual precautions to prevent it from falling into unsuitable hands.

(1) All my researches corroborate this statement of Lady Burton's. Be the subject what it might, he was always the genuine student.

(2) "It is a dangerous thing, Lady Burton," said Mr. Watts-Dunton to her, "to destroy a distinguished man's manuscripts, but in this case I think you did quite rightly."

CHAPTER XL

JULY 1891—DECEMBER 1893

O TOMB, O TOMB!

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

84. Life of Sir Richard Burton, 2 vols. 1893.
85. Translation of Catullus. 1894.
86. The Library Edition of *The Arabian Nights*, 12 vols. 1894.

In July 1891 there appeared in *Temple Bar* an article by Miss Stisted, entitled "Reminiscences of Sir Richard Burton," and upon reading it, Lady Burton, who headed her letter "5 or 67 Baker Street, Portman Square," wrote as follows:

180. A Letter to Miss Stisted.

"Dearest Georgy,[1] I read last night your clever and well-written article on my darling, and send you a little notice out of *The Daily News*. I congratulate you on it and on being able to write again. I was very sorry you and Maria [Lady Stisted] would not come to the funeral. When you come in August I shall give you a photo of the monument and a list of the people who were invited. . . . There were 850 asked, 400 influenza refusals and over 500 were present, counted by the police at the gates. . . . When you come I shall be I trust at No. 67.[2] Your loving aunt *Zoo*."

But the comic always treads on the heels of the pathetic, for it is not probable that Miss Stisted valued very much the photograph of what in her "True Life," she thought fit to call "an eccentric tomb" in a "shabby sectarian

(1) Miss Stisted, Newgarden Lodge, 22, Manor Road, Folkestone.

(2) 67, Baker Street, Portman Square.

cemetery."[1] The removal into 67, Baker Street, took place in September 1891, and a little later Lady Burton hired a cottage at Wople End, near Mortlake, where she spent her summer months. During the last decade of her husband's life she had become, to use her own words, coarse and rather unwieldy, but her sorrow had the effect of restoring to her some of the graces of person that had marked her early days. That this is no figment of our imagination may easily be seen by anyone who compares her portrait in the group taken by Miller in 1888 with the photograph by Gunn and Stuart,[2] where she is in her widow's cap with its long white streamers. In this photograph and others taken at the time she looks handsome and stately. She is once more "Empress of Damascus." The house in Baker Street has thus been described: "No sooner have you crossed Lady Burton's threshold than you are at once transported, as if by magic, to Eastern climes. You are greeted by a handsome woman whose black dress and white widow's cap present a striking contrast to the glow of rich but subdued colour which surrounds her. Opposite the fireplace is a full length and very characteristic portrait of Burton in fencing costume.[3] Among the curiosities are the necklace[4] of human bones given to Burton by Gelele, some specimens of old Istrian china picked up in the cottages near Trieste, and a three-sided mirror and two crystals with which Burton used to mesmerise his wife. From the ceiling hung a quaint Moorish lamp with many branches, and its softened rays often fall on a Damascene silver gilt coffee service studded with turquoises." At the top of the house and approached by a narrow staircase and a ladder was a large loft, built by herself, for storing her husband's manuscripts and books. On one side glittered a "small but tastefully decorated

(1) *True Life*, p. 415.

(2) Frontispiece to this volume.

(3) The picture now at Camberwell.

(4) Now at Camberwell.

altar," while scattered around were the many relics which have since drifted to Camberwell.

In this loft Lady Burton spent many hours examining her husband's papers, and in the autumn of 1902 she commenced in earnest to write his life—a work that occupied her about eight months. That she was absolutely unfitted for the task must be clear to all who have any knowledge of Burton. Indeed, she was quite incapable of doing literary work of any kind properly. The spirit in which she wrote may be gauged both from the book itself, with its frequent offences against good taste, and the following citation from a letter to a friend: "I do not know," she said, "if I can harden my heart against the curs, but I can put out my tongue and point my pen and play pussy cat about their eyes and ears." By "curs" she means those who rated her for burning her husband's manuscripts, but in justice to her, let it be borne in mind that she had received some letters that were quite unworthy of the writers.

181. The writing of the *Life* August 1892—March 1893.

The great question was, Would she live to complete her task? Owing to an incurable complaint she could give only a limited portion of her time to the work, and there were whole days in which no progress was made. Every page bears evidences of hurry. We have already told the story of the three appearances of Sir Richard just before the burning of *The Scented Garden* MS. Lady Burton persistently declared that after the third appearance her husband came again and never left her until she had finished her work. "He was *constantly with me*," she said to Mr. Murray, "*appearing exactly as in life*, and he advised and comforted me. He helped me most materially towards the compilation of his own biography, and gave me references to books and manuscripts so that the biography came comparatively easy to my hand. He gave me absolutely the position of the book in the shelf and the page and reference itself which I required."

A letter[1] of one of Burton's friends contains the following comments on the work. "I plainly see that the objects of writing the *Life* were two-fold. First to prove Sir Richard a Roman Catholic, and thus fit him to be buried with her, and secondly to whitewash his escapades and insubordination. As to the first, I know he despised[2] the Roman Catholic religion; and if any very deep sense of religious feeling existed at all, it was of the Mohammedan rather than anything else; but his religion was not very apparent, though he was fundamentally an honest and conscientious man, and I think he had but one enemy —himself. He was a very great man; very like a magnificent machine one part of which had gone wrong — and that was his hot temper."

Lady Burton's book was finished at Mortlake on 24th March 1893, and appeared in the autumn of that year. She then commenced the issue of the Memorial Edition of her husband's works. *The Pilgrimage to Al Medinah and Meccah* (2 vols.), *The Mission to Gelele* (2 vols.), and *Vikram and the Vampire* appeared in 1893, *First Footsteps in East Africa* in 1894. The venture, however, proved a failure, so no more volumes were issued. She published her husband's *Pentameron* in 1893, and the *Catullus* in 1894.

Writing 11th July 1893 to Mrs. E. J. Burton just before a visit to that lady, Lady Burton says—and it must be borne in mind that her complaint often made her feel very ill—"Send me a line to tell me what is the nearest Roman Catholic Church to you, as I must drive there *first* to make all arrangements for Sunday morning, as I have to get up 5.30 or 6 every Sunday morning to get an early confession, communion and mass (after which I am at liberty for the rest of the day) because, as you know, I have to fast from midnight till I come back, and I feel bad for want of a cup of tea. . . . The Life is out to-day."

The reception accorded to her work by the Press,

[1] To Dr. E. J. Burton, 23rd March 1897.

[2] I think this expression is too strong. Though he did not approve of the Catholic religion as a whole, there were features in it that appealed to him.

who, out of regard to Sir Richard's memory, spoke of it with the utmost kindness, gave Lady Burton many happy hours. "It is a great pleasure to me," she says, "to know how kind people are about my book and how beautifully they speak of darling Richard."[1]

Most of Lady Burton's remaining letters are full of gratitude to God, tender and Christian sentiment, faulty English and bad spelling.[2] "I did see *The Times*," she says, "and was awfully glad of it. Kinder still is *The Sunday Sun*, the 1st, the 8th and the 15th of October, five columns each, which say that I have completely lifted any cloud away from his memory, and that his future fame will shine like a beacon in all ages. Thank God!" St. George Burton was wicked enough to twit her for her spelling, and to say that he found out as many as seventeen words incorrectly spelt in one letter. But she deftly excused herself by saying that she used archaic forms. "Never mind St. George," she writes good-humouredly, to Mrs. E. J. Burton, "I like old spelling. She did not excuse her slang by calling it old, or refer her friends to Chaucer for "awfully glad."

The greatest pleasure of her life was now, as she oddly expresses it, to "dress the mausoleum" on "darling Dick's anniversary." She says (21st October 1893 to Mrs. E. J. Burton),[3] "I received your dear flowers, and the mausoleum was quite lovely, a mass of lights and flowers sent by relations and affectionate friends. Yours stood in front of the altar." Then follows a delicious and very characteristic sample of Lady Burton's English: "We had mass and communion," she says, "and crowds of friends came down to see the mausoleum and two photographers."

She was glad to visit and decorate the Mortlake tomb

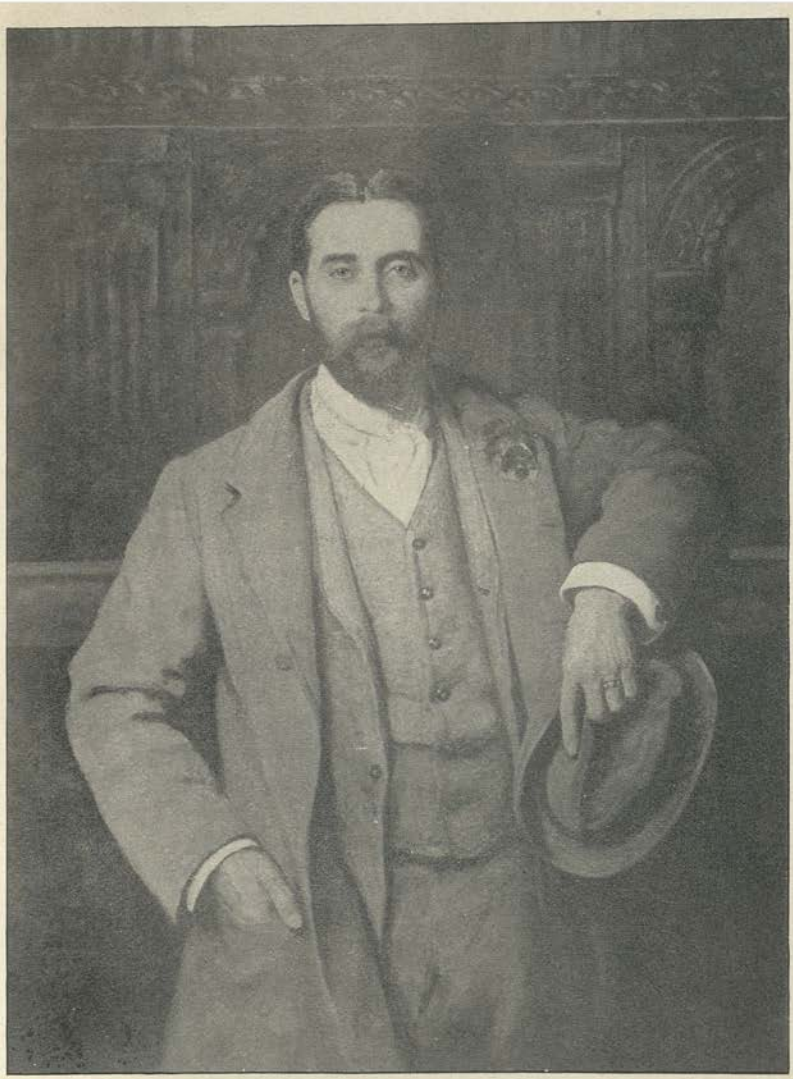
(1) 14th January 1896, to Mrs. E. J. Burton.

(2) Sir Richard often used to chaff her about her faulty English and spelling. Several correspondents have mentioned this. She used to retort good-humouredly by flinging in his face some of his own shortcomings.

(3) Unpublished letter.

MAJOR ST. GEORGE RICHARD BURTON.

THE BLACK WATCH.



EDWARD STISTED MOSTYN PRYCE, Esquire, OF GUNLEY.

FROM A PAINTING BY MISS MORTLOCK.

certainly, but the pleasure was a very melancholy one, and she could but say, borrowing a thought from *The Arabian Nights*:

"O tomb, O tomb, thou art neither earth nor heaven unto me."[1]

When Lady Stisted died (27th December 1893), Lady Burton felt the blow keenly, and she wrote very feelingly on the subject, "Yes," she says, in a letter to Mrs. E. J. Burton, "I was very shocked at poor Maria's death, and more so because I wish nothing had come between us." "Poor Maria," she wrote to St. George Burton, "You would be surprised to know, and I am surprised myself, how much I feel it." In a letter to Madame de Gutmansthal-Benvenuti (10th January 1894), Lady Burton refers to the Burton tableau at Madame Tussaud's. She says, "They have now put Richard in the Meccan dress he wore in the desert. They have given him a large space with sand, water, palms; and three camels, and a domed sky-light, painted yellow, throws a lurid light on the scene. It is quite life-like. I gave them the real clothes and the real weapons, and dressed him myself."

"I am so glad," she writes to Miss Stisted,[2] "you went to Tussaud's, and that you admired Dick and his group. I am not quite content with the pose. The figure looks all right when it stands up properly, but I have always had a trouble with Tussaud about a certain stoop which he declares is artistic, and which I say was not natural to him."

182. The Library Edition of *The Nights* 1894.

Lady Burton now authorised the publication of what is called the Library Edition of *The Arabian Nights*. According to the Editorial Note, while in Lady Burton's Edition no fewer than 215 pages of the original are wanting[3] in this edition the excisions amount only to about 40 pages. The Editor goes on: "These

(1) Payne, i., 63. Burton Lib. Ed., i., 70.

(2) Unpublished letter.

(3) Lady Burton included only the *Nights* Proper, not the *Supplementary Tales*.

few omissions are rendered necessary by the pledge which Sir Richard gave to his subscribers that no cheaper edition of the entire work should be issued; but in all other respects the original text has been reproduced with scrupulous fidelity."

By this time Lady Burton had lost two of her Trieste friends, namely Lisa, the baroness-maid, who died in 1891, and Mrs. Victoria Maylor, Burton's amanuensis, who died in 1894.

CHAPTER XLI

DEATH OF LADY BURTON

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

87. The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam. 1898.
88. Wanderings in Three Continents. 1901.

Lady Burton spent the year 1894 and part of 1895 at Baker Street and Mortlake, making occasional visits to friends. As at Trieste, she surrounded herself with a crowd of servants and other idle people whom, in her good nature, she systematically pampered, and who in their turn did their best to make her life unendurable. She could, however, easily afford these luxuries, for thanks to the large sums received for her *Life of Sir Richard*, the *Library Edition*. &c., she was now in affluent circumstances. She won to herself and certainly deserved the character of "a dear old lady." In politics she was a "progressive Conservative," though what that meant neither she nor those about her had any clear notion. She dearly loved children—at a safe distance—and gave treats, by proxy, to all the Catholic schools in the neighbourhood. She took an active interest in various charities, became an anti-vivisectionist, and used very humanely to beat people about the head with her umbrella, if she caught them ill-treating animals. If they remonstrated, she used to retort, "Yes, and how do you like it?" "When she wanted a cab," says Mr. W. H. Wilkins," she invariably inspected the horse carefully first, to see if it looked well fed and cared for; if not, she discharged the cab and got another; and she would always impress upon the driver that he must not beat his horse under

183. Lady Burton at Eastbourne.

any consideration." On one occasion she sadly forgot herself. She and her sister, Mrs. FitzGerald, had hired a cab at Charing Cross Station and were in a great hurry to get home. Of course, as usual, she impressed upon the cabman that he was not to beat his horse. "The horse, which was a wretched old screw, refused, in consequence, to go at more than a walking pace," and Lady Burton, who was fuming with impatience, at last so far forgot herself as to put her head out of the window and cry to the driver, "Why don't you beat him? Why don't you make him go."[1] She occasionally met her husband's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot and Mr. Payne. One day at some dinner it transpired in the course of conversation that Mr. Payne had all his life been an habitual sufferer from insomnia.

"I can tell you how to cure that," said Lady Burton.

"How?" asked Mr. Payne. "Say your prayers," said she.

After an attack of influenza Lady Burton hired a cottage—Holywell Lodge—at Eastbourne[2] where she stayed from September to March 1896, busying herself composing her autobiography.[3] Two letters which she wrote to Miss Stisted from Holywell Lodge are of interest. Both are signed "Your loving Zoo." The first contains kindly references to Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, who had been visiting her, and to the widow of Professor Huxley[4] who was staying at Eastbourne; and the second, which is amusing enough, records her experiences among some very uncongenial people at Boscombe. Wherever she went, Lady Burton, as we have seen, was always thrusting her opinions, welcome or not, upon other persons; but at Boscombe the tables were turned, and she experienced the same annoyance that she herself had so often excited in others.

(1) *The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton*, ii., 763.

(2) Holywell Lodge, Meads, Eastbourne.

(3) Left unfinished. Mr. Wilkins incorporated the fragment in *The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton*.

(4) Huxley died 29th June 1895.

"I went," she says, "to a little boarding-house called. . . . The house was as comfortable as it could be, the food plain, but eatable, but the common table was always chock full of Plymouth Brethren and tract-giving old maids, and we got very tired of it."

Then follows an account of her establishment at Eastbourne. "It consists," she says, "of my secretary (Miss Plowman) and nurse, and we have our meals together, and drive out together whenever I am able. Then my servants are a maid, house-parlour-maid, a housemaid and a cook (my Baker Street lot). The cottage [at Mortlake] is in charge of a policeman, and Baker Street a caretaker. My friend left three servants in the house, so we are ten altogether, and I have already sent one of mine back, as they have too much to eat, too little to do, and get quarrelsome and disagreeable." Thus it was the same old story, for Lady Burton, though she had the knack of living, was quite incapable of learning, or at any rate of profiting by experience.

The letter concludes sadly, "As to myself, I am so thin and weak that I cannot help thinking there must be atrophy, and in any case my own idea is that I may be able to last till March."

Lady Burton from that time gradually grew weaker; but death, which "to prepared appetites is nectar," had for her no terrors. To her it meant release from pain and suffering, ultimate reception into the presence of an all-merciful God, re-union with her beloved husband. She did, however, last, as she had anticipated, till March. Early in that month she returned to Baker Street, where she died rather suddenly on Sunday the 22nd.

184. Death of Lady Burton, 22nd Mar. 1896.

By her will dated, 28th December 1895, she left some £12,000 to her sister, Mrs. FitzGerald,[1] and the following persons also benefitted: her sister, Mrs. Van Zeller, £500;

(1) Mrs. Fitzgerald died 18th January 1902, and is buried under the Tent at Mortlake. Mrs. Van Zeller is still living. I had the pleasure of hearing from her in 1905.

her secretary, Miss Plowman £25; Khamoor £50; her nephew Gerald Arthur Arundell, the cottage at Mortlake; the Orphanage at Trieste, £105. She directed that after her heart had been pierced with a needle her body was to be embalmed in order that it might be kept above ground by the side of her husband. She stated that she had bought a vault close to the tent, and that two places were to be reserved in it in order that if a revolution should occur in England, and there should be fear of the desecration of the dead, the coffins of her husband and herself might be lowered into it. She provided for 3,000 masses to be said for her at once at Paris, and left an annuity to pay for a daily mass to be said there perpetually. The attendance of priests at her funeral was to be "as large as possible."

Lady Burton was buried on Friday March 27th, the service taking place in the Catholic Church at Mortlake where five years previous she had knelt beside the coffin of her husband; and a large number of mourners was present. After mass her remains were carried to the Arab Tent, and so she obtained her wish, namely, that in death she and her husband might rest in the same tomb.

185. Miss Stisted's "True Life."

As might have been expected, Lady Burton's Life of her husband gave umbrage to the Stisted family—and principally for two reasons; first its attempt to throw a flood of Catholic colour on Sir Richard, and secondly because it contained statements which they held to be incorrect. So after Lady Burton's death, Miss Stisted wrote and published a small work entitled *The True Life of Sir Richard Burton*. It is written with some acerbity, for Lady Burton as a Catholic was not more militant than Miss Stisted as a Protestant. It throws additional and welcome light on Sir Richard's early days, but as we have elsewhere remarked, the principal charge that is made against Lady Burton, namely that she was the main cause of her husband's downfall at Damascus, is unsupported by sufficient evidence.

That there should be a counterblast to *The True Life*

was inevitable, and it came in the shape of *The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton*, which consists of Lady Burton's unfinished autobiography and a continuation by Mr. W. H. Wilkins. The work is a valuable addition to Burton lore, but Mr. Wilkins's friendship for Lady Burton led him to place her on a far higher pedestal than we have been able to give her. Perhaps it was natural that in dealing with the *True Life* he should have betrayed some heat. However, death has now visited Miss Stisted[1] as well as Lady Burton, and the commotion made by the falling of the stone into the pool is at this distance represented only by the faintest of circles. In 1898, Mr. Wilkins published, with an acceptable preface, three of Burton's unfinished works in one volume, with the title of *The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam*, and in 1901 he placed the public under further obligation to him by editing and issuing Burton's *Wanderings in Three Continents*.

186. Mr. Wilkins's Work, 1897.

Most of Burton's friends have followed him to the tomb. Edward Rehatsek died at a ripe age at Worli on 11th December 1891, and was cremated in Hindu fashion. At the time of his death he was working at the translation of the third part of *The Rauzat-us-Safa*.[2] In his last letter to Mr. Arbuthnot, after referring to his declining health, he finishes by saying "Hope, however, never dies; and as work occupies the mind, and keeps off despair, I am determined to translate for you, though slowly, the third part of the *Rauzat-us-Safa*, so as to make the history of the Khalifahs complete."[3]

187. Burton's Friends.

Mr. Arbuthnot continued to take interest in Oriental matters and wrote prefaces for several translations by Rehatsek and Dr. Steingass, including the First Part

(1) She died in 1904.

(2) Or *Garden of Purity*, by Mirkhond. It is a history of Mohammed and his immediate successors.

(3) Part 3 contains the lives of the four immediate successors of Mohammed.

of Rehatsek's *Rauzat-us-Safa* (1891) and Steingass's *Assemblies of Al Hariri* (1898). His *Arabic Authors* appeared in 1890, his *Mysteries of Chronology* in 1900. He died in May 1901, and was buried at Shamley Green, Guildford. He left money for the Oriental Translation Fund, of which, it will be remembered, he was the founder, and his memory will always be honoured by Orientalists. A memorial of him—the Arbuthnot Institute—was opened at Shamley Green on 31st May 1905.

Mr. Ashbee died in 1900, Dr. F. J. Steingass in January, 1903.

After Burton's death, Mr. Letchford went to Bohemia as the guest of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. At Vienna his next resort, he painted many beautiful pictures, one of the best being founded on Edgar Allen Poe's poem, "Silence." Finally he went to Naples, where he produced the series of pictures that has given him immortality—the illustrations to *The Arabian Nights*. Then followed days of darkness and trouble, but he was always courageous. "He felt that what he had striven for so long was now within his reach; he had the presentiment that he was about to take those flights of art which are permitted to very few." His portrait of the son of Sir William Wollcock is a work of genius.

In July 1905, hearing that Mr. Letchford was ill, I wrote to his sister, Daisy,[1] who lived with him. The letter was received, and Mr. Letchford intended replying to it himself. "He was only waiting to feel a little stronger," wrote Miss Letchford, "he never thought the end was near. On Monday morning of the 24th of July he still kept making wonderful plans for the future. He had the room in which he spent his last hours crowded with flowers, and as he felt his powers failing him he recited Swinburne's beautiful poem, 'The Garden of Proserpine':

> "Though one were fair as roses
> His beauty clouds and closes."

"Suddenly he lost consciousness, and he awoke from his

(1) Now Madame Nicastro.

comatose state only to repeat the identical words which were Sir Richard Burton's last—'I am dying—I am dead.' His beautiful soul had left this world for ever, for it was indeed a beautiful soul."[1]

Major Edward Burton, Sir Richard's brother, died 31st October 1895—after his terrible silence of nearly forty years. He was never married. Miss Stisted died in 1904. So of Burton's parents there are now no descendants. Within fifteen years of his death, the family was extinct.

Of the friends and intimate acquaintances of Burton who still survive we must first mention Mr. A. C. Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton and Mr. John Payne. Mr. Swinburne has, year after year, it is scarcely necessary to say, added to his fame, and all Englishmen are proud of his genius. The Definitive Edition of his works has delighted all his admirers; and just as we are going to press everyone is reading with intense interest his early novel *Love's Cross Currents*. Mr. Watts-Dunton is in excellent health, and his pen is as vigorous as ever. He enjoys the proud position of being our greatest living literary critic.

Mr. Payne, who is still hard at work, has published since Burton's death translations of *The Novels of Matteo Bandello* (six vols. 1890), the *Quatrains of Omar Kheyyam* (1898), and—Atlantean task—the *Poems of Hafiz* (3 vols. 1901). His *Collected Poems* (1862-1902) in two handsome volumes, appeared in 1902; and he has since issued *Vigil and Vision* (1903), *Songs of Consolation*, and *Hamid the Luckless* (1904). In the last he returns to his old love, *The Arabian Nights*, most of the poems being founded on tales in that work.

Mr. W. F. Kirby, Dr. Grenfell Baker, Mrs. E. J. Burton, Major St. George Burton, Mr. Frederick Burton, Mr. P. P. Cautley, Mr. A. G. Ellis, and Professor Blumhardt are also living. His excellency Yacoub Artin Pasha is still Minister of Instruction at Cairo; Mr. Tedder is still at the Athenæum.

[1] Letter of Miss Daisy Letchford to me. 9th August, 1905.

Our task is ended. Sir Richard Burton was inadequately rewarded in his lifetime, and even now no suitable memorial of him exists in the capital of the Empire, which is so deeply indebted to him. Let us hope that this omission will soon be rectified. His aura, however, still haunts the saloons of his beloved Athenæum, and there he may be seen any day, by those who have eyes latched [1] over, busily writing at the round table in the library—white suit, shabby beaver, angel forehead, demon jaw, facial scar, and all. He is as much an integral part of the building as the helmeted Minerva on the portico; and when tardy England erects a statue to him it ought to select a site in the immediate neighbourhood of his most cherished haunt.

Our task, we repeat, is ended. No revolution, so far as we are aware, has distracted modern England, and Sir Richard and Lady Burton still sleep in sepulchral pomp in their marmorean Arab Tent at Mortlake. More than fifteen years have now elapsed since, to employ a citation from *The Arabian Nights*, there came between them "the Destroyer of Delights and the Sunderer of Companies; and glory be to Him who changeth not, neither ceaseth, and in whom all things have their term."[2]

(1) See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

(2) Close of the tale of "Uns El Wujoud and Rose in Bud."

THE END.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD BURTON [1]

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Night or light is it now, wherein
Sleeps, shut out from the wild world's din,
Wakes, alive with a life more clear,
One who found not on earth his kin?

Sleep were sweet for awhile, were dear
Surely to souls that were heartless here,
Souls that faltered and flagged and fell,
Soft of spirit and faint of cheer.

A living soul that had strength to quell
Hope the spectre and fear the spell,
Clear-eyed, content with a scorn sublime
And a faith superb, can it fare not well?

Life, the shadow of wide-winged time,
Cast from the wings that change as they climb,
Life may vanish in death, and seem
Less than the promise of last year's prime.

But not for us is the past a dream
Wherefrom, as light from a clouded stream,
Faith fades and shivers and ebbs away,
Faint as the moon if the sundawn gleam.

(1) These lines first appeared in *The New Review*, February 1891. We have to thank Mr. Swinburne for kindly permitting us to use them.

Faith, whose eyes in the low last ray
Watch the fire that renews the day,
Faith which lives in the living past,
Rock-rooted, swerves not as weeds that sway.

As trees that stand in the storm-wind fast
She stands, unsmitten of death's keen blast,
With strong remembrance of sunbright spring
Alive at heart to the lifeless last.

Night, she knows, may in no wise cling
To a soul that sinks not and droops not wing,
A sun that sets not in death's false night
Whose kingdom finds him not thrall but king.

Souls there are that for soul's affright
Bow down and cower in the sun's glad sight,
Clothed round with faith that is one with fear,
And dark with doubt of the live world's light.

But him we hailed from afar or near
As boldest born of his kinsfolk here
And loved as brightest of souls that eyed
Life, time, and death with unchangeful cheer,

A wider soul than the world was wide,
Whose praise made love of him one with pride,
What part has death or has time in him,
Who rode life's list as a god might ride ?

While England sees not her old praise dim,
While still her stars through the world's night swim
A fame outshining her Raleigh's fame,
A light that lightens her loud sea's rim,

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S TOMB
AT MORTLAKE.

Shall shine and sound as her sons proclaim
The pride that kindles at Burton's name.
And joy shall exalt their pride to be
The same in birth if in soul the same.

But we that yearn for a friend's face,—we
Who lack the light that on earth was he,—
Mourn, though the light be a quenchless flame
That shines as dawn on a tideless sea.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

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2. *Remarks on Dr. Dorn's Chrestomathy of the Afghan Tongue.* (Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.) 1849.
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   (1.) *General Notes on Sind.*
   (2.) *Notes on the Population of Sind.*
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5. *Goa and the Blue Mountains.* 1851.
6. *Scinde, or the Unhappy Valley.* 2 vols., 1851.
7. *Sindh, and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus.* 1851.
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5. *Vikram and the Vampire.* 1893.
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APPENDIX III

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APPENDIX IV

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9. The Decameron of Boccaccio. 3 vols. 1886.
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[1] The titles of the volumes of original poetry are in ita[illegible] The others are those of translations.

APPENDIX VIII

NOTES ON REHATSEK'S TRANSLATION OF THE BEHARISTAN

The Beharistan consists of eight chapters:

1. Aromatic Herbs from the Life of Shaikh Junaid, etc. —a glorification of Sufism.
2. Philosophical Ana.
3. The Blooming Realms by Wisdom.
4. The Trees of Liberality and Generosity.
5. Tender State of the Nightingale of the Garden of Love.
6. Breezes of Jocular Sallies.
7. Singing Birds of Rhyme and Parrots of Poetry.
8. Animal Fables.

We give the following as specimens of the Stories: First Garden, pp. 14 and 15.

STORY

Bayazid having been asked what the *traditional* and the *divine* law amounted to, he replied that the former is to abandon the world, and the latter to associate with the Lord. [These two laws are the Sonna and the Farz.]

VERSES

O thou who concerning the law of the men of the period
Askest about the traditional and divine command;
The first is to turn the soul from the world away,
The second is to find the way of proximity to the Lord.

STORY

Shebli (may his secret be sanctified) having become demented was taken to the hospital and visited by acquaintances. He asked who they were, and they replied: "Thy friends," whereon he took up a stone and assaulted them. They all began to run away, but he exclaimed:—"O pretenders, return. Friends do not flee from friends, and do not avoid the stones of their violence."

VERSES

He is a friend, who although meeting with enmity
From his friend, only becomes more attached to him.
If he strikes him with a thousand stones of violence
The edifice of his love will only be made more firm by them.

APPENDIX IX

NOTES ON THE NIGARISTAN AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATIONS BY REHATSEK, PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY BY F. F. ARBUTHNOT.

1. *The Nigaristan* (Picture Gallery), by Mu'in-uddin Jawini. Faithfully translated from the Persian by E. Rehatsek. 1888.

The Preface is by Arbuthnot. He points out that there are three great Persian didactic works, viz. :— *The Gulistan*, or Rose Garden, by Sadi ; *The Nigaristan*, by Jawini ; and *The Beharistan* by Jami. *The Nigaristan* contains 534 stories in prose and verse. Some particulars of it are given in Arbuthnot's *Persian Portraits* (Quaritch, 1887), p. 106. "These three books," to use Arbuthnot's words, "abound in pure and noble sentiments such as are to be found scattered throughout the Sacred Books of the East, the Old and New Testaments, and the Koran."

The two following extracts will give some idea of the contents and style of the Nigaristan :

ZOHRA [1]

If Zohra plays the guitar a thousand years,
The musician's song will always be this :
Try to become the subject of a good tale,
Since everyone who lives becomes a tale.

FATH MOUSULI'S PRAYER

After having been very prosperous and rich, Fath Mousuli fell into poverty and misery. After a while, however, when he had accustomed himself more to his

[1] *Zohra*—the name of the planet Venus. It is sometimes given to girls.

position, he said, "O Lord, send me a revelation that I may know by what act I have deserved this gift, so that I may offer thanks for this favour."

2. *Translations from the Persian*, by the late E. Rehatsek.

   i. A Persian Tract on the observances of the Zenanah, pp. 1 to 10.

   ii. A Persian Essay on Hospitality, Etiquette of Eating and Drinking, 20 to 29.

   iii. A short Persian Manuscript on Physiognomies, pp. 1 to 8.

The last consists of a preface and ten chapters. "These leaves," we are told, "are the compendium of a treatise written by the Ema'n Fakhr-al-din Al-Ra'z—may God overwhelm him with forgiveness—on the Science of Physiognomies." We are told how the air influences character; when the character of a man corresponds with that of a beast; that "the index of the dominant passion is the face;" that "the male among all animals stronger and more perfect than the female," and so on.

A short quotation must suffice:

"When does the character of a man correspond with that of a beast?"

If a man has a long face, protuberant eyes, and the tip of his nose long, drawn out like the snout of a dog, because as we have explained above, external appearance and internal qualities are closely connected with each other, so that if a man happens to resemble some animal he will possess the nature of it also."

3. *Translations from the Persian and Arabic*, by the late E. Rehatsek.

Persian. i. Short anecdotes, stories and fables picked out and translated from the *Nuzhat Yaman*, pp. 1 to 7.

ii. The *Merzuban Namah*, from which all the fables have been translated, pp. 7 to

Arabic. i. Selected historical and other extracts from the celebrated Arabic work, *Al Mostatraf*, pp. 1 to 5

ii. Some extracts from the well-known Siraj-ul-molûk, pp. 5 to 7.
iii. Twenty-five chapters of Extracts from the Arabic *Tuhfat ekhoân us safa*, under the title of "Discussion between man and animals before the King of the Jinns, pp. 7 to 33.

4. Biography of our Lord Muhammad, Apostle of Allah (Benediction of Allah and peace be on him).

According to the tradition of A'bdu-l-Malik Ebn Heshâm, obtained from Muhammad Ebn Esahâg. Translated from the Arabic by Edward Rehatsek. Preface by F. F. Arbuthnot.

There is some account of this work in F. F. Arbuthnot's *Arabic Authors*, pp. 52 and 53.

APPENDIX X

W. F. KIRBY

William Forrell Kirby, F.L.S., F.E.S., is the son of Samuel Kirby, banker, and his wife Lydia, née Forrell; nephew of William Kirby, well-known in connection with the London Orphan Asylum; and cousin to the popular authoresses, Mary and Elizabeth Kirby. Born at Leicester, 14th January 1835. He was assistant in the Museum of Royal Dublin Society (later National Museum of Science and Art) from 1867 to 1879, and later was transferred to the Zoological Department of the British Museum. He is member of several learned societies, and has written a large number of Entomological Works. He has made a special study of the European editions of the *Arabian Nights* and its imitations, and has a very fine collection of books relating to this subject. To his contributions to Sir Richard Burton's translation we have already alluded. He has also written *Ed-Dimiryaht and other poems* (1867); *The New Arabian Nights* (1883); and *The Hero of Esthonia* (1905); and his translation of the *Kalevala* is in the press. Mr. Kirby married in 1866, Johanna Maria Keppel, who died in 1893, leaving one son, William E. Kirby, M.D.

APPENDIX XI

Burtons of Barker Hill, near Shap, Westmoreland, a branch of the family represented by the Marquis of Conyngham.

- Rev. Edward Burton, Rector of Tuam, in Galway. — Maria Margaretta, daughter of Rev. John Campbell, D.D.
  - Rev. Edmund Burton.
    - Dr. Edward John Burton
      - Major St. George Burton, The Black Watch.
      - Frederick
  - Col. Joseph Netterville Burton — Martha Baker, 2nd daughter of Richard Baker, Esq., of Barham Wood House, Herts.
    - Sir Richard Francis Burton, married Isabel Arundel.
    - * Maria Catherine Eliza Burton married General Sir Henry Stisted, K.C.B.
      - Georgiana Martha Stisted, died Feb. 1903, at Norwood.
      - Maria Stisted died 1878.
    - † Major Edward Joseph Netterville Burton, 37th Regiment, born 1825
  - Francis Burton, 12th Lancers, of 12, Norfolk Street, Park Lane. — Sarah Baker, eldest daughter of Richard Baker, Esq., of Barham Wood House, Herts.
    - Sarah Maria Burton married Col. T. Pryce Harrison.
      - Nella Harrison married Arthur Agg, Esq., of Hewletts.
    - Eliza Burton married Colonel T. E. H. Pryce, of Trelydan Hall.
      - Edward Stisted Mostyn Pryce, Esq., of Gunley Hall.
  - Catherine Burton married Colonel D'Aguilar.
- Bishop Burton, of Killala.
  - Admiral Ryder Burton married his cousin Hon. Anna Maria Plunkett daughter of 13th Lord Dunsany.
    - Col. Augustus Plunkettt Burton, Scots Guards. — Sarah Drax of Charborough Park.
      - Eruli Burton, Lady Dunsany.

* Lady Stisted died December 27th, 1893, at Norwood.

† Major Edward Burton, died 1895.

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